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ARE THE FOUNDATIONS OF OUR MUSICO-HISTORICAL TRAINING SOUND?

By EGON WELLESZ

IN every science it is customary to accept implicitly certain fundamental facts or concepts as correct. And, upon these, systems and classifications are constructed until, all of a sudden, it dawns upon us that something is wrong with the system, and thenceforth we find no rest until the entire system is turned inside out and the error brought to light. Such a discovery is generally led up to by a long preparation. First, we become suspicious of some details, without daring as yet to draw the ultimate conclusions; and then some little fact suddenly illuminates the whole question, thus starting the fermentation.

We all expect to find, in handbooks of music-history, a chapter on primitive and Oriental music; then follows a detailed history of Greek music; and then begins—after a presentation of the connection between the Greek modes and the medieval modes—the history of Occidental music, with a brief introduction on the Gregorian chorale and a section leading up to the beginning of polyphony, with which the main part of music-history usually commences. The chapters on primitive and exotic music are, in point of fact, merely fragmentary, greater stress being laid on the chapter about Greek music, in which especially the various systems of theory, the classification of the modes, and the varieties of rhythm, are thoroughly explained; at the close are added, in modern transcriptions, the few scanty fragments of ancient melody still extant, whose melodic line by no means answers the expectations we have cherished on the strength of the numerous reports of contemporaries concerning the beauty of Grecian music.

I have always felt the discrepancy between the expenditure of scientific learning on the explanation of ancient theory and the

meagre result—meagre not only in bulk, but also as regards intrinsic value. Of such enchantment as yet lives in a bit of antique verse, of the haunting loveliness of a mutilated statue, there is none. And could the live creative impulse of an art really filter through such a complicated system of theoretical rules without losing all vigor? And was this complicated system actually adopted for the music of the Byzantine and Roman churches?

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In a work on the history of art, the description of the Church of the Apostles at Constantinople, by A. Heisenberg, I found a passage from a Byzantine chronicle by N. Mesarites in which he states that in the courts round about the church instruction was given (a custom still obtaining in the Orient); that there was a class in which children were taught singing, and next to this a class in which adults learned mathematics and the names of the Greek modes and their function, this being no longer understood. Here the dividing-line betwixt practice and theory is plainly drawn—the division of music from speculation on the modes, which goes back to the Gnostics, and plays so prominent a part in the mystic incantations of magic art.

Even before my special investigation of these matters I had always had a feeling that the assumption of an active progression of antique modal theory in the Christian middle ages must be incorrect. A quotation like that from the Byzantine manuscript of Mesarites throws light on the whole question, and shows that in practice no further attention could be paid to this theory (which had become entirely unintelligible), as by that time only learned men and mystics possessed any knowledge of it.

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Later I happened upon a hymn-book of the orthodox Serbian Church.¹ In this book the songs are grouped under the several modes, a usage dating back to Johannes Damascenus, who is said to have been the first to collect these songs and arrange them in the order of the modes in his book, the "Oktoechos." However, on trying to determine the modal type common to the songs included in any "Hlas," we find it impossible. After a prolonged study of the songs I succeeded in discovering that it is not the

¹St. Mokranjatz, "Serbischer Volks-Kirchengesang," Belgrade, 1908.

scale-progression of a song, or the tone on which it begins or ends, that determines its inclusion in a given group, but the appearance of certain continually recurring melodic formulas and melismata in all the songs of a group. I arrived at a similar conclusion after an examination of the songs of the Ruthenian Church.¹ Thus it is again not a learned research into the modes to which these songs owe their arrangement, but to the custom, derived from practice, of including in the same group songs constructed on similar tone-formulas.

Now, we gather from the works of A. Z. Idelsohn² that the same principle of construction is to be found in the songs of Syrian-Arabian music. How can this affiliation be explained? To all these questions music-history, as at present expounded, gives no answer. But the answers to these questions cannot be one-sidedly deduced from music, as Riemann has sought to do in various cases. The further we recede from the foothold of our own epoch, the more needful it becomes to consider musical art-works not simply from the viewpoint of musical technics, but rather as the products of a culture with which we must familiarize ourselves before we can hope to comprehend their ultimate effects. In order to show how such a question should be treated in a concrete case, permit me to set forth the manner in which the problem of the agreement in constructional principles between the Serbs and Ukrainians on the one hand, and the Syrians and Arabs on the other, found its solution.

In the eleventh and twelfth centuries the Pan-Serbian empire was split into two parts, each having its own dynasty. As regards churchly affiliations, the coastal regions on the Adriatic were dependent on Rome, while the interior of the country was under the influence of the autocephalous Arch-Diocese of Ochrida in Macedonia, belonging to the Byzantine Empire. For, although at that time the Serbs were politically hostile to the Byzantines, the Slavic priesthood of Macedonia nevertheless were more sympathetic to them than the Albanian bishops on the coast of the Adriatic sea. On the road via the monasteries on the lake of Ochrida, and even more via the Athos monasteries, there was a brisk traffic between the Serbs and the Orient. We know that Serbian monks who sojourned for a considerable time in Jerusalem, made copies of books for their monasteries, like the Psalter in the National Library at Munich, famed for its miniatures. After

¹J. B. Bokschaj, "Volksgesänge der Griech.-Kath. Diozese Munkacs, Ungarn," 1906.

²A. Z. Idelsohn, "Die Maquamen der arabischen Musik," S. I. M., XV, 1 ff.

the retirement of the Serbian king Stefan I Nemanj to the Chilandari monastery on sacred Mount Athos, this latter became one of the chief seats of the Serbian monks and, furthermore, a bridge for the intellectual commerce between the Syro-Arabian regions and the Balkans. By this road the Oriental liturgy, Oriental poetry and Oriental church-music invaded Serbia; and thus, too, the principle of the Maquamen, which was probably first introduced in original Syrian Church melodies, was accepted into Serbian Church song, to which said principle was very likely as antagonistic as were the Gregorian chants to the autochthonous Frankish, Italian and Spanish music.

Solely our faulty historical training—which has accustomed us to ascribe an exaggerated importance to all matters traditional in our humanistic education—is to blame for all the useless work involved in speculations concerning the modes of Greek music, and for diverting our attention from weighty problems awaiting solution. First of all, it was the traditional horror of our classical philologists for everything yclept "Byzantine" that hindered them from studying Byzantine culture, architecture, painting and music. Only within a few years has the current changed. In the domain of the plastic arts the pioneers have been Strzygowski (Vienna), Ch. Diehl (Paris), and Dalton (London). On music, too, immense industry has been expended, but—on humanistic foundations; and so it came to pass that Hugo Riemann's book on Byzantine notation is (I am not saying too much) wrong from beginning to end. I should hardly venture to make this assertion on the basis of my own work alone; but, as regards the deciphering of the Byzantine neumes, I find myself in substantial accord with H. J. W. Tillyard of Edinburgh, whose presentation of the subject manifests profound penetration.¹

Consider only one fact—between the termination of the palmy days of antique Grecian music and the beginnings of European polyphonic art-music yawns a gulf of more than one thousand years. During this period Europe experienced the most far-reaching upheaval that has ever taken place on her soil. Ancient civilization was swept away by invading hordes from the

¹The most important works for beginners in this study are the following: H. Riemann, "Die byzantinische Notenschrift," Leipzig, 1909; Oskar Fleischer, "Neumen-Studien III," Berlin, 1904; H. J. W. Tillyard, "A Musical Study of the Hymns of Casia," *Byzantinische Zeitschrift*, Leipzig, XX; "The Problems of Byzantine Neumes," *American Journal of Archaeology*, 1916, and *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, London, 1921, etc.; Egon Wellesz, "Die Rhythmik der byzantinischen Neumen," *Zeitschrift für Musikwissenschaft*, Leipzig, 1920; a complete survey in my book "Aufgaben und Probleme auf dem Gebiete der byzantinischen und orientalischen Kirchenmusik," *Liturgiegeschichtliche Forschungen* VI, Münster, 1923.

East, giving room to a new one diametrically opposed to the old. Now, since the advent of Romanticism it has been a trait of European historical writings to treat all happenings in the world from a European viewpoint; hence the basic error of constructing a history of music in which the music of the Byzantine Empire, a state which for ten centuries shaped the history of the world, found no place.

It is self-evident, however, that the church-music of eastern Europe and the Orient must be drawn into the scope of our inquiry, would we probe certain questions concerning European music to the bottom. To be sure, as long as one could accept the premise that the songs of the Latin Church had spread outward from Rome, there was no need of doing so. But when it was admitted that antiphonal singing had been introduced into Milan from Syria, that the songs in the churches of France and Spain had been brought from Syria, and that Rome had not taken over this music until a much later date, our entire conception of the matter was changed. Christianity was disseminated by Armenian, Syrian and Byzantine monks over Italy, France, and Spain, penetrating through Switzerland as far as the Rhine. And in Constantinople, the capital of the Byzantine Empire, there gathered men from all the provinces, who wrote new hymns for the Church, devised melodies for them, and built up a liturgical tradition which to this day is a guide for the religious life of the Balkans and Russia.

It is the more astonishing, therefore, that hitherto (with few exceptions) men of science have not occupied themselves with Byzantine song, although an almost innumerable mass of melodies in neumatic notation is extant. True, until recently the question of deciphering the neumes had not been settled, and even now can be regarded as settled only for those from the twelfth to the seventeenth century. But the material belonging to this period is sufficiently extensive and important to form the foundation for an intensive study of this art.

But research must not be limited to Byzantine music, for then we should only repeat the mistake of the inquirers into the history of art who repudiated the motto "Rome" and stopped short with the watchword "Byzantium." For in art we have to do, not with mere conceptions, but with life itself in all its fullness.

Byzantium was, indeed, a meeting-place for art and artists. But, just as it very seldom happens that a metropolis creates art, however helpful in promoting it, so it was in this case. The poets and musicians who flocked to Byzantium were not the descendants of the ancient Greeks, but Syrians, Armenians from Asia Minor,

and later Serbs from Macedonia; peoples creating their works in the plenitude of their powers, not the effete scions of an ancient civilization.

Thus, if we would understand the church-music of the Byzantine Empire, we should likewise study the music of the Armenians, the Georgians, the Ethiopians, the Syrians, whereby we shall discover highly interesting points of contact. For the most singular relations subsisted between the several sects of Eastern Christendom, and each one was, besides, strongly influenced by its native art. I take the liberty of bringing forward another instance.

From a very early period Christianity had been spread eastward, probably by Roman prisoners of war segregated into special colonies by the Parthians. (Up to the present only the westward drift has been described; the movement towards the east is still more extraordinary, and full of mystery.) Now, not only in Central Asia do we find numerous Christian documents, together with Buddhistic records, but also in China. There we find, in particular, the celebrated stela of Singan-Fu of the year 781, in three languages, erected in memory of the official introduction of Nestorian Christianity in the year 635 under Emperor Thai-tsung (627-650). Therefore it is no matter for surprise to find, in the caves of Central Asian monks, fragments from the *Evangelists* with a species of notation nearly identical with the earliest phase of the Byzantine and Armenian neumes.

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It is only in the fact that hitherto all things Byzantine have been regarded with suspicion by "classical philologists," that an explanation can be found for the comparative neglect of the music of the Christian Orient, which forms for us a stepping-stone to an understanding of our own medieval music. But at last we are gradually beginning to perceive that the history of Europe in the middle ages cannot be comprehended apart from its association with that of the Orient. In the Crusades, for example, is reflected one of those vast movements in which, since the earliest ages, is displayed the conflict for world-supremacy between Greeks and Persians, Romans and Parthians. In poetry, the latest researches have already demonstrated the influence of the Orient on the poetry of the Troubadours. Now, the like must be accomplished for music. Outwardly, in fact, there may be traced in Byzantine manuscripts since the twelfth century a notable growth of an

orientalizing tendency, so that many Greek letters look like Arabic. And example after example might be cited; but that is not the aim of these lines.

My attention is, in general, to call the attention of those who are studying the history of music to the preposterous one-sidedness with which this science has been treated in preceding centuries; I would also ask them to consider whether a portion of the energy hitherto expended in the search after biographical details about second- or third-rate musicians might not be more profitably employed in exploring unknown and widely extended periods. If I may be allowed to speak from personal experience gained after years devoted to these studies, there can hardly be anything more fascinating than the systematic advance into uncharted regions of art, where every forward step brings new surprises, and the explorer is stimulated by the feeling that he is endowing with new life things that promote our comprehension of the universal affinities.

(Translated by Theodore Baker.)

NIETZSCHE AND BIZET

By JOHN W. KLEIN

THINK what we miss in Wagner," exclaims Nietzsche in his pamphlet "The Case of Wagner": "la gaya scienza, light feet, wit, fire, grave, grand logic, the exultant spirituality, the vibrating light of the South, the smooth sea, perfect symmetry."

Frau Förster-Nietzsche repeatedly declares that her brother longed for music full of happiness, pride, high spirits, power, and yet held within bounds by the highest laws of style. His bitter experience with Wagner's art of "glorified unrestraint" had, however, robbed him of all joy in his favourite recreation. Since the Bayreuth Festival in 1876, he had begun by ruthlessly forbidding himself all romantic music calculated to exercise a morbid and depressing influence on his mind and to provide a fertile soil for every kind of yearning and spongy sensuality. He, indeed, feared that if he abandoned himself for one moment to his overwhelming delight in sound he would be instantly recaptured by the magic of the Wagnerian art, and we are accordingly not surprised to learn that he considered himself obliged to forgo the reading of music and the playing of the piano once for all. Nevertheless, in secret he yet longed for the coming of a musician bold, subtle, malignant, southern, healthy enough to take an immortal revenge on that other music—"that Wagnerian music which is all the rage nowadays."

It was on November 27th, 1881, that Nietzsche strolled into the Politeama Theatre at Genoa and saw "Carmen" for the first time. He was captivated and ecstatically proclaimed that he had at last experienced the incomparable sensation of recognising his ideal and his goal for the first time. In this keen, transparent, highly electrified atmosphere he fancied he enjoyed once more his entire power and he was suddenly fired with the hope of health and the intoxication of recovery, feeling, indeed, as "tempestuous and ardent" under the influence of this bold and bracing music as under that of the glorious South wind itself.

"The day before yesterday," he writes to his sister, "I heard 'Carmen,' an opera by a Frenchman named Bizet, and was thunder-struck! So strong, so impassioned, so graceful, so Southern!" He, moreover, hastened to acquaint his most intimate friend Peter

Gast with his sensational discovery. "Hurrah, friend! A happy find! An opera, 'Carmen,' by Georges Bizet. It sounded like a story by Mérimée—enchancing, strong, here and there staggering. A true French talent and one not led astray by Wagner. I thought something of the kind might yet be possible!" he exclaims with a cry of triumph. "It looks as if the French were on the road to better things in dramatic music, and they are far ahead of the Germans in one important respect; passion with them is not such a far-fetched thing (as all passion is with Wagner)."

The delighted philosopher concluded his letter with the words: "Bizet? Who is he?" How strange that he was not even aware that the hapless composer of "Carmen" had sunk unnoticed into an early grave more than six years previously! At any rate, this finally disposes of the legend that his acquaintance with Bizet's masterpiece was the immediate cause of the final breach with Wagner which had already occurred in 1878.

"I was very ill, but I am well again, thanks to 'Carmen,'" exclaims the delighted philosopher ecstatically. The South is, indeed, a great school of healing, and at this period he was in the very best of health, roaming about the mountains in transports of joy singing José's "gloriously naïve" song "Who goes there? Dragon of Alcalá." Bizet's music awakened in him a feeling of exuberant freedom, as if he stood on tiptoe, and was compelled to dance from sheer inward delight. Most of the inspiration for his favourite work, the delightful "La Gaya Scienza," came to him during these days, and the dead Bizet is gratefully and reverently addressed as "The Musician of the Future," the creator of "La Gaya Scienza."

Five days after the first performance he heard Bizet's masterpiece a second time and wrote yet another enthusiastic letter to Gast, who was no less delighted than his illustrious friend with Bizet's truly marvellous power of idealising quite commonplace things. "What a great blow it is to me," cries the philosopher, "to hear that Bizet, from whom I had hoped so much, is dead! I have heard his 'Carmen' for the second time! It is the very soul of passion and seduction. In my opinion this work is worth a whole journey to Spain—a Southern work in the highest degree! Do not laugh, old friend, I do not so easily make an utter mistake in taste! I am, indeed, not far from thinking this is the best opera at present existing; so long as we live it will form an item in every European repertoire."

After this prophetic statement, he proceeds to speak of the libretto, which he forthwith pronounces to be "wonderfully good,"

to the great disgust of many modern critics, who are in the habit of stigmatising it—and not entirely unjustifiably—as “a grotesque display of absurdities” miraculously transfigured by the composer’s art.

At this period Nietzsche no longer corresponded with Wagner and, indeed, the embittered master of Bayreuth sovereignly proclaimed that his former disciple was a thoroughly unreliable and untruthful person who had wantonly sacrificed an old friendship for an unhealthy need of self-advertisement. On the other hand, the philosopher was never weary of asserting that the nerve-destroying power of Wagner’s decadent music had completely ruined his health and that it had taken him almost six years to recover from the staggering blow. Nevertheless, he did not venture to proclaim his views until after the death of the master of Bayreuth, though he confidently believed he had at last succeeded in discovering a man of genius capable of permanently supplanting Wagner in his esteem.

The year 1881 witnessed the complete triumph of Bizet’s masterpiece. It would be extremely interesting to know whether Wagner was ever present at a performance of “Carmen.” It is not a little doubtful, as even his fanatical admirer Seroff declares that he took no interest whatever in the works of other composers. Nevertheless, we cannot entirely overlook Hans von Bülow’s explicit statement to the effect that Wagner shared Brahms’ enthusiasm for “Carmen.” However, since Bülow had informed Nietzsche that he no longer corresponded with Wagner and that he was not even acquainted with his later music, it is not absolutely out of the question that the famous conductor (whose favourite opera and “darling of his heart” was “Carmen”) slightly exaggerated Wagner’s admiration for Bizet’s masterpiece. At any rate, the master of Bayreuth announced with sublime fatuity that he considered Saint-Saëns the greatest French composer of his age.

In the meantime, in 1881, the number of performances of “Carmen” greatly exceeded that of all the works of Weber and Wagner, and the latter, who—during the last years of his life—had been making considerable bids for popularity, can scarcely have viewed his French rival’s success with equanimity—a success, moreover, considerably enhanced by the enthusiastic approval of the old Kaiser William I, who had no liking for Wagner’s works and whose very marked and outspoken preference for “Carmen” had already bitterly exasperated Wagner on the occasion of the Bayreuth Festival.

In January, 1882, "the most beautiful month of January that I have ever spent," Nietzsche forwarded the piano score of "Carmen" to Gast, with the remark: "I have ventured to write in it a few marginal notes and rely entirely on your humanity and musicalness. In short, perhaps I am providing you with an excellent opportunity of holding me up to ridicule. The discovery of 'Carmen' was, indeed, the event of my winter, truly a gift from Heaven; and Genoa is infinitely dearer to me on account of this opera."

These marginal notes have provoked a considerable amount of discussion. Dr. Hugo Daffner is perhaps somewhat inclined to overrate their value, but on the whole they prove Nietzsche a musical critic of rare discernment and, moreover, give us a truly unique opportunity of penetrating into his mind.

Few men were, indeed, more sensitive to the subtlest nuances of musical expression; none—with the possible exception of Stendhal—has ever been blessed with an æsthetic and musical education of such extraordinary comprehensiveness. But though we are repeatedly struck by the justice of his views, there are occasional remarks somewhat lacking in penetration and discrimination. Nietzsche, for instance, fancied that Bizet had originally written an overture in strict accordance with the traditional rules, but that owing to the excessive length of the work he had been compelled to substitute the present prelude with its "magnificent circus noise." To contrast the sinister Carmen motif with the unrestrained gaiety of a national festivity was, however, a stroke of genius on the part of Bizet, and, indeed, in these two themes the essence of the drama is wholly exhausted; in the one the intoxicating joy of mere living, in the other sombre fatalism. There is certainly no reason to believe that Bizet would have undertaken a task from which he always shrank with the utmost repugnance. His only elaborate overture, "La Patrie," scarcely reveals the hand of a master and is, moreover, singularly lacking in Bizet's habitual delicacy and originality. Significatively enough, it was—during the composer's lifetime—the most successful of his works.

On the other hand, when Nietzsche writes of the tragic Carmen motif that it is "an epigram on passion, the very best thing that has been written on this subject since Stendhal," he is undeniably singularly acute and far-sighted, for there is a very striking relationship—hitherto unsuspected—between Bizet and Stendhal. The mind of the composer of "Carmen" was certainly more akin to the fine, subtle, intoxicating spirit of Henri Beyle than to that

of Prosper Mérimée. The inexpressibly fascinating and tantalizing personality of Mathilde de la Mole in "Le Rouge et le Noir" (which Taine read no less than eighty-two times) inevitably reminds us of Bizet's Carmen, an infinitely more captivating creature than Mérimée's vulgar pickpocket. The Carmen of Bizet, the proud and fearless gitana capable occasionally, however, of deep feeling—witness the glorious duet with Escamillo in the last act—has, indeed, remarkably little in common with the contemptible—though perfectly delineated—vagabond of Mérimée's portraiture. I can imagine with a thrill of delight how Stendhal would have exulted in her! Indeed, his conception of love was closely akin to that of Bizet as revealed in "Carmen" and as defined by Nietzsche in the following words: "Love translated back into nature; love as fate, as a fatality, cynical, innocent, cruel—and precisely in this way nature. The love whose means is war, whose very essence is the mortal hatred between the sexes. Such a conception of love (the only one worthy of a philosopher) is rare; it distinguishes one work from among a thousand others." On the other hand, Bizet scarcely seems to have been acquainted with the works of Stendhal (whom it required two generations to understand), and one may perhaps be occasionally tempted to wonder whether the composer of "Djamileh" and the creator of Micaëla—who was in no sense a woman-hater such as Nietzsche or Strindberg—would have been particularly edified with the latter's rather trenchant and provocative interpretation of his work.

The chorus of the cigarette girls particularly awakened Nietzsche's admiration. Its exquisite charm and gorgeous colouring seemed to him to scintillate with all the quivering splendour of refined beauty. "It wafts to me a breath from the gardens of Epicurus. Only consider," he exclaims, "how much is idealised in this scene!" And in "La Gaya Scienza" he is still more explicit with regard to the quality Bizet shares with Epicurus. "Never previously," he declares, "was there such a moderation of voluptuousness." Bizet is, indeed, inimitable in the way in which he avoids vulgarity, and we need only compare the matchless grace of this scene with the sultry sensuality of the modern Italian veristic composers to realize the profound truth of Nietzsche's penetrating observation.

The Habanera particularly filled him with delight. "Eros," he remarks, "as conceived by the ancients, playfully alluring, mischievously demoniacal. A veritable witch is necessary for this performance. I know of nothing to be compared with this

song. It must be sung in Italian, not in German." (And we may add, not in English.) Nietzsche, indeed, believed that the Germans had no fingers for delicate nuances, and certainly only the most mocking and captivating beauty coupled with the most extraordinary subtlety of expression can be considered adequate to a worthy interpretation of this triumph of harmonic and rhythmical devices.

Anyone in the least acquainted with Nietzsche's mentality will be fully prepared for the none too friendly reception awaiting the gentle Micaëla at the hands of the austere creator of "Zarathustra." With regard to her duet with Don José he contemptuously remarks: "It is beneath my notice," and he was probably thinking of the *fortissimo* passage for the two voices in unison when he adds: "It is too sentimental, too 'tannhäuserhaft.' Nevertheless," he concludes roguishly, "the 'harp-melody'" (the passage marked "poco meno mosso espressivo": "Tell him that his mother still fondly thinks of him") is exactly what Wolfram von Eschenbach wished to sing in praise of love, but he was, of course, unable to recollect the tune and had to content himself with expressing his longing for it." Indeed, Nietzsche is never weary of scoffing at Wagner, and his "extinct, although not altogether forgotten 'Tannhäuser,'" exclaiming on one occasion with regard to the quarrel of the cigarette girls: "How simple! For God's sake, just think what R. W. would have made of it!" Bizet, indeed—witness "L'Arlésienne"—consistently obeyed the French law of style which demands the maximum of expressiveness with the minimum of means.

Strange to say, the very man who was capable of treating the gentle Micaëla with such contemptuous harshness was inordinately fond of the Toreador song, which Bizet himself had stigmatised as "ordure." "It could not be more characteristic," he exclaims, and with regard to the popular refrain, he cries: "How often have I heard it sung at night in the streets of Genoa. It has passed into the blood of the Genoese; into mine also."

The incomparable grace of the smuggler quintet—which he was particularly fond of calling "la Tarantella"—filled him with indescribable delight, whilst the exquisitely roguish scene in which Dancaïro and Remendado chaff Carmen for her love affair with Don José, brought tears of laughter to his eyes. At no other moment does Bizet, indeed, give better proof of his prodigious cleverness, intelligence and wit, and no one can help admiring the composer's technical knowledge and skill in orchestration. Nietzsche was certainly one of the first to observe that wit was at last

becoming possible in music, and there are no more striking instances of this sudden transformation of the Comic Muse than Dancaïro and Remendado's chaffing at Carmen and subsequently at the captive officer.

The melody of Carmen's dance is to him the ideal of all castanet music. "How soothing is this Moorish dancing," he exclaims in "The Case of Wagner." "How for once even our insatiability gets sated by its lascivious melancholy." The exquisitely chaste, yet passionate flower song impresses him as "inexpressibly tender and idealistic and not sentimental" (another dig at the José-Micaëla duet), whilst José's declaration of love he considers "beautiful and weirdly thrilling," remarking with singular acuteness and felicity that nothing similar is to be met with in any Italian opera, which he affirms "knows only the choruses of domestics or soldiers." (Nietzsche was not acquainted with Verdi's "Otello"!)

We cannot, however, agree with him that the elaborate finale of the second act has a military touch. Military touch, indeed! On the contrary, it is undisciplined—even rhapsodical in the extreme, yet—as Nietzsche instantly recognises—"a model finale." "We certainly do not feel one bit as happy in the wood with Schiller's robbers," he exclaims, with a sly dig at Germany's greatest dramatist, "the Moral-Trumpeter of Säckingen," one of the pet objects of his aversion.

The exquisite prelude to the third act he rightly considers "a little masterpiece of good music," and, indeed, its refined delicacy is seldom sufficiently appreciated in the theatre. As a matter of fact, it is essentially anti-theatrical at heart and undeniably of too intimate a nature for the purpose of entr'acte music. Whenever I have heard it played to the accompaniment of the usual entr'acte din, I have invariably called to mind Berlioz' bitter declaration, "The theatre is the disorderly house of music and the chaste muse we drag there cannot enter without shuddering."

The card trio was always one of Nietzsche's favourite numbers. How he delighted in the Mozartian charm of the delightful little melody so marvellously suggestive of the thoughtless merriment of Frasquita and Mercédes, in the delicate shudder which its light footfall caused to pervade his whole body and limbs! And the terrible contrast, Carmen's fatalistic music, so profound and poignant, is in his opinion "very sombre, yet pleasant," and the passage "the cards no pity show" is "thrilling and terrible." After this Micaëla's song, a *hors d'œuvre* artificially introduced into the drama, is merely "somewhat sentimental, though interesting from

a rhythmical point of view." Even the grand finale—with its marvellously effective contrasts—leaves him comparatively cold. He, indeed, always considered that the recourse to drama (in the conventional sense of the word) inevitably results in the sacrifice of music to scenic effect and betrays that the artist is much more of a master in tricky means than in genuine ones.

What, however, delighted Nietzsche most of all was the truly electrifying prelude to the fourth act. Words absolutely fail to convey the extent of his exultation. "Ah, how the heart beats!" he cries. "How escape from the terrible obsession of the inevitable! There is Genoese blood in it! It is the fever of passion exulting in the approach of death! And how wonderfully orchestrated it is! Every time I hear the *fortissimo* introduction of the second theme, my eyes fill with tears." And on another occasion he writes: "You ought to hear the death-like silence that reigns when the Genoese listen to their favourite piece, the prelude to the fourth act, and the yells for an encore that follow!" And it is this undeniable proof of Bizet's genius that pedants have ventured to qualify as "lamentably inadequate," and "a truly slipshod manner of dealing with an essentially dramatic situation." They would presumably have preferred something after the fashion of the prelude to the last act of "Madame Butterfly."

The wonderful duet between Carmen and Escamillo—habitually ignored by a restless public already busily engaged in feverish preparations for a speedy departure a couple of minutes before the fall of the curtain—awakens Nietzsche's enthusiasm in the highest degree. To him Bizet sung as the bird sings, out of innermost compulsion, and we are not surprised to hear him exclaim with gentle reverence: "Inexpressibly poignant, a heavenly simplicity of invention." The duettino—with Carmen's only love melody—might, indeed, quite aptly be described as "sublimated Gounod," and though we may occasionally be tempted to consider it psychologically untenable, we must all admit that it is musically a miracle of beauty and a joy for ever and that Mozart himself never composed anything lovelier.

Finally, Nietzsche considered the last scene "a dramatic masterpiece—to study for climax, contrast, logic." The characters of the pair are, indeed, wonderfully indicated and contrasted by the music and at the sudden—and terrifying—emergence of the tragic Carmen motif the philosopher bursts into a cry of triumph: "From this moment onwards we are in the presence of regular tragedy music!" He, indeed, never wearies of proclaiming that Bizet knew how to be profound with simplicity, striking

without rhetoric and severely logical without pedantry, and he repeatedly asserts of the composer of "Carmen" what Montaigne said of Plutarch: "As soon as I open him, I appear to grow a pair of wings."

Whilst Nietzsche was exulting in his discovery, he was busily engaged in completing his treatise "*La Gaya Scienza*," a work bubbling over with vitality and "divine wickedness," a regular revel after so much privation and impotence, a hymn of glory for all things beautiful, free and joyous which is literally saturated with the atmosphere of "Carmen." Nietzsche, indeed, rejoiced in his sudden conversion from an intolerable state of morbid introspection to the marvellous blitheness of the laughing sun; he felt that the seas were once more open, and belief in a new art, a stronger, bolder, merrier art, once more permissible and praiseworthy.

"Who will sing us a new song," he cries, "a morning song, so sunny, so light, so fledged and so divinely serene that it will not scare the tantrums, but rather invite them to take part in the singing and dancing?"

He explores the fatuous contempt of melody and the lamentable stunting of the sense for melody (the sublimest enjoyment of the art of music) among Germans, and he was, indeed, one of the first to recognise that—as Dr. Oscar Bie says—"never have the flesh and blood of melody more genially created the body of an opera than in 'Carmen.'"

Above all, however, he longed for repose and deliverance from himself through art. "No, not such tones," he cries. "I can no longer breathe freely when this Wagnerian music begins to operate on me. I demand first of all from music relief, the ecstasies which are in good walking, striding, leaping and dancing. For God's sake, let brazen, leaden life be gilded by means of golden, good, tender melodies! My melancholy would, indeed, fain rest its head in the hiding-places and abysses of perfection; for this reason I need music. Let us strike up something more and more joyful, musician of the future." And with a thrill of tremulous ecstasy: "Oh, the divine beauty! With what enchantment it seizes me!"

That Nietzsche—who considered laughter necessary as the remedy of life—had Bizet constantly in mind whilst he was penning these glowing phrases is absolutely beyond doubt. The inspired musician alone capable of procuring for the weary philosopher in search of oblivion "the deliverance of himself through art" was undeniably the creator of "Carmen." A few days later

he attended a performance of "Carmen" and wrote to Gast: "I was very happy once more. When this music is played, some very deep stratum is stirred within me, and while listening to it I feel resolved to hold out to the last and to unburden my heart of its supremest malice rather than perish beneath the weight of my own thoughts." Simultaneously he bewailed the vulgar brutality of Wagnerian music, and though he subsequently spoke of "the hallowed hour when Richard Wagner gave up the ghost," the death of the master of Bayreuth was, nevertheless, at the time "the most substantial relief that could have been given just now." He had, indeed, at last found his path and was convinced—not altogether without reason—of the proximity of something unparalleled. "La Gaya Scienza" had, indeed, already revealed the high aspirations of a mind which now at last reaches its culminating point. Nietzsche, moreover, declares that two months before the inspiration of "Thus Spake Zarathustra" he had an intimation of its coming in the form of a sudden and decisive change in his tastes, particularly in music. "I discovered," he cries in language forcibly reminiscent of the gorgeous splendour of Poe's "Eleonora," "that the phoenix of music hovered over me in lighter and brighter plumage than it had ever worn before." Until then he had, indeed, only been able to flutter his wings; now, at last, he was able to fly.

In a short poem he flings his contempt into the face of Wagner "sinking all helpless by the cross," whilst the following verses entitled "Music of the South" are probably—though commentators are not all of the same opinion—addressed to Bizet:

All that my eagle e'er saw clear,
I see and feel in heart to-day,
(Although my hope was wan and grey)
Thy song like arrow pierced mine ear,
A balm to touch, a balm to hear,
As down from heaven it winged its way.
So now for lands of southern fire
To happy isles where Grecian nymphs hold sport,
Thither now turn the ship's desire,
No ship e'er sped to fairer port.

The first part of his masterpiece, "Zarathustra"—according to its author "the loftiest book on earth, the greatest gift that has ever been bestowed on men"—was written in a state of feverish excitement within the course of a few days. "Nothing perhaps has ever been produced out of such a superabundance of strength," cries Nietzsche. It is significant to note that the very qualities he particularly praised in "Carmen": "the halcyonic brightness, the

light feet, the intoxicating presence of wickedness and exuberance"—these very qualities (never dreamt of before as a prerequisite of greatness) he now declared to be the essence of the type Zarathustra. There is, moreover, already a hint of the vigorous and provocative style of "The Case of Wagner" in the following words addressed by Zarathustra (Nietzsche) to the Magician (Wagner): "Air! Let in good air! Thou makest this cave sultry and poisonous, thou bad old magician! Thou stage-player! With thunder and heavenly fireworks must one speak to indolent and somnolent senses. But beauty's voice speaketh gently; it appealeth only to the most awakened senses." "Thunder and heavenly fireworks" had, indeed, invariably been Wagner's chief means of impressing the multitude.

Two years later in "Beyond Good and Evil" he deplores the fact that none of the modern German composers are "good Europeans" ("men who have unlearned the love of their own people because they have learnt to love many peoples"), that they are no longer the deeply pledged heirs of a millennium of European thought. In his opinion both Schumann ("the mawkish Saxon") and Wagner ("the cranky and desperate decadent afloat on a sea of patriotic nonsense and self-adoration") are hopelessly and exclusively German, neither of them constituting a European event such as Beethoven and, in a yet higher degree, Mozart had been. He considered that German music lacked the liberality and universality of outlook of a Goethe and was consequently threatened with its greatest danger, that of "losing the voice for the soul of Europe" and degenerating into a purely national affair.

The great philosopher, "a Southerner not by origin, but by belief," dreamt, indeed, of a music freed from the tyrannous influence of the North, a music which would be a successful half-way synthesis of the North and South, a music which would not fade, pale or die away at the sight of the blue, wanton sea and the clear, Mediterranean sky—"a super-European music which would hold its own even in the presence of the dark sunsets of the desert, a music whose soul is akin to the palm-tree, a music that knows how to live and move among great beasts of prey, beautiful and solitary; a music whose supreme charm is its ignorance of good and evil."

He felt, indeed, that he must be on his guard against German music, which had injured both his health and taste, and he frantically asserted that France was still the seat of the most intellectual and refined culture of Europe, the high school of sentiment,

taste and manners, in short "the only country where there is still a preunderstanding and ready welcome for those rarer and rarely gratified men who are too comprehensive to find satisfaction in any kind of fatherlandism, and know how to love the South when in the North, and the North when in the South—the born Midlanders, the good Europeans. For them," he concludes triumphantly, "Bizet has made music, this latest genius who has seen a new beauty and a new seduction, who has discovered new lands—the Southern lands of music."

Nietzsche loved Bizet all the more because he fancied that—like himself—the composer of "Carmen" was "an undiscovered genius," and that by its nature and by its clear perception of the spirit of the race his work was well in advance of its time. Consequently it was absolutely necessary for a man of his type to be misunderstood. "Oh, the solitude of all givers! Oh, the silence of all beacons!" cries the creator of Zarathustra. When Wagner's music was no longer unappreciated, no longer to be savoured by the intellectually aristocratic few, when it had become an art for everybody and "the greedy lip-smacking rabble with its grinning mouths and unclean thirst begins to hob-nob with you as if you were one of themselves," at that moment he shudderingly withdrew from the master of Bayreuth and boldly sailed his bark on unexplored seas and discovered Bizet, one who still possessed the gift of melody and was devoid of the restlessness, the lack of form and repose in every bar which is the main characteristic of the Wagnerian music.

In the meantime Nietzsche was engaged, with characteristic ardour, in practical propaganda on behalf of Bizet. He finally induced Felix Mottl—who, moreover, considered Nietzsche's own "Hymnus an das Leben" a very effective composition—to perform "L'Arlésienne" and the "Roma" Symphony, and subsequently addressed a letter of thanks to him for his tireless efforts on Bizet's behalf. (Mottl finally produced Bizet's posthumous opera "Noé.") Nevertheless, it is not a little disconcerting to note that he does not seem to have been particularly enamoured of the incomparable "Arlésienne," which many eminent French critics still consider Bizet's masterpiece. Apart from the exquisitely tender and moving "Adagietto"—the serenity of which is religious and almost sacred and which Nietzsche himself considered "sublime"—this ravishingly beautiful music failed to produce a lasting impression. Indeed, the Bizet he adored was not the delicately subtle and profoundly melancholy artist of "Djamileh" and "L'Arlésienne" beloved of Brahms and Wolf, but the nimble, gay, impetuous,

exuberant composer of "Carmen" and the "Roma" Symphony. Of the latter work he remarks: "How extraordinarily charming—naïve and subtle simultaneously, as, indeed, is everything composed by this last master of French music. Poor fellow, he never even lived to hear his work."

Evidently, German musicians of the early eighties, in contradistinction to many modern iconoclasts who recklessly refer to "Carmen" as "crude" and "commonplace," could imagine nothing more "subtle" than Bizet's masterpiece. Bungert (the pretentious author of a trilogy based on the Homeric poems and once regarded as one of the greatest composers of the Wagnerian school) considered the orchestration of "Carmen" "truly extraordinary, altogether too subtle." He whom Berlioz had kissed on the forehead with the words "Dieu vous aime" accordingly hastened to inform Nietzsche that the illustrious composer of "Les Troyens" was almost entirely responsible for the intoxicating and exciting instrumental colouring of "Carmen." Strange to say, Nietzsche at first also believed that Bizet was a pupil of Berlioz, though these two most fascinating personalities of French music have extraordinarily little in common. Certain critics, however, maintain that a more intimate acquaintanceship with Berlioz' works on the part of Nietzsche would have instantly resulted in a radical alteration of his views. Indeed, M. Julien Tiersot even asserts that had Nietzsche known "Les Troyens" he would have immediately substituted it for "Carmen" as "the monument of Mediterranean art wherewith he wished to confront the art of the North." There is, nevertheless, every reason to believe that Nietzsche—who many years previously had been playfully satirised on account of his exclusive devotion to Berlioz—was intimately acquainted with practically all the works of the composer of "Les Troyens." He, however, subsequently placed him in the same category as Wagner, stigmatising him as a typical decadent on the verge of hysteria, one whose very strength originated not out of plentitude, but out of want. He, indeed, considered his works poisoned by a very considerable residue of morbid and incurable romanticism—a slamming of the door in the face of nature—and the boisterous prophet of "La Gaya Scienza" would have, indeed, been the very last to prefer this gloomy neurotic, whose soul was preyed upon by death, to his beloved Bizet so greedy of life, whose music he considered filled with a sense of the open air such as we find in no other composer.

During the years immediately following the publication of "Beyond Good and Evil" in 1886, Nietzsche became more and

more of a Bizet enthusiast. He considered that the joy of living on this earth was increased by the existence of such a man as Bizet and, whilst ardent admiration for the composer of "Carmen" was alone sufficient recommendation in his sight, indifference to his idol was regarded as a mortal and unforgivable offence. "I wish the spirit of Bizet to permeate my whole surroundings," he cries. Arthur Egidi bears witness to the truth of this statement. On one occasion he was discussing music with the philosopher and, moreover, indulging in enthusiastic encomiums of Bach and Beethoven. To his surprise and mortification, however, Nietzsche unexpectedly fell into a listless weariness. His eyes were lustreless, and he replied only in monosyllables; when a name was spoken by chance that had a magical effect. It was that of Bizet. Of a sudden the philosopher's whole frame quivered in feverish excitement, his face beamed with rapture, his deep-set star-like eyes flashed fire and his words rolled forth with the impetuosity of a mountain torrent. He was never weary of praising the spirituality and unfailing elegance of the composer of "Carmen," his nimble volatile art which "blazes up like a pure flame into a cloudless sky," and Egidi was under the impression that these were the only qualities he demanded from music.

As a matter of fact, Nietzsche found in Bizet's music what Delacroix had found in Mozart's; not merely a distraction of an overworked mind concentrated too feverishly on some great philosophical work, but above all a powerful incitement to production. There is a passage in "The Case of Wagner," the very construction and atmosphere of which bear a striking resemblance to the prelude to the second act of "Carmen," and which concludes with the emphatic words: "Bizet makes me productive."

In "The Will to Power" the contrast between Bizet and Wagner is still further accentuated: "The Frenchman simplifies, rationalises, embellishes. The German muddles, compromises, involves and infects everything with morality." Nietzsche, indeed, was never weary of bemoaning the typical "old-maidish moralin-corroded mentality" of his countrymen and praising the roguish indulgence towards everything and the freedom from moralic acid in the theme of "Carmen." "Not the love of a cultured girl! No Senta-sentimentality!" he exclaims contemptuously. "But love translated back into Nature."

In the meantime Nietzsche regularly attended performances of "Carmen," informing his friend Peter Gast with almost painful conscientiousness of every production he witnessed. It is, moreover, not a little interesting to know that in December 1887 he

was present at a performance of "*Les Pêcheurs de Perles*," but—*mirabile dictu!*—ran away after the first act.

For once Bizet had produced the same effect as Wagner, for after every first act of that "evil magician" Nietzsche, indeed, declared that he felt bored to death and compelled to leave the theatre on the spot. He, moreover, considered that Bizet's juvenile opera exhibited a lamentable want of equilibrium and was unduly influenced by Gounod, Félicien David and—Wagner's "*Lohengrin*."

"This tragical operetta" was also the contemptuous verdict of Hans von Bülow, with whose somewhat questionable interpretation of "*Carmen*" Nietzsche, moreover, entirely sympathised. As a matter of fact, Bülow took all "*Carmen*" in a tempo that was intolerably slow and dragging. When questioned about his slow tempi, the great conductor testily retorted that he intended in this way to suggest the dignity of the Spaniards. "Had Bülow ventured to conduct '*Carmen*' in this pompous manner in Paris," cries Weingartner, "he would have been stoned alive." On the other hand, Nietzsche realised that a work will bear taking all kinds of tempi, if only there be genius in the performer, and he, moreover, welcomed Bülow's refusal to "compromise '*Carmen*' in the usual German manner by degrading it to the level of an operetta." Obviously encouraged by the philosopher's support in this much-discussed affair, Bülow is said to have declared that Nietzsche ought to write a treatise on modern music and incidentally explain the reason of his departure from Bayreuth.

In the spring of the year 1888, Nietzsche took up his abode at Turin. At that very moment a "*Carmen*" epidemic broke out in the capital of Piedmont—"to celebrate my arrival," he facetiously exclaims. "*Successo piramidale*," he informs Dr. Fuchs, "*tutto Torino carmenizzato*." The phenomenal success of his "opera of operas"—together with Bülow's suggestion—encouraged Nietzsche to write "*The Case of Wagner*," and in the midst of the appallingly severe task of his life, the "annihilation of Wagner" was to him a veritable recreation.

This Wagner essay was destined to be his "*chant du cygne*." Poor Nietzsche had fondly imagined that it was merely a prelude to a work of immeasurably greater importance entitled "*A Transvaluation of All Values*," a destructive thunderbolt which would send the whole of civilization into convulsions. Indeed, the general opinion that "*The Case of Wagner*" was as much an improvisation as Stendhal's "*Life of Rossini*" may not be entirely

devoid of truth, though the very fact that Nietzsche took the trouble of copying out the manuscript twice seems to prove exactly the contrary. In the preface to his work he writes: "It is not malice alone which makes me praise Bizet at the expense of Wagner. To turn my back on Wagner was for me a piece of fate—to get to like anything else whatever afterwards was a triumph."

He started his famous essay in the following way:

"Yesterday—would you believe it?—I heard Bizet's masterpiece for the twentieth time. How such a work completes one! Through it one almost becomes 'a masterpiece' oneself. Bizet's music, indeed, seems to me perfect. It comes forward lightly, gracefully, stylishly. It is lovable, it does not sweat. 'All that is good is easy, everything divine runs with light feet.' This is the first principle of my aesthetics." We may add that this is, moreover, merely a repetition of one of the most famous aphorisms of Zarathustra: "Thoughts that come on dove's feet lead the world."

Both his intense horror of the melancholy and gloom of the North and his ardent longing for the laughter and joy of the South are spontaneously revealed in what are perhaps the most significant words of the whole essay:

"Wagner is not the only saviour; Bizet's work also saves; with him I bid farewell to the damp North and all the fog of the Wagnerian ideal. His music is gay, but not in a French or German way. Its gaiety is African; fate hangs over it; its happiness is short, sudden, without reprieve. I envy Bizet for having had the courage of this sensitiveness which hitherto in the cultured music of Europe has found no means of expression—of this Southern, tawny, sunburnt sensitiveness."

Many of us may consider this an unwarrantable exaggeration, yet who has ever spoken of Bizet with more tenderness or sensibility? That Bizet's music gives utterance to things which had formerly no tongue is, moreover, undeniable and it is, indeed, well to repeat this to those who can see in "Carmen" nothing else but a traditional French *opéra comique*, impregnated with the spirit of the Massenet who "slumbers in the heart of every Frenchman." Thanks mostly to the senseless antics and pantomimic hocus-pocus of famous singers in the title-rôle, Bizet's masterpiece has also unfortunately been lowered in the esteem of many persons otherwise lacking neither in taste nor in culture. This brazen appeal to the music-hall habitués cannot be sufficiently deprecated.

After laying particular stress on the fact that Bizet's music possesses the refinement of a race and not that of an individual, Nietzsche proceeds:

"Have more painful, more tragic accents ever been heard on the stage before? And how are they obtained? Without grimaces! Without counterfeiting of any kind! Free from the lie of the grand style! I, indeed, know no case in which the tragic irony which constitutes the kernel of love is expressed with such severity or in so terrible a formula as in the last cry of Don José with which the work ends. Perhaps you are now beginning to perceive how very much this music improves me? 'Il faut méditerraniser la musique.' "

After reading so extraordinary—some may say extravagant—an eulogy, we may perhaps be permitted to ask whether Nietzsche was really in earnest. Mr. Huneker declares that we learn from Nietzsche's letters that as a joke he put up Bizet as a man of straw to fight the Wagner idol. Now, though the philosopher had written the following Latin quotations, "*Ridendo dicere severum*," on the title-page of his essay and had, moreover, asserted that he always attached a little tail of farce to the most serious things, he certainly subsequently wrote to his friend, Dr. Fuchs:

"You mustn't take what I have said about Bizet too seriously; in my present frame of mind, I don't care a brass farthing for him. But as an ironical antithesis against Wagner the glorification of 'Carmen' was certainly most effective. After all, it would have been an incomparable lack of taste on my part to have begun my essay by praising Beethoven."

Whatever we may think of this somewhat exasperating communication, most of us will probably agree with the last sentence. Nevertheless, no less an authority than Mr. Bernard Shaw—who had previously fancied that Bizet's masterpiece had served him as "a safety-valve for his romantic impulses"—has been guilty of this "incomparable lack of taste" when he savagely exclaims:

"What can we say to a man who, after pitting his philosophy against Wagner with refreshing force and ingenuity, proceeds to hold up as the masterpiece of modern musical drama—blazing with all the merits which the Wagnerian music-dramas lack—guess what! "*Don Giovanni*," perhaps, or "*Orfeo*," or "*Fidelio*?" Not at all! "*Carmen*," no less. Yes, as I live by bread, as I made that bread for many a year by listening to music, Georges Bizet's '*Carmen*.' "

Such cheap facetiousness would have fully justified Nietzsche in retorting: "The man who places Bunyan above Shakespeare

is not worthy of a moment's serious consideration." Indeed, however subversive and startling his opinions on other questions, Mr. Shaw is on the whole—as regards music—perhaps a trifle too conventional. To consider "*Carmen*" "at best only a delicately flimsy little opera" is almost as absurd and certainly as manifestly unjust and superficial as to proclaim it—as Huneker has done—"merely a sparkling compound of Gounod and Spanish gipsy airs." It is, moreover, a proof of almost incredible shortsightedness and bluntness of the senses on the part of one who arrogates to himself a higher taste. Finally, I consider him to have taken rather an unfair advantage of Nietzsche, since the latter, in his "*Case of Wagner*," was professedly dealing with the works of contemporary composers alone. As for "*Fidelio*," certainly one of the least inspired of Beethoven's creations and from a purely operatic point of view more or less of a failure, Nietzsche was fond of declaring how much Schiller, or more exactly, how much *Thekla* (the inexpressible sentimental heroine of "*Wallenstein*") there was in it. It could, indeed, scarcely be expected to appeal to the sick and weary philosopher literally gasping for a breath of fresh, crisp, bracing air from the South and the merry, roguish, breezy music of one "who loves the Mediterranean as well as I do." Indeed, before he became acquainted with Bizet's intoxicating music, Nietzsche had delighted in the gay, sunny, airy and delicate spirit of Mozart, and in the inimitable Chopin, "the freest and daintiest of elves," and, indeed, nothing but the most transparent hypocrisy—witness the conversation with Egidi—could ever have induced this ingrained Southerner to prefer "*Fidelio*" or even "*Orfeo*" to "*Carmen*." Had Mr. Shaw restricted himself to "*Don Giovanni*" or—shall we say?—"The Barber of Seville," he would have displayed an infinitely more intimate acquaintanceship with the somewhat complex mentality of his brother-philosopher.

On the other hand, in spite of his incriminating letter to Dr. Fuchs, Nietzsche repeatedly assured his friends that he was thoroughly in earnest, that they must not allow themselves to be led astray for one instant by the pamphlet's tone of levity and irony. He literally revels in the memory of those "happy days at Turin," during the course of which "*The Case of Wagner*" was written. He immediately announced his intention of publishing a French translation and was convinced that his work was in many respects in intimate harmony with French tastes and that his appreciation of Bizet would be read with the greatest interest. "This essay, well translated into French," he exclaims, "would be

read by half the world! I am the only authority in this matter, and, moreover, enough of a psychologist and a musician not to be imposed upon by anything in all matters of technique."

For a moment he thought of entrusting M. Paul Bourget, the extraordinarily subtle psychologist, with the exacting task of translation, but the latter was unfortunately not sufficiently versed "in rebus musicis et musicantibus." Nietzsche subsequently forwarded a copy of his work to the famous Danish Shakespearean critic, Georg Brandes. The latter replied:

"A few days before receiving your pamphlet, I witnessed a performance of 'Carmen.' What splendid music! But all the same, at the risk of displeasing you, I must confess that 'Tristan and Isolde' also made an indelible impression on me." (Nietzsche himself considered this Wagner's *non plus ultra*.)

A month later, Nietzsche heard the "Patrie" overture for the first time and found in it a welcome occasion for a fresh outburst of enthusiasm for his old idol. "It really produced upon me the strongest impression I have ever experienced at a concert in my whole life," he exclaims. "You ought to hear how the little man grows heroic!" A few days later he forwarded his tantalising letter to Dr. Fuchs. In the presence of such contradictory statements we must, however, bear in mind that the terrible cloud of madness was already hovering over him. He began to sign his letters "The Man on the Cross," and in the agony of his suffering to cover innumerable sheets of paper with the wildest and most delirious fantasies, reviling his dearest friends in the most unmeasured terms. He had, indeed, been accused of attempting to gain notoriety by scattering his mud on the graves of the dead and the heads of the living. Moreover, Richard Pohl's malignantly cruel statement: "The man who is capable of listening to 'Carmen' twenty times in a state of gentle reverence is a fit subject for the lunatic asylum," and his slanderous declaration that Nietzsche had written an opera which Wagner had summarily dismissed as "silly trash," filled the wretched philosopher with the utmost horror and dismay, and at the moment almost robbed him of his reason. Only a few days later the bow snapped—and the warrior broke down.

Nietzsche's illness is, however, scarcely perceptible in his essay "The Case of Wagner," which superabounds—as it were—in intellectual health. The so-called "madman with flashing eyes and foaming mouth spouting forth deafening bombast" is much more visible in his early works than in this sharp and penetrating treatise, and Huneke's declaration that Nietzsche was

already struck down when he wrote it is absolutely devoid of truth. We have every reason to believe that Nietzsche penned his work with gleeful energy; and Isabella von Ungern-Sternberg, who visited him about this time, explicitly affirms that he possessed a cool head and a critical mind combined with the greatest possible sobriety.

In this connection it is particularly interesting to ask what it was in the first place that induced Nietzsche to praise Bizet at Wagner's expense. Those who—founding their charge on a single statement in an incoherent letter written within a week of the catastrophe—fancy that, in his rage against Wagner, Nietzsche put up Bizet as a mere man of straw to make his ex-hero ridiculous, are simply indulging in a rather poor piece of special pleading. I can only request them to study the philosopher's life and works, and above all to read his letters which—during the seven years preceding the catastrophe—literally teem with the most enthusiastic references to the composer of "Carmen." Neither, however, was Nietzsche tempted by a morbid craving to startle people or to offend Frau Cosima Wagner, "the woman I revere above all women in the world" and who—though she had accused him of treachery—still occasionally regarded him as her husband's predestined champion in the non-musical world.

Nevertheless, Spitteler (then unknown to fame), who was still smarting from certain pungent remarks of the philosopher, brutally accused him a few months before the catastrophe of having written "The Case of Wagner" not out of enthusiasm for his cause, but with the sole purpose of gratifying his private animosity against the dead Wagner. Nietzsche—stung to the quick—replied sardonically: "It is quite natural that I connect my conversion with 'Carmen.' I know you will not doubt it one minute—simply one more malignity of mine! As a matter of fact, I know the success of 'Carmen' awakened Wagner's wrath and envy."

How could he know this? Three months after the publication of "The Case of Wagner"—shortly before the horrible catastrophe—Nietzsche wrote to Gast: "Gersdorff has just paid me a visit. Now listen to a strange thing he has told me about which I am highly delighted. He assures me he saw Wagner in a paroxysm of rage against Bizet when Minnie Hauk was at Naples and sang 'Carmen.' Since Wagner has himself taken sides in the matter, my malice in a certain important passage of the essay will be all the more keenly felt."

The last sentence is obviously somewhat incriminating, though it is, nevertheless, evident that Nietzsche knew absolutely

nothing of the incident when he actually wrote the essay. The story is no doubt true, the outburst in question probably taking place in January 1881. Wagner was at that time more or less intimately acquainted with Minnie Hauk, whose husband, the explorer Hesse-Wartegg, had previously chosen Wagner's favourite resort Tribschen as his residence. Nietzsche, moreover, knew from bitter experience that the master of Bayreuth was particularly fond of indulging in uncontrollable fits of temper at the expense of hapless individuals who had ventured to compose "something worth while."

Nevertheless, I do not deny that the philosopher was fired by the desire to take vengeance for his lost happiness on one whom he fancied was exclusively engaged in poisoning the wells of life. To praise Bizet at the expense of Wagner with the sole purpose of gratifying a deep and implacable personal feud was, however, a sentiment utterly foreign to the nature of one who was not interested in persons as persons, but only in their artistic and intellectual manifestations. No, the glorification of "Carmen" was no mere firework paradox, or the man who was always in a state of nervous agitation bordering on hysteria would not on several occasions—according to his own testimony—have listened five hours with gentle reverence to Bizet's music. Indeed, this triumph over his impatience was a matter of inexpressible wonder to him—"the first step to holiness"—and yet he scarcely ever missed a performance of "Carmen." More than once we read: "Bizet's orchestration is practically the only one I can endure now," and it was after seeing "Carmen" no less than four times during the course of a fortnight that Nietzsche exclaimed: "Life for me without music would be a blunder." And he adds: "Each time I heard 'Carmen' it seemed to me that I was more of a philosopher, a better philosopher than at any other time, I became so forbearing, so happy, so settled. Only so do I get outside myself. This music exercises a sobering influence upon me and I gaze at myself as from a distance. After a night of 'Carmen' follows a morning of resolute views and ideas. I feel as though I had been bathing in my natural element. Ah, what is life without music but a torture and an exile!"

Probably the break with Wagner was more owing to Nietzsche's state of health than most people realise. He himself admitted that his objections to Wagner's music were mainly "physiological objections." He had, indeed, the nerves of a Shelley and the digestion of a Carlyle, and Huneker not unjustifiably compares him to one of those oriental wonder-workers

dancing in ecstasy on a white-hot sword blade, the tears streaming down his face as he proclaims his divine gospel of joy. "Il faut méditerraniser la musique."

As a matter of fact, his sickness (the combined diseases of the nerves of his eyes, brain and stomach) insensibly coloured his philosophy, and his frantic apotheosis of "Carmen" was partly due to the debilitated state of his health, the inevitable result of the morbidly feverish intensity of his mental activity, of thirty arduous years of an almost superhuman overuse of his brain. It is, indeed, scarcely an exaggeration to say that his intense devotion to Wagner and his music was turned to violent dislike by the influence of a diseased cerebral activity and that the final breach with the master of Bayreuth was merely an essential measure of hygiene. A man on whom an unendurable tension lies day and night, one who—like Edgar Allan Poe—is ever in dread of some "strange impending doom," will turn with instinctive loathing from the—if judged from this particular point of view—essentially morbid products of a brain such as Wagner's. In "The Case of Wagner" the significant words occur: "How terribly Wagnerian orchestration affects me! A disagreeable sweat breaks out all over me!" No martyr, indeed, ever endured more intense and prolonged agony than Nietzsche, and in his heroic battle for health he clutched desperately at Bizet's masterpiece like a drowning man at a spar. His joyless life seemed to lose its weight and misery by means of those delicate and smooth melodies, and his love for "Carmen" was consequently a violent, almost unreasoning, passion. Some critics have compared it to the craving of the sufferer for a narcotic, though Nietzsche himself would have been truly horrified at any such suggestion, since he considered Wagner's music "narcotic art par excellence" and, moreover, a perverted means of stimulating tired nerves.

Indeed, one of the main principles of his æsthetics was that it is easier to be titanic and overpowering than beautiful and melodious and that whilst Wagner's music clogs the soul, Bizet's gives it wings. This power of brightening and transfiguring the world and accelerating all bodily functions by means of light, bold, unfettered, self-reliant rhythms filled Nietzsche with the most intense admiration and delight, for he had long deplored the fact that the most subtle and elemental of all arts had become a music of decadence and negation and had ceased to be the flute of Dionysus. There is, nevertheless, a faint odour of the sick-room in the following words: "Music, for Heaven's sake, let us regard music as a recreation, a pleasure, a delight—and nothing else. On

no account must we treat music as a whip-lash for exhausted nerves. What do I want from music? That it should be gay and profound like the golden autumn of an October afternoon, mild, kindly, not heated. That everything about it should be sweet, strange, subtle and spiritual. That it should bask in the sun and its feet trip in wayward fashion." All this he found in "Carmen," and there is no doubt that Bizet's music, tremulously and thrillingly alive with the ecstasy of mere living, exercised a most invigorating influence on the philosopher's debilitated nervous system, even as it had done on that of Hugo Wolf. He, indeed, celebrated in "Carmen" the return to nature, health and good spirits and the Websterian words addressed to Gast, "my future German Bizet," on the eve of his spiritual death were meant for the composer of "Carmen" himself: "Master, sing me a new song; the world is transfigured; all the heavens are rejoicing."

Judging from such ecstatic declarations we must not, however, be led to infer that Nietzsche's musical criticism during these years is consequently of little value. "The Case of Wagner" was written only a few months before the catastrophe, yet even Mr. Bernard Shaw recognises "its refreshing force and ingenuity." Though the influence of his disease occasionally weaves itself into the texture of his thoughts, it is, nevertheless, an extraordinary work containing remarkably acute and searching observations upon art. It is infinitely more readable than his early Wagnerian writings and reveals a light and swift vigour of movement which before he had never attained. Nevertheless, a distinguished critic has recently declared that Nietzsche was incapable of understanding Wagner, and that he was—as regards music—the feeblest mind that ever hitched itself to the stellar chariot of the master of Bayreuth. This critic laid particular stress on the fact that Nietzsche—in moments of aberration—wrote fourth-rate music which Hans von Bülow gruffly qualified as "regrettable pianoforte convulsions"—as if the absence of a creative gift necessarily implied that of a critical one. Wagner himself always had the very highest opinion of Nietzsche's gifts as a music critic, though we should, of course, beware of overrating such a testimonial.

Though many of us are partly justified in believing that, carried away by his ardour in the fight and what Romain Rolland ruthlessly calls "his mania for paradox," Nietzsche goes too far and becomes unjust, it is difficult to overrate the importance of "The Case of Wagner" as one of the most brilliant pieces of musical criticism ever written. The chapters dealing with "Carmen" may seem excessively laudatory, yet even such rapturous

exclamations are, in spite of their dithyrambic character, essentially justified, as such a fanatical Wagnerite as Mr. Havelock Ellis willingly admits. Nevertheless, they still occasionally tempt people to indulge in exclamations of horror and amazement such as "After Wagner, Bizet!" After "Parsifal," "Carmen!" Good heavens! Huneker, for instance, though he refers to Bizet as an artist who might have changed history had he not "died of absinthe" (!) at an early age, was never weary of ridiculing the man capable of "frantically asserting that Bizet was the creator of 'La Gaya Scienza' and a greater man than Wagner, blither and possessing the divine gaiety, sparkle and indescribable fascination of the Greeks" (an obvious reference to Nietzsche's poem "Music of the South.") In reply, though Nietzsche considered that Bizet stood to Wagner in much the same position as Stendhal to Victor Hugo ("that lighthouse on a sea of nonsense"), I do not for one instant believe that he ever felt or asserted that Bizet was a greater man than Wagner, who was, indeed, born to be a master of men. He, however, certainly was convinced that the Frenchman's music was simpler and more human and that he had a larger share of inherited musical wealth. Finally, he found in him the qualities he missed in Wagner and which he—whose whole work is merely a southernisation of the Northern mind—implicitly demanded from music: "The delicate Southern clearness of the sky, the limpidezza of the air. Tender golden melodies, charm and wit, a dainty, delicate little woman full of roguishness and grace, the delight of every tense profound male mind whose life is burdened with heavy responsibilities." And who can, indeed, gainsay him?

After all, Nietzsche is not entirely responsible for the flights of imagination of some of his followers. As we all know, his championship of Bizet encouraged certain French critics—who had previously stigmatized the composer of "Carmen" as a poseur aping Wagner and relying on a few eccentricities to win him admirers—to make extravagant claims on their countrymen's behalf and to set him above Wagner. Such comparisons are, of course, in the main futile, as on the one hand we are dealing with the work of a man who literally accomplished the formidable task he set out to perform, and, on the other, with that of one who was still engaged in groping his way when he was relentlessly struck down by the hand of fate.

MUSIC IN MALAYA

By LILY STRICKLAND-ANDERSON

SINGAPORE, Penang, Malacca and Kuala Lampur. Barbaric names that once represented some of the mystery and allure-ment of far distant ports, unattainable, except in dreams. But now the miracles of modern travel have minimized the world's immensities of space, and those dreams have become realities to those of us who feel and respond to the call of adventure, and who set our faces towards the remote ends of the earth in eager anticipation of the joys of discovering for ourselves new beauties in nature and new interests in human nature.

British Malaya lies close to the Equator; mountainous, densely wooded, and rich in tropical flora. The blue hills rise into the mist-filled heights; rivers wind, like silver threads in a verdant tapestry, among the vivid green rice fields, the rubber plantations, the shady cocoanut groves and grass meadows to lose themselves among the impenetrable fastnesses of old secretive jungles. Flowers, rainbow-hued, bloom riotously, and the songs of strange and brilliant birds scatter notes upon the air while, overhead, the changing panorama of the clouds moves slowly against the opaque turquoise of the sky.

Nature, amorous and prolific, embraces the fecund soil, and all growing things reach a quick maturity under the warm sun of the East. The human element, moving against this rich background, is no less interesting, and we wonder in what manner it reacts towards its environment, and to what degree it responds to the climatic influences in the development of its history, religion and arts.

In a brief historical survey we find that the known aboriginals of Malaya were the Negritos, and the semi-negritos, or the brown-skinned Sakei, who dwelt in the jungles and along the slopes of the mountains.

The Malays are said to have come from the Island of Sumatra somewhere about 1400 A. D. to take up their residence on the Peninsula. The name "Malay" is supposed to be Sanskrit, and means "a chain of mountains."

A succession of predatory invasions have brought in many new races, religions, customs and manners; until now there is a polyglot of nations in Malaya. One may see Burmans, Chinese, Arabs,

Siamese, Annamese, Javanese and Indians, from the Punjab to Madras; which, with the aborigines, the half-castes and the various Europeans, make a kaleidoscopic, many-faceted composite of humankind.

The first European invaders were the Portuguese from the West, who were followed by the Dutch and the English. The British established themselves and their rule about 1826, but not without strife. Tribal wars, piracy, ferment and civil disruption, which had torn the country with discordant conflict, were gradually suppressed; and finally, with the ratification of the various peace treaties, Law and Order were attained.

Rudimentary methods of agriculture and mining were improved and developed; and under a new régime of systematic supervision, the growing of tobacco, areca nut, rubber, sugar-cane, rice, copra and tapioca came to be important industries, and tin mining grew into a lucrative business. So much for the history of Malaya.

But what of the old Pagan Gods who brooded over the country centuries before civilization came to the Peninsula with relentless, if enlightening, Change and Progress?

The arrogant invaders from the West and East brought with them strong new religions, and much new wisdom, and they pushed the old gods of the aborigines from their pedestals and relegated them to the outmost jungle and the topmost peak, where they dwell forgotten and forlorn.

The green banner of Islam waved so triumphantly that the majority of Malays embraced the faith of the Prophet and are now, *en masse*, Mohammedan. Then came, also, the disciples of Confucius and of Tao, the followers of Buddha; the Pseudo-Christian, as exemplified in the Madras Indian; the Punjab Sikh; the Hindu with his polytheism; and the Animistic primitives. In all this confusion of theology, each moves along his own lines of racial and traditional individuality, and each has contributed something distinctive and new to the arts of the country.

There are Temples, Mosques, Monastries, Shrines, Churches and Topes; lifting domes, minarets, towers and spires towards the skies, calling on the names of Buddha, of Mohammed, of Allah, of God and of the Brahminic deities of multitudinous titles. From the temples come the blare of the conch-horn, the beat of brazen cymbals, the tap of the drum and the crystal peal of metal bell; punctuating the ceremonial periods of the offices of priesthood; calling the "drowsy worshipper" to prayer, or announcing the oblations of some devotee.

A projection of the animistic beliefs pervades all Oriental music. A most significant example of this pagan influence is found in the "Devil Dancers," who weave outlandish measures to *macabre* music shrilled on pipes and horns and accompanied by the pulsing of skin-drums. These dancers may be found about any Buddhist temple, or as a complement to the Buddhist festivals which take place annually in various parts of Malaya.

The half-chanted passages of the Koran, droned by some dreamy-eyed follower of the Prophet; the old "Guzzles" of Islam, and the ballads of hope that hold the promise of beautiful Houris in some perfected Paradise, are the characteristic songs of the Mohammedan population.

The Malay, steeped in superstitions and legends, sings songs of long ago, when fierce pirates captured prizes on the high seas, or warriors leapt and moved through the tribal "Kris Dance," preparatory to meeting an enemy; or, perchance in softer mood, he sings some love-songs or lullabys; old songs of the people, based on the themes and verses of forgotten bards, and handed down from generation to generation.

The hawk-faced Arab sings of his sun-baked and moon-bathed desert; of his camels; of water-holes in oases; of his loves among the dancing girls of Biskra and Ouled Nyall; and there is a wistful echo in his heart of yester-years, before he and his fathers came to a new land, to mingle with a new people—but never to lose his racial characteristics.

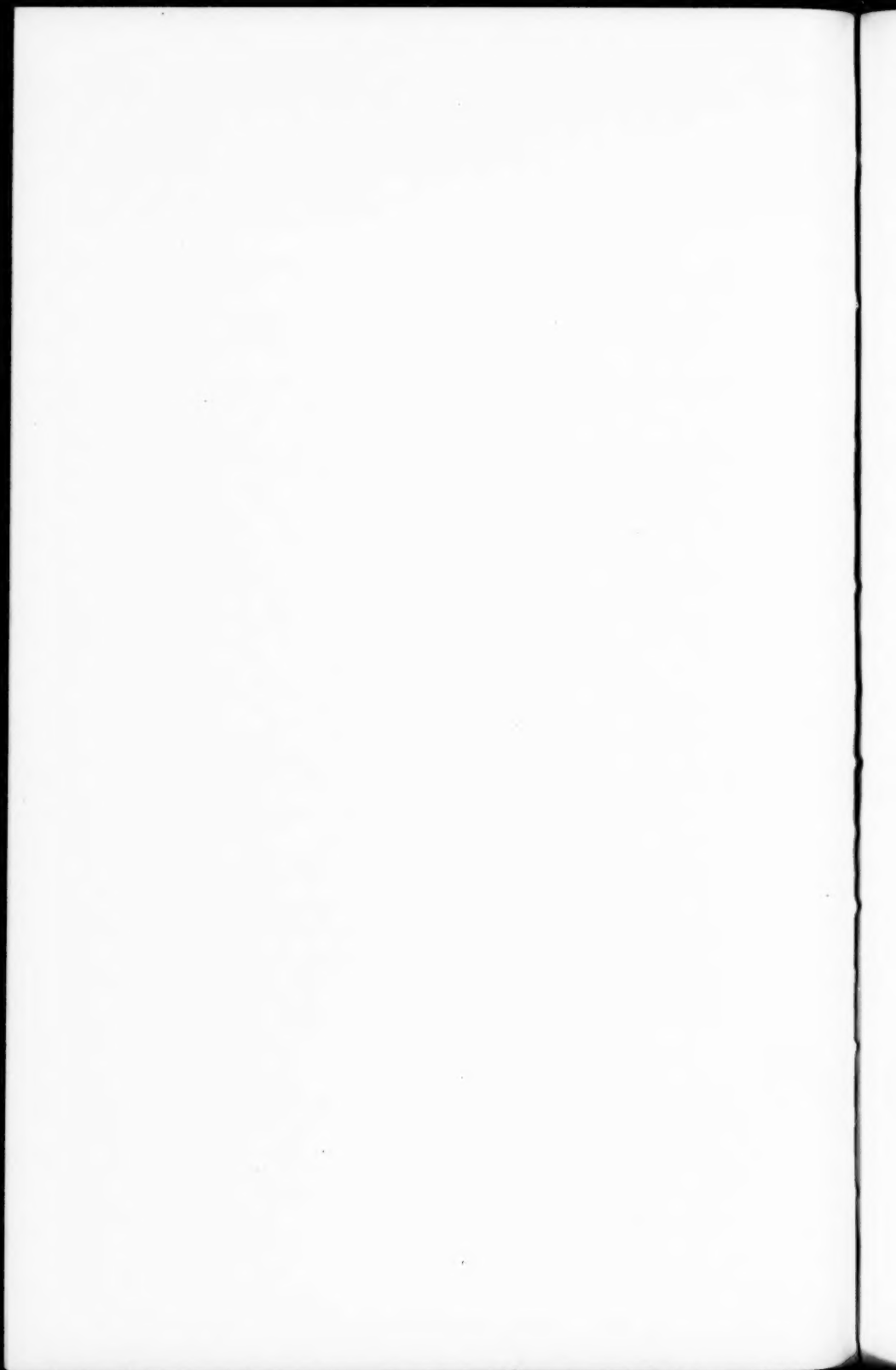
The Chinese coolie (and there are thousands of them in Malaya) chants his barbaric and untuneful folk-songs as he works in mine or field; on waterway or pulling a "foreign devil" in a ricksha along a thoroughfare. His songs are the almost unconscious accompaniment of all his labours and his moods.

The old parchment-faced Buddhist priest twirls his prayer-wheel and drones out interminable repetitions of the mystic *mantra* "Om Mani Padmi Hum," or chants some obscure theme of his own about the Lord Buddha and the reward of Merit which is the Ultimate Bliss of Nirvana.

The Hindu sings long songs, embellished with trills, grace notes and quavers, about the might of Brahma, Shiva or Vishnu; the prowess of the Gods of Ind; the exploits in the Ramayana; or some popular and heroic theme. Or perhaps he dreams of the crumbling temples by the sacred Ganges in his distant homeland, or roams the jungle in fancy, or sits beneath the shade of the Banyan tree by some lotus-covered pool in a sun-warmed village of the plains.



Malayan Dancing Girl



The aborigines—what do they sing of? Those lonely Pagan Gods who sleep in forest and hill? Or perchance their thoughts turn to those old days before the invasion of foreigners when they roamed the wild hills in untrammelled freedom. From their villages in the jungles and on the hills comes the faint tap-tap, tap-tap of the drums beating out the rhythm of nameless songs, the expressions of nameless emotions.

So many songs, all different, yet all alike; for they voice the same feelings, the same hopes and longings, that have dominated the human race since its beginning. Man does not change in the essentials, the same primitive instincts dominate the substrata of his being; and the old folk-songs but express the inarticulate messages of his heart; and so we find a common chord in the music of all these races, diversified, but alike in essence.

It is in the instruments, rather than the songs themselves, that we find the absorption and influences of the different peoples who have come to dwell together in Malaya. Each new race, in finding its way to that country, has brought over some indigenous instrument of music, which gradually came into common use, until, when we begin to look for the characteristic instruments of the Malayan, we find a large family of instruments worked into a composite picture.

We see the Siamese *Ranat* (harmonicon), the *Tuk-kad* (string), the *Pee* (fiddle) and the *Kong yai* (gong); the Chinese *Cheng* (organ), the *Kin* (lute), the *San Hee* (guitar) and the *Yu-hsiao* (flute); the Javanese *Peechawar* (flute), the *Bonang* (gongs), the *Suling* (pipes) and the *Gambang* (staccado); the Arabic *Kanun* (dulcimer), the *Nai* (flute), the *Tamboura* (string) and the *Al'ūd* (lute); the Hindu *Mrdanga* (drum), the *Esraj* (string), the *Poonji* (gourd flute) and the *Kinnari* (fiddle); the Burmese *Patola* (guitar), the *Ya-gwin* (cymbals), the *Thro* (violin) and the *Khew* (bells); the Ceylonese *Kombone* (horn), the *Ravani* (timbrel), the *Udakea* (drum) and the *Venavah* (fiddle). And this is only a part of the curious and primitive instruments that have come into Malaya through the doors of invasion from other countries.

Many of these instruments, however, although masquerading under a multitude of jaw-breaking names, are simply new versions of the old drums, flutes, cymbals, gongs, horns and fiddles, that go to make the family of music of all the Eastern nations. As for the actual Malay and aboriginal instruments, they do not comprise so large a variety in themselves, but consist of crude and ancient forms of the favored instruments of percussion, wood-wind and string which make the bases of their music.

The musical background is, as with most primitive nations, ever and always furnished by drums, which are found in all sizes and shapes, and which are thumped, hammered, tapped and beaten on all and sundry occasions.

There are the *Suling* and the *Serdum*, the flutes and fifes which are essentially Malayan; the *Kachapi* or ten-stringed lute; the *Klongkhek*, or Malay drum, and the *Klong-Yai*, or kettle-drum; the *Rabab*, a stringed instrument played with a bow; a variety of tom-toms, gongs, cymbals, bells, rattles and trumpets of brass and horn, and an assortment of flutes of bamboo, metal and wood.

The Malays, like most oriental people, favour instruments of percussion and brass, valuing volume of sound rather than quality of tone. Their typical folk-dances are accompanied by flutes, horns, drums and the clapping of hands or stamping of feet in rhythm with the music.

Prior to the Mohammedan Invasion, when music might still be regarded as aboriginal, there were mock War Dances, Sword Dances, Ceremonial Dances and Sacred Dances in which both men and women joined, interpolating rude songs by way of variety. Most of the ceremonial dances were characterized by slow and stately measures, interpreting the dignity and importance of the occasion. At festivals, or state dances, the music of the Malay was never frivolous or light, for the music was too much a part of the symbolism of the pomp of the court, the seriousness of war, or the sacredness of some religious occasion.

In the war dances the participants drew their *Krisses* and executed a mock fight, feinting all the passes common to their swordmanship; leaping around each other, with clashing blades, wild cries, and in mimic battle danced to the death climax to the crescendo of crashing brass and beating drum. On more popular feast days, having relaxed to the influences of heady native wines, the tempo of the dances quickened, and the measures grew joyous and untrammelled in atavistic reversion to paganism.

With Easterners, singing and dancing go hand in hand; and music is regarded as an essential part of daily life, and not merely a superficial drawing-room accomplishment. The folk-dances are impregnated with history and legend and are of vital importance; the songs based on tradition are of religious significance and handed down by hereditary bards. There are professional dancing girls, singers and musicians who follow the line laid down by their ancestors, and sing or play the old music of the country.

The method of dancing is different from the Western idea of the arts of Terpsichore. The Malayan dances from the

hips up, not the hips down, and the dancer uses her fingers and arms in graceful fluidity of movement. Her muscular control is perfected through the natural freedom of her unbound body, innocent of steel girdles, shoes, or other impediments. Besides the coördination of muscles, there is an instinctive sense of rhythm and a slow sinuous expression of grace that is fascinating to the beholder, and almost impossible of emulation by the Westerner. There is a feeling of poetry, of lightheartedness, of oneness with the theme that makes the dancer complete in herself. The partner, and the elaborate instrumental accompaniment, are neither missed nor needed.

The Malayan loves bright colours, and his sarongs and slendongs present a variety of brilliant hues and quaint designs, as does his silk head-gear. His colour schemes, while *outré* to the Occidental, are always in harmony when worn by an Oriental, and the combinations of colour tones never seem to clash. The women, while swathing themselves somewhat voluminously with long skirts and shawls, are none the less graceful. They love the adornments of gay jewelry, and wear an assortment of bracelets, rings, ear-rings and necklaces that are almost barbaric in colour and size. Some of the Malay women are very pretty in a general way, with good figures, and Mongolian features, flat but pleasant; almond-eyed and with shiny black hair piled high on their heads and ornamented with combs and pins of silver, shell or jewelled gold. A group of Malayan dancing girls presents a pleasing picture of colour and charm. Moving with graceful dignity, and with deliberate and sinuous undulations of arms and hands, they posture and turn and dip with much the same motions as a swan when it floats on a lake, more or less stationary at the base.

The feet sometimes beat a rhythm or tinkle an ankle bell, but as a rule there is little movement to the legs or thighs. Quite opposite from the conceptions of a Russian ballet dancer, for instance, who moves with every inch of her limber body, springing from the floor with arms extended as though she were about to fly into the air.

It is difficult to describe the differences in the method of dancing of the people of the East and West in so many words. One rather senses the symbolism back of the dancing of the more primitive races, whose types of musical expression are representative of some emotional force that is ancient and ineradicable; some legend to be perpetuated; some story of hero-worship; of wars, conquests, loves or hates; or merely the natural expressions of the instincts of man, in a natural *joie de vivre*. Whatever the motive

or thought-form back of the dance, it is never trivial, flippant, or superficial, but serious, significant and symbolic.

There is beauty in the lithe muscularity of the Malayan dancer, and charm in the weird melodies of the music; a harmony of rhythm and motion, dominated by the throb of the hypnotic drum, whose accent on the first beat of four notes to a measure goes steadily on, regardless of the passing of Time, now slow, now rising to a crescendo, when, at the finale of a dance, the beat is sometimes doubled or trebled, with a digital dexterity on the part of the impassioned drum player that causes our wonder and admiration.

I have never found any Westerner, however good his musical sense, who could capture the style of the Eastern drummer. The drums take the place of harmony and seem an adequate accompaniment to most dances and songs. We do not find, nor miss, the concerted accompaniment considered necessary in the West. Here in the East a drum can say all things. From joy in a birth or marriage, to sorrow in a funeral; it is all felt and expressed through the medium of the drums. Every Eastern nation, no matter how backward in what we call civilization, has in its musical family more varieties of drums than we could ever want or use.

In Malaya there are many drums, chosen to express different types of music. Tom-toms, kettle-drums, war-drums, hand-drums, drums of earthenware, of skin stretched over wooden barrels or sections from palm trees; of metal, or what not, producing a variety of tones, sonorous, sharp, staccato, deep, hollow, or muffled.

The quick tempo of some gala dance on a festival day; the deep boom of a ceremonial drum on some state occasion; the sonorous throb of drums in a passing procession; the dull beat of drums escorting a funeral cortège; the joyous tum-tums of drums in a wedding train; the soft tap of a hand-drum accompanying a love-song: all interpret the life of the people and express the vocabulary of the emotions. In studying and learning to appreciate Eastern music, we begin and end with the drums, for they are music's epitome "East of Suez," and whatever the mood of the music the drum can and does express it and manages to convey its message to the listener.

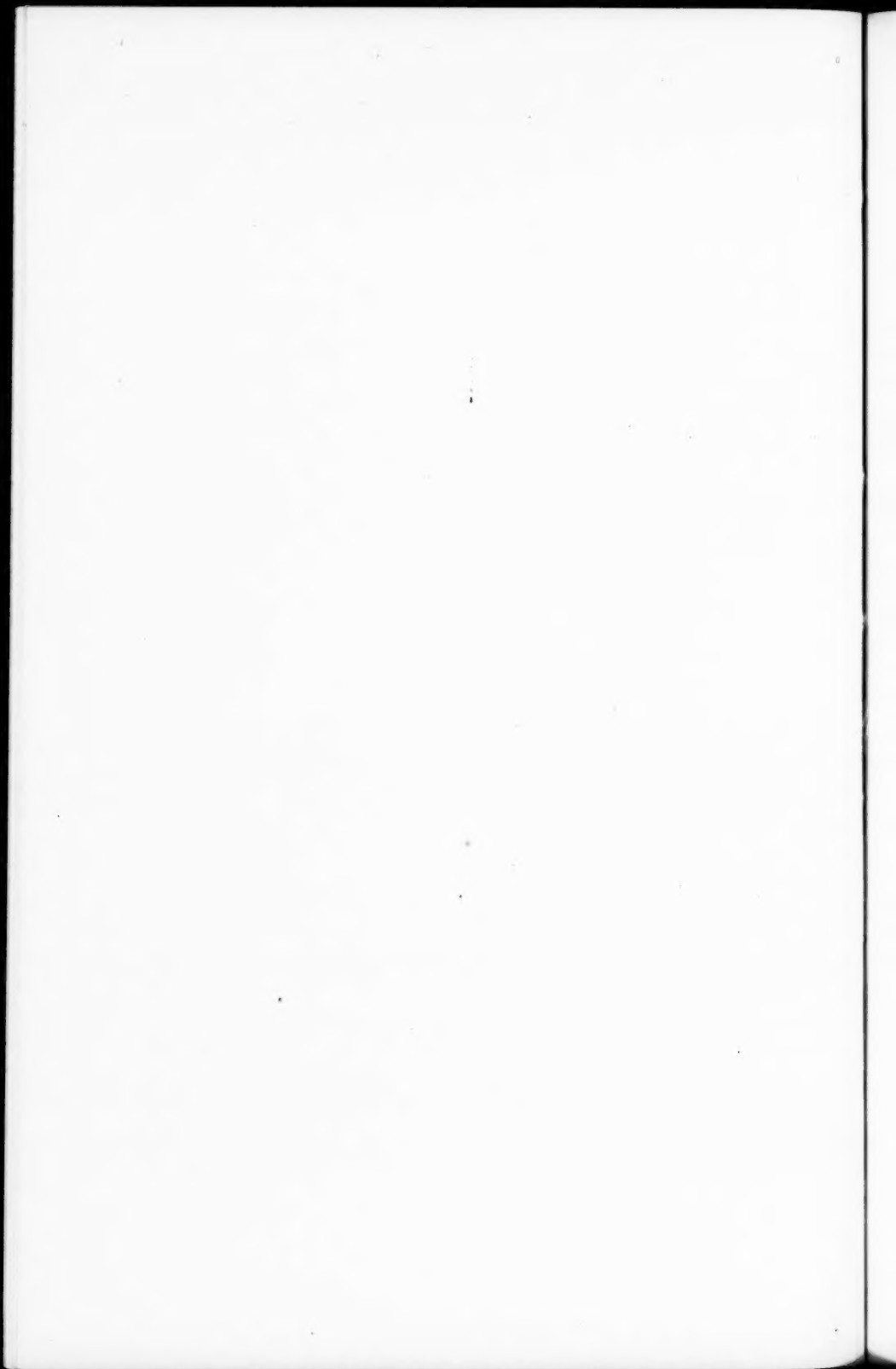
Aside from their singing and dancing, the Malaysians are very fond of any form of dramatics, and have their own individual way of giving dramas and plays. The *Bangsawan* (drama) is usually divided into heroic plays, plays of mystery, legend, religion, and ordinary comedies and tragedies. In most of the plays a



Malayan Drum Orchestra



Singapore Musicians



clown is introduced for comic relief, and the performance is interspersed with music and a "Greek chorus."

The average play lasts for hours, and Time has nothing to do with the case. "The play's the thing." When a Malay family attends the theatre they go prepared to make a night of it, literally. They carry bedding, food and liquid refreshment, and sleep at intervals. In the meantime the play goes on interminably with relays of actors, mimics, clowns, dancers and singers. If the thread of the plot gets lost in the process, nobody minds. Many of the lines are extempore and there is a great deal of declamation, adapted to the occasion. Applause and audible comment is frequent, and personal opinions and sallies are expected.

The more modern and better read Malayan sometimes presents a play from Shakespeare interpreted in a most original manner. It is scarcely recognizable, but intensely amusing. Hamlet and King Lear are favorites, but whether the play is a tragedy or a comedy, the clown appears on the scene just the same, and dances and songs are introduced; for it would be inconceivable to give a play verbatim, and without all the irrelevant embellishments introduced to draw out the length of the play, the audience would not consider that it had got its money's worth! The costumes are unique and present a weird conception of appropriateness.

Besides the various forms of secular music in Malaya, there is the music of the Temples and Mosques and Monasteries carried on by the priests along the old accepted lines of tradition. There is the Mohammedan ceremonial music of festival occasions, such as the Feast of the New Moon, and the Moharrum or Birthday of the Prophet.

There are the ubiquitous Nautch girls, drawn from all classes and castes, who reap their harvests where they may, whether they are attached to temples or are free lances. There are the bards who wander about singing the old songs of yesterday, the street musicians, the drummers, the itinerant player and singer, to offer diversion in the market-place or along the countryside.

But most of all we like to remember the songs of the people, for it is there that one finds the truest expression of the country's music:—the song of the bullock-driver, the coolie, the herdsman, the waterman, the farmer, and all those who work and sing and put their longings, their joys and sorrows into tune, as naturally and as unconsciously as a bird sings.

If I have lingered overlong in a review of the history and pursuits of Malaya it was because of the need of a background for

this little outline of music. There can be no present without its overshadowing past. Even as To-morrow is the Past of the Future, so is the Past an inverted To-day, and all days that have gone gave something to the making of the composite picture of the people and their music. Although the population of Malaya is composed of a diversity of races, in their songs I have found a common evidence of some "dim, united quest."

One would like to carry away with one the elusive bits of haunting melody; one would like to capture those winged bits of songs that fly softly on the quiet evening air. So vague, so wistful is the trailing cadence that it just eludes our memory.

From the jungle edge, at dusk, comes the faint throb of a drum, and as the brief twilight slips silently into the star-strewn infinitude of Night, it seems to echo the salutation of Malaya, which is "Se-nang, Se-nang"—peace, peace.

THE MAJOR AND MINOR MODES : THEIR APPLICATION AND MENTAL IMPRESSION

By ORLANDO A. MANSFIELD

CONCERNING the two varieties of the diatonic scale which are known as major and minor modes, there has been an almost infinite amount of discussion. Some more or less learned disputants have argued about the origin of these modes. Others have concerned themselves with their formation. Our object, however, in the present paper, is not the agitation of either of these points. We prefer to presume that our readers are in full possession of all the facts bearing upon the history and construction of diatonic scales, this supposition leaving us free to concentrate all our attention upon the subject of our essay as stated in its title. This subject, expressed in something like detail, implies the conducting of an enquiry with a view to ascertaining what classes of musical composition are commonly assigned to the major and minor modes, the proportionate frequency of the employment of these tonalities, and the mental effect produced by their direct application, or by the application of material derived from them.

All this being granted, it will still be found somewhat difficult for us to carry on our argument in accordance with the order last mentioned. Nor will it be altogether possible for us to steer clear of matters controversial. For instance, our first step must be to determine the mental effect of both major and minor tonalities, and after that to see how far our definition agrees with the practical application of these modes to particular compositions or classes of composition. At once we are involved in a case of musical polemics. The popular conception concerning the meaning, or the mental effect, of major and minor tonality is almost entirely wrong. Like every popular belief, it contains, however, a certain amount of truth in its constitution. Hence, in common with all partially truthful statements, it cannot be dismissed with a word, or even disproved in a sentence. It demands calm and careful discussion. And this latter, in the following paragraphs, we will do our best to give.

Stated briefly and, perhaps, somewhat crudely, the common acceptance of the terms major and minor amounts to nothing

more or less than that the one is joyful and the other sad. And, by a natural and not altogether illogical extension of that idea, we are asked to believe that in order to construct bright or cheerful music we must write in a major key, the recipe for the production of sombre and lugubrious strains being to cast them entirely in a minor mould. This idea is a pet possession of the popular orator. Very frequently he has such a passion for mere popularity that the abuse of terms for the sake of effect produces no qualms of his literary conscience. Too often, alas! his success depends more upon his manner than upon his matter, so that again he uses any word which he thinks will tickle the ears of an already favourably disposed audience. Accordingly, when he speaks of minor when he should have said sad, and uses major when he means glad, his audience accepts these terms as synonyms possessing a much finer sound than the simple Saxon words for which these Latinizations were substituted. Thus, in this matter, the people, if wrong, are not entirely to blame. Pulpit, platform and press support them in their traditional or acquired definition. Moreover, these agencies positively assist in the promulgation of this partially false idea. The popular interpretation of the terms major and minor is, therefore, very strongly supported. It will need a very powerful and well directed attack to dislodge it from its ancient and deeply entrenched position. Our modesty prevents us from believing that we are either competent to conduct, or to successfully conclude, such an assault as this. At the same time our sense of duty stimulates us to "do our bit," conscious that the issue in our favour is secured if we are contending for "whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report."

As no argument can be correctly conducted if based upon a misrepresentation of the opposition, we frankly admit at the outset, what we have already stated, that the popular view as to the major tonality being the representation of cheerfulness, and the minor of melancholy, contains quite a modicum of truth in its crude statement and conception. For instance, some of the saddest passages ever penned have been based upon a minor scale system. Here is one—one of comparatively simple character—the subject of Bach's Fugue in B minor, No. 24 of the "48":

Ex. 1



And if it be urged that the effect of melancholy is due, in this case, to the chromatic element which forms such a prominent feature in the construction of this fragment, other subjects could be quoted from the same source—subjects which, although frequently pathetic in character, are decidedly diatonic in construction, *e.g.*, the respective subjects from the Fugues in G sharp and D sharp minors, Nos. 18 and 31 of the “48”:

Ex. 2 *Andante espressivo*Ex. 3 *Andante serioso*

Here is another familiar example, from Mendelssohn's “Elijah”:

Ex. 4

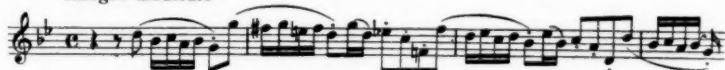


Woe, woe un-to them who for-sake Him! de-struc-tion shall fall up-on them:

Then—in seeming contradiction to all we have been saying, and supporting by quotations—there is the subject of Bach's great Organ Fugue in G minor, perhaps the brightest thing ever written in the way of a fugue subject:

Ex. 5

Allegro moderato



Yet this subject is in a minor key; and, with its gaiety, cuts the ground from under the popular argument which says that all minor things are sad. And we can follow it by another—the subject of the Fugue in C minor, No. 2 of the “48”—a passage which is sunshine exemplified in sound:

Ex. 6

Allegretto moderato



After these contrasts it would be a very easy thing for any inexperienced auditor to rush to the conclusion that the popular

opinion concerning the sadness of the minor tonality resembles nothing so much as "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." Such an opinion, however, would betray on the part of its possessor the existence of a most unbalanced mental condition, or the lack of a spirit of judicial impartiality. There is undoubtedly sadness in the melodies of our first four examples. There is an equal or corresponding amount of "joy and gladness" in the other two quotations.

But the reason for these findings is not so much in the tonality as in the *tempo*. Taken slowly, nothing can exceed the sadness of some minor melodies. Taken quickly, the same melodic progressions become "light quirks of music" producing an effect the very opposite of that conveyed by their originals. Consequently we conclude that while many minor melodies are undoubtedly sad, their sadness is not an inherent quality, but is largely dependent upon other factors, the "greatest of which" is *tempo*.

There is, however, another aspect of this case which we must not pass over unnoticed. Those of our readers who are familiar with that interesting and undeservingly maligned production known as the Anglican Chant, will be aware that many of these chants are written in a form which is known as "changeable," *i.e.*, they may be transposed from a major key to that of its tonic minor, or *vice versa*. Here is an example, perhaps one of the earliest examples of the legitimate Anglican chant ever written, the composition of Dr. William Turner (1651-1740), a lay vicar of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey:

Ex. 7



This process of transposition was often carried out in the minor subjects of some of the earlier sonatas of the great masters, *e.g.*,

the second subject of the Finale of Beethoven's Sonata in C minor, Op. 10, No. 1, which subject appears first in E flat major and then in C minor. In the chanting of the Psalms this mutation of mode took place at some definite change in the sentiment of the words, *e.g.*, the 90th Psalm—the first twelve verses of which may be sung to the minor version of a changeable chant; and then, verses 13 to 17, with the Gloria, to the major form. Or, sometimes, a purely penitential or personal psalm, *e.g.*, the 38th, might be sung to a minor chant throughout, with a change to the major for the Gloria. Here the effect is decidedly from the sombre to the brilliant, from the solemn to the bright. But there is no change in either *tempo* or harmony. The latter, as every student knows, is made capable of this transposition by being based for the most part upon tonic, subdominant, dominant, and submediant triads, with the occasional use of fundamental discords founded upon dominant, supertonic, or tonic roots. Melody, harmony, and *tempo* remaining unchanged, whence comes the difference in effect which we frankly admit to exist, and which has only to be heard to be appreciated?

Here we venture to think that the explanation of this and many other effects of a minor tonality are all to be found in a revision of terms. We have not admitted that the minor form of a changeable melody or piece of harmony is sad. We should prefer to say that it was sombre, unsatisfied, mysterious, veiled, or clouded, something like the grey day in summer which is fine albeit the sun does not appear "as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber" nor rejoicing "as a strong man to run a race." This seems to us the satisfactory explanation of the change produced by a variation of tonality where the other factors of tune, time and melody, are all constant. In the scheme of tone colours the minor tonality portrays the quieter shades; not the brilliancy of the scarlet, the violet, or the orange, or of their kindred tints, but the more subdued colourings of the grey, the drab, and (occasionally) the black. Although, as we shall see presently, black may be brilliant at times, and so grief may sometimes be as effectively portrayed by a major as by a minor tonality provided the *tempo* be slow.

Another aspect of this interesting and important discussion is often overlooked, namely, that while grief can be expressed as well by a major as by a minor tonality the latter stands for a sorrow which more or less pertains to those mourners "which have no hope." Perhaps this accounts for the fact that when the principal theme of a funeral march is assigned to the minor mode,

the second part, or trio, is allotted to the major, *e.g.*, Beethoven's Funeral March in A flat minor—with its second portion in the tonic major—from the Pianoforte Sonata in A flat, Op. 26; also Chopin's Funeral March in B flat minor, with its trio in the relative major—D flat—from the Sonata in B flat minor, Op. 35. It has been suggested that the usual placing of the trio in a related major key was done with a view to the representation of "the freedom of the disembodied spirit." A preferable belief would be that even a man like Beethoven, semi-pagan though he seemed at times to be, had an inward conviction of, and lingering faith in, that "sure and certain hope" of the resurrection from the dead which has been the watchword of the Christian era.

In this connection it is interesting to note that the presumed sadness of the minor tonality has been described as "expressive of primitive emotion," of mere undisciplined grief or feeling, perhaps joyful feeling if taken at a rapid *tempo* but, nevertheless, feeling unchastened and uncontrolled. This mere animality is never characteristic of the major tonality. When the latter speaks of sadness it speaks thereof in accents of refinement, it suggests a resignation based upon "a lively hope," a quietness born of confidence. Of such calibre would be the dignified Funeral Marches of Handel, from his oratorios *Saul* and *Samson*, and many other instances to which the limits of our space utterly preclude detailed reference. In its more rapid *tempi* the major tonality can be made to produce the joys of childhood and of nature. A Berceuse, or cradle song, is never minor, unless the words have other mental associations, as in certain Slavonic cradle songs. The music of spring and summer and the song of the nightingale are always depicted, and correctly, too, in the case of the latter (as we can testify by many personal observations made in the wooded districts of our native country in which the nightingale can be heard nightly in the early summer), by melodic fragments or progressions in the major key. In fine, the joy of love, the assurance of faith, and the full expression of happiness, all need the major key for their adequate interpretation. So again we see that the popular view is not wholly and absolutely inaccurate, nor entirely without some foundation in fact.

This suggests another remarkable reality which we believe has already been commented upon in another place, although we cannot remember where, or by whom. It is to the effect that while many folk-songs are minor—and some of ancient date are based upon mediæval or other antique scale systems—all the national hymns of modern civilization are of the major tonality. In other

words, the folk-song of personal feeling is, and very often needs to be, assigned to the minor key; but when this same folk-song is made to be the expression of a national or collective sentiment, rather than one of social or individual emotion, it is unquestionably written in the major mode. An examination of the national anthems of civilized Europe will at once demonstrate the accuracy of this statement, and simultaneously prove that loyalty and national feeling need the stronger, more sonorous, and more brilliant tonality of the major key for their adequate expression. We have already alluded to the undisciplined and untrammelled nature of the emotions which are usually expressed by means of a minor tonality. Hence it does not surprise us to discover that most national dances are cast in a minor key, especially the dances of the more primitive and less civilized nations. And this, as we have said in other words, because the sonority and brilliance of the major key suggests collectivism, discipline and control; while the veiled, clouded and keenly expressive (although not necessarily sad) strains of a minor tonality make for the expression of individuality, and individuality undisciplined and uncontrolled.

A further remarkable use of the major key is found in operatic music of a coloratura character. In this, from the days of Gluck and his contemporaries downwards, the major key has always bulked largely, having been found by experience to be the most convenient vehicle for the conveyance or delivery of vocal pyrotechnics. In oratorio, however—a higher musical form, because dependent for its effect on music alone, without the adventitious aid of stage scenery and action—the modes are more equally and appropriately distributed. Thus, while Handel fitly assigns "But who shall abide the day of His coming" and "Thou shalt break them" to a minor key, and even the florid bass solo from *Judas Maccabæus*, "The Lord worketh wonders," he expresses by means of the major tonality the futile wrath of the ungodly in "Why do the nations so furiously rage together," the advent of the Messiah in "Comfort ye" and "Every valley shall be exalted," the pomp and circumstance of the resurrection in "The trumpet shall sound," and the glories of the future life in "Let the bright seraphim" (*Samson*). And in all this he is closely followed by Mendelssohn, who awards to the minor "Is not His word like a fire," and "Hear ye, Israel"; but retains for the major "I am He that comforteth," and "O rest in the Lord." And further analysis would reveal similar and equally correct tonal treatment in the case of the oratorio chorus. Possibly we have all noted the remarkable use of the minor tonality to express ridicule and sarcasm,

taunting and scoffing, as illustrated in that remarkably descriptive choral fugue, "He trusted in God that He would deliver him," a chorus which, as an expression of personal feeling of intense hatred and contempt, stands almost unrivalled. And yet it is nothing more nor less than a four-part fugue! With equal propriety Handel gives the Hallelujah Chorus and the Amen Chorus, from the *Messiah*, and the Hailstone Chorus and "The horse and his rider," from *Israel in Egypt*, to the major key—who could imagine a minor Hallelujah or a minor setting of a song celebrating a Red Sea triumph?—while Mendelssohn, in his *Elijah*, after exhibiting "the earthquake, wind and fire," in E minor, charmingly changes to the tonic major for the delineation of the "still, small voice" and the Presence of which it was the herald.

Mr. Frederic Corder, the present professor of composition in the Royal Academy of Music, London, England, has recently contributed to the musical press¹ the result of his researches into the application of the major and minor tonalities in classical composition. The issue of these researches is very interesting—perhaps more interesting than surprising. Thus, in the compositions of Henry Purcell, the prevalence of minor over major is found to be most marked. This, however, would not be so much a matter of surprise to those acquainted with Purcell's church music and his incidental music for the stage. Moreover, students of history are aware of the preference for the minor mode which characterized the 17th century, in which Purcell's short but illustrious career was included. In Bach, Mr. Corder finds the tonalities to be more evenly balanced, but in Handel there is more feeling for the brilliancy of the major key. This is just what might have been expected, seeing how suitable this latter tonality would be for those solid diatonic movements which the giant Saxon alone knew how to write. Haydn, the apostle of cheerfulness in music, as we might readily suppose, has an overwhelming majority of his works assigned to the major mode—Mr. Corder states as many as 90%. Mozart, the acknowledged master melodist but unrecognized chief contrapuntist of his period, used but about 10 to 15% of minor tonalities. In Beethoven and Schubert the proportion of major to minor is as 3 : 1; but in Mendelssohn and Chopin the balance is kept fairly equal, as in the case of Bach. We think the same may be said concerning Sir William Sterndale Bennett; and it would be interesting to enquire how far this procedure was due to the fact that

¹See, for instance, his article on "Major versus Minor: Some Curious Statistics" in *THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY*, July, 1919—Ed.

Mendelssohn in Germany and Bennett in England were the great Bach students and pioneers, while Chopin studied under a teacher who had largely imbibed the Bach tradition.

But, leaving speculation for facts, we next note that music in the major key may be, and often is, distinctly coloured—as regards its expressiveness—by the introduction or employment of minor harmonies. For instance, of the seven triads on the various degrees of the major scale, three are minor—just the same number of minor triads as there are of major. The use of these triads, in preference to the principal or primary triads upon the tonic, subdominant and dominant of a major key—all of which are major triads—imparts to a major passage that veiled and clouded, yet expressive effect so characteristic of the minor tonality. As an example we give a simple strain harmonized almost entirely with major triads and a chord of the dominant 11th with a major 9th (Ex. 8). We then take the same motive and harmonize it, for the most part, with minor triads and the chord of the 11th with a minor 9th, but still in the major key (Ex. 9):



At once it will be perceived that Ex. 8 is bold and sonorous, Ex. 9 being more expressive, but somewhat lacking in that brilliancy and firmness so characteristic of all music in the major mode. And very much the same applies to the inverted and suspended triads and fundamental discords. The striking difference between the major and minor 9th, either as a chord of the 9th or as an essential portion of the chords of the 11th or of the 13th, is too remarkable to have escaped the notice of any serious student. Here are two interesting examples, the first from the recapitulatory portion of the Finale of Beethoven's Sonata in C minor, Op.

10, No. 1; the second from the first movement of the same master's Sonata in E flat, Op. 31, No. 3:



In the first example we have an instance of the chord of the dominant major 9th transposed into the minor; in the second example we have the interval of the 9th in the chord of the dominant 11th, first as a major, and then as a minor interval. The difference in mental effect should be most carefully noted. Similar and equally interesting changes may be found by comparing the initial measures of the first subjects of the Sonatas in E and G, Op. 14, Nos. 1 and 2, with the initial measures of their development portions. The reverse case—from minor to major—is presented to us in Beethoven's first Sonata, Op. 2, No. 1, in F minor. Here not only comparison of the opening measures of the first subject and of the development should be made, but the various entries of the second subject should be carefully compared, and the mental effects again more or less clearly realized. The interested Beethoven student can then recall or discover many other examples for himself.

Professor Corder endeavours to explain much of the difference in effect in passages treated successively with major and minor

harmonies as being due to the fact that while the major chord is contained in the harmonic series generated by any sound—being the 4th, 5th and 6th harmonics or overtones—the minor chord is “an artificial product of man’s invention.” The late Professor, the Rev. Sir Frederick Gore-Ouseley (1825–1889), derived the major triad from the 16th, 20th and 24th harmonics; and the minor triad from the 16th, 19th and 24th, further considering, in opposition to Professor Corder, that “the minor triad has its origin in nature, analogously to the major, and is part of the tonic (harmonic) series.” Here we must not forget to observe that other scientists have derived the minor chord from a series of harmonics taken downwards from a given generator, instead of upwards. Thus, if a series of harmonics from C, as shown in Ex. 12, be reversed, as shown in Ex. 13, the first gives the major triad, the second the minor, the existence of the latter being proved, says Dr. Theodore Baker, by “the existence of the phenomena of sympathetic vibration and of the resultant tones.”

Ex. 12



Ex. 13



Leaving the scientists to settle this matter amongst themselves, we can only regret that the limits of our space preclude any explanation to our readers of any of the acoustical facts and phenomena just alluded to. The same reason forbids us to discuss, and only permits us to mention, the effect of modulation from major to minor keys or *vice versa*. The modulation from the major to the relative minor is always an easy and effective way of reaching the dominant key of the original tonic; while modulation from a major to its tonic minor, or *vice versa*, is generally regarded as a change of mode only, and not really a regular and legitimate modulation in the proper sense of that word. Here we may remark that largely owing to the imperfect system of tuning, or of temperament, in vogue before the general adoption of equal temperament, most of the minor compositions of the earlier masters ended with a major chord. This chord, although chosen on account of its

greater sonority and fullness of effect, really added solemnity and dignity to the cadence, as will be seen by a comparison of the following examples:

Ex. 14



Ex. 15



Here we have the seeming anomaly of a major chord producing a more solemn effect than a minor, an impossibility if the minor tonality implied sadness *et præterea nihil*. This major cadence chord to minor music was termed *Tierce de Picardie*, but for what reason no one now can tell, if indeed there ever was a reason except that, like "that blessed word Mesopotamia," it gave considerable comfort to those who used it, albeit they were entirely ignorant of its origin and in some cases, perhaps, of its meaning also. In the formation of the Plagal cadence, or Church close, the effect of the minor chord of the subdominant is very striking. It is used with beautiful effect by Sir John Stainer in the overture to his sacred cantata, *The Daughter of Jairus*; e.g.:

Ex. 16



Here the plagal cadence is in D flat major, the penultimate chord being that of G flat minor instead of that of G flat major. The veiled and clouded effect of the minor chord most aptly expresses the prevailing gloom caused by the death of the centurion's youthful daughter.

Appropriately, and by way of conclusion, we lastly note that while a large number of movements in the minor mode have an ending in the major, very few have the reverse. Indeed, the latter, except in dramatic or vocal music—in which it is sometimes used to suit the exigencies of the drama or the character of the words—is exceedingly weak as regards its effect. The reason of this, we imagine, is more mental than tonal. The ultimate victory of good over evil being assured, the feeling for the “happy ending” in literature, and the major close in music, is but another manifestation of our sense of what Henry Fielding once called “the rule of right, and the eternal fitness of things.” At any rate, we venture to think that there is much to be said in favour of such an opinion.

By way of summary we observe that the popular view concerning major and minor in music is not so much untrue as it is incomplete and consequently inaccurate. Hence, while the minor tonality makes for sadness, it can only do so subject to the condition that the *tempo* shall be proportionately slow. Further, while the minor mode is not always sad, it is always more expressive than the major, and expressive of emotions that are primitive and uncontrolled, rather than of those which are disciplined and dignified. These latter, whether sad or joyful, are more properly assigned to the major key. We have also seen that music in the latter tonality is considerably modified in effect by the introduction or employment of minor harmonies and modulations, while the reverse holds good when applied to the minor key. And, finally, although a minor close to a major movement is nearly always weak, and suggestive of anti-climax, a major ending to a minor movement is not only far more effective but, proportionately, more popular than its reverse. Also, that while there are certain forms which seem peculiar to one tonality, there are others which seem “indissolubly joined” to the opposite mode, *e.g.*, many national dances being minor, but almost all national hymns major. And that the reason for this preference for the major close lies deeper than would appear at a superficial glance. The whole thing is an outward and aural expression of an inward and unwritten truth to the effect that, as Tennyson sings:

. good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

LULLY AND THE ACADEMIE DE MUSIQUE ET DE DANSE

By HENRY PRUNIÈRES

THE idea of opening in Paris a public stage on which operas should be sung in the French language, originated with a singular individual who led a miserable and disordered existence—Pierre Perrin. A deplorable poet, he thought himself a genius. Public derision of his verse did not daunt him. He did not hesitate to undertake a translation of the *Æneid*, and flattered himself that the reader would find in his lines "Virgil in Virgil and his hero disguised in the apparel neither of a barbarian nor of a nonentity, but of a French cavalier with the pomp of feathers and glitter." Alas! the lines of Pierre Perrin did not even glitter, but were of a pitiful platitude; this their author alone could not see, and he was unmoved by ridicule. He felt himself born for great deeds, and knew the irresistible urge of the inventor.

It was doubtless in good faith that he claimed to be the first in France to compose a *Pastorale* in music. Yet he could not have been ignorant of the attempts of Charles d'Assoucy, or those of Charles Beys, which antedated by several years his famous *Pastorale* that was sung at Issy in May, 1659; however, his intellect was not well balanced, he intoxicated himself with words and was bursting with self-confidence. He is not trustworthy. His writings are replete with errors, or falsehoods—it is hard to say which; the violence of his critiques is as absurd as his apologies. Pierre Perrin was an illuminato, and this explains both the wretchedness of his life and his infatuated endeavor to realize an idea that seemed chimerical to rational persons.

His life began under quite favorable auspices. He was born in Lyons, and apparently of good family, since he succeeded in obtaining the appointment of Counsellor to the King. He must have dissipated his patrimony rapidly, for from 1653 we find him reduced to "expedients." It was then that he took a step which was to weigh heavily on his career. On a visit to the wife of a Flemish painter, Pierre van Mol, he met a woman who, although twice widowed, refused to retire from the field. This elderly dame

Perrin paid court to and finally married on Jan. 22, 1653. She was 61 years of age, he 23 or 24. The widow was rich, but Perrin was not long to hear the clink of her coin. Little good did it do him when, hardly wedded, he brought about the purchase of an appointment as Master of Ceremonies to His Highness the Duke of Orleans ("Introducteur des Ambassadeurs et Princes étrangers près S. A. le Duc d'Orléans"), for his wife's family declared war on him. His son-in-law, who was older than he, held the office of Counsellor to the Parliament; he persuaded his mother to seek the annulment of the marriage, and then, bringing to bear all the resources of legal procedure to oblige the poet to return certain advances made him, finished by having him incarcerated for debt. Thenceforward, Perrin passed the greater part of his existence in prison. It was in the jail of Saint-Germain des Prés that he learned the success of his Pastorale, set to music by Cambert; it was in prison that he indited the platitudinous rimes of so many love-songs and Latin verses for the music of the Chapelle du Roi.

Towards 1660 Perrin enjoyed the reputation of a detestable poet and an estimable librettist—no doubt by virtue of the adage according to which music gives currency to the dullest verse. In the collections of the period may be found more than 150 *airs de cour*, *chansons* and *réçits* for which he furnished the texts. Illustrious musicians like Lambert and Lully himself did not disdain them; but obscure composers such as Perdigal or Sablières were his habitual collaborators.

To comprehend how Perrin conceived the idea of opening a public operatic theatre, one must recall the hubbub caused in France by the revelations of Italian opera.¹ Mazarin had brought out some of them three years running, at the Carnival, 1645, 1646 and 1647. The last, Luigi Rossi's *Orfeo*, magnificently mounted with the machines of the "great magician" Jacopo Torelli, and sung by the finest voices of Italy, had made a deep impression. Its success was sweeping and the sole fault found with it was that it cost the Treasury too dear. After the Fronde, Mazarin had once more produced an opera, *Le Nozze di Peléo e di Teti*, by Carlo Caproli; then for several years only Italian diversissements in the recitative style had been given, composed by Lully and interpolated in his ballets. In 1659, however, Mazarin summoned from Venice the celebrated Francesco Cavalli, and ordered an opera for the festivities of the royal espousal. In 1660, *Xerse* was brought out; and two years later, on the sumptuous

¹Cf. H. Prunières, "L'opéra italien en France avant Lulli"; Champion, Paris, 1913 (8vo).

stage of the Tuileries (just completed by Gaspare Vigarani of Modena), *Ercole Amante*. The music, despite its beauty, had failed to please the hearers. It would appear that it was swamped by the stage-effects. The fracas of the gigantic machines that descended from the sky laden with 150 persons and carried them up again, interfered with the hearing of the melodious singing of the virtuosi. And there was a cabal favoring Lully's ballet inserted in the entr'actes of the piece, in opposition to the opera by Cavalli.

Lully, who had become a naturalized Frenchman and for some time neglected Italian poetical texts in order to set only French words to music, seems to have been at the head of this cabal. Mazarin was dead, and in him the Italians had lost their sole protector. Colbert, who had just succeeded Fouquet, had no love for them, and upheld the principle of protection in matters of art as well as in industry and commerce. Lully therefore shifted his ground and became the champion of French musicians. He had the Italian singers dismissed from court one by one, after so arranging matters that they were never heard.

Perrin had indulged the flattering hope that Mazarin would bring out the opera *Ariane et Bacchus*, the libretto of which he had written in prison from May to September, 1659, the organist Cambert having composed the music. In truth, what Perrin had baptized as an "opera" was nothing but a rather formless pastorale. His part as an "inventor" consisted in writing a piece without a plot, carried on by the aid of airs, chansons and lovers' dialogues strung together end to end, so that any composer whatsoever could set them to music without needing to invent a recitative style adapted to the French language. This Charles Beys had already done; his pastorale, set to music by Michel de La Guerre, had been sung at court in the month of January, 1655. Thus Perrin's rôle as an inventor is decidedly belated; and yet one cannot sufficiently admire the tenacity and energy displayed by this man to get his "musical comedies" produced.

He conceives an aversion for Italian opera. He calls it "a mere caprice of musicians, experts in their own art, but totally ignorant as regards poetry; sufficiently ill-conceived and ill-executed at Venice, to begin with, then at Rome, Florence, and elsewhere." Their recitative is for him an intolerable psalmody. He seems convinced that his insipid librettos, invested with Cambert's buoyant music, are worth a hundred times more than the loveliest operas of Italy. When *Ercole Amante* is unsuccessfully brought out, he fairly exults; he pens his epigram celebrating

the ballet of Lully and ridiculing, if not the music of Cavalli, at least the machinery wherewith the piece is produced, together with the singers, "castrati" and "virtuosi," who had so recently enchanted the whole court:

Vive l'entrée de petites filles du ballet,
Rien n'est si mignon, rien n'est si follet.
Non pas ces grands concerts de ces vieilles Laures
De Signores
Et ces *non sunt* qui chantent leur *libera*
Pour la mémoire de leurs *et cetera*.

Free translation

We hail these little maids of flying feet,
There's nothing quite so sweet or quite so neat;
But not these grandiose concerts of old *Laures*,
Of *Signores*,
And these *non sunt* who chant their *libera*
In memory of their *et cetera*.

It is highly probable that Perrin sought to enlist Lully in the cause of French opera; but the Florentine, who once in a while set to music a song or a motet of Perrin's, cared not at all for such an indifferent collaborator on a work of greater breadth. He coöperated with Molière and Benserade on ballets and comedy-ballets that charmed the King and all the court, but he had no use for the librettos of Perrin. Yet he did not despise the pastoral genre, and the music he wrote for the *Pastorale Comique* and *Les Amants Magnifiques* signalized his superiority over Cambert in a genre in which the organist claimed to be unrivalled.

The opponents of Lully maintain that he repeatedly affirmed that opera could not succeed in France. This assertion has been wrongly interpreted as meaning that Lully took no interest in dramatic style. On the contrary, while Perrin and Cambert were endeavoring to bring out pastorales which are more like concerts on the stage than operas, Lully was presenting, in his ballets and his comedy- and tragedy-ballets, more and more scenes in dramatic style. The desperation of Venus in *Le Ballet de Flore*¹ is already an opera-scene; and the finales of *Les Amants Magnifiques*, of *Georges Dandin*, of the *Ballet de Flore*, and of *Psyché*, are fragments of operas far more powerful and finished than anything Cambert was capable of writing in this style, despite his great talent. Cambert, in fact, belonged in the category of Composers

¹The music to this scene, and several airs of Lully's youth, may be found in the collection of "Airs de Lully" which I have recently published in collaboration with Germaine Tailleferre, in the series of "Anciens Maitres du Chant" (Heugel).

of Courtly Airs; he continued the tradition of Boesset and Moulinié; he was a lyrical musician, totally lacking the dramatic sense. When he had to write the music for a "plainte," he—perhaps unwittingly—imitated Lully.

What Lully did not believe was that the Parisian public could take a sustained interest in vocal numbers. The cool reception accorded the operas of Cavalli, whose genius he must fully have recognized, convinced him that the French were too fond of reason and reasoning to approve the convention of personages telling of their affairs in song. He was mistaken; and Perrin, less intelligent, obstinate, extravagant, frenetically seeking the realization of his fixed idea, saw clearer than he.

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Perrin, having succeeded in 1666 in obtaining a respite of two years from his creditors to clear himself, profitted by his freedom to revive his project of an Académie de Musique et de Poésie after the pattern of those in vogue in Italy. He paid his court to his protector, Minister Colbert, dedicating to him the manuscript collection of all his works intended for musical setting. At the same time, in hopes of arriving at a speedy realization of his grand projects, he came to an understanding with Cambert, who became his partner, to write the music of his operas and to insure their performance. In March, 1669, Cambert began to recruit a troupe of singers, Perrin meantime redoubling his efforts to obtain the "privilege" he sought of the Minister. Thanks to Colbert, who in time grew enthusiastic over this experiment in national opera, Perrin received the coveted document the 28th of June, 1669.

Said document has often been republished, so we shall confine ourselves to recapitulating its leading clauses. After an exposition which evidently reproduces the particulars of Perrin's petition, and in which attention is called to the existence of Académies in Italy whose object is the bringing-out of operas, the King grants the poet "permission to establish in his good city of Paris, and others of his kingdom, Académies composed of such a number and quality of persons as he shall think fit, with the object of producing and singing public operas and performances in music and French verse akin and similar to those of Italy."

(We may point out, parenthetically, that Académies of this sort had never been seen in Italy, and while some may have patronized productions of operas, they never dreamed of applying

the name of "Academy" to an institution that was simply a theatre with its management and company of singers.)

The concession then authorizes Perrin to reimburse himself for the great expense to which he may be put "both for the theatres, machines, decorations, wardrobe, and for other necessary matters," to take from the public such sums as he shall think proper. Officials of the Royal House are forbidden to enter without paying. For the term of twelve years, no one shall bring out operas in France without permission from Perrin. The nobility may sing on the stage without derogation, etc.

Meanwhile, Perrin did not lose an instant. Penniless, like Cambert, and burdened with debt besides, he succeeded in persuading his landlord to victual on credit the troupe of his future opera; he obtained from Canon Brousse permission to hold three rehearsals weekly in the cloisters of Saint-Honoré. The rehearsals of *Ariane* were likewise held in the apartments of Mazarin's nephew, Filippo Mancini, at the Hôtel de Nevers.

Nevertheless, funds were still lacking to build an auditorium, when Perrin received a visit from a great lord, the Marquis of Sourdéac, noted for his skill in constructing machines for the stage. He it was who, in 1659, had fathered the performance of the "machine-tragedy" of *La Toison d'Or*, by Pierre Corneille, at his château of Neubourg in Normandy. He had built in his residence in the rue Garancière a stage upon which he gave performances. He offered to give Perrin the benefit of his skill as a machinist and to advance him the funds needed for his enterprise, half the sum to be furnished by a friend of his, the Sieur de Champeron, whom he introduced. The delighted Perrin accepted the offer and signed an agreement by virtue whereof he retained, with Cambert, the artistic management of the undertaking, the business management to be in the hands of Sourdéac and Champeron. The profits were to be divided equally among the four partners.

Perrin, by signing this agreement, became the victim of two thorough-paced rogues. True, the Marquis de Sourdéac belonged to one of the most ancient families of France, but this head of the younger generation of the de Rieux had certain strange idiosyncrasies. These were ridiculed at court, where they told how, under the pretext of taking exercise, he made his domestics chase him like a stag; how he went alone to market and brought home game and codfish under his long coat; how he wrangled on the street with folk of base extraction, screaming louder than they, cursing and swearing; how he might always be seen running about town like a lunatic, bareheaded and barechested; what a scandalous

life he led, haunting taverns and gaming-houses, lodging his mistresses in his hotel beside his wife and daughters;—but all that was merely peccadilloes or temperamental freaks. The police accused him of graver misdeeds. During the Fronde he had played the pirate on the coast of Brittany; it was known at Neubourg that he forged money, and the peasantry took great care to stipulate that they should be paid in the King's money and not in that of Neubourg; he had assassinated a dozen people; practised usury openly; he was, withal, a "man laden with debts and crimes." His compeer Champeron was of the lowest extraction; formerly a sergeant, he had defrauded the salt-tax and the customs, and ruined a great many dupes by his chicanery. He was an habitual inmate of the Paris prisons.—Evidently, Perrin had chosen his partners well.

The fantastic humor of the Marquis de Sourdéac speedily embroiled the associates. The contract was broken, but Sourdéac and Champeron retained their function as business managers. Perrin, deluded by their fine words and hoping that they would in the end provide him with the funds originally promised, accepted the principle of a purely verbal agreement between Sourdéac, Champeron, and himself. As for Cambert, he ceased to be a partner, and became a simple musician in the pay of the directors. Even so, he was never to see the color of the monthly salary of 250 livres that was allotted to him. It appears that he tried to reimburse himself (according to Catherine Suptille) by obliging the singers to share their earnings with him. From the start, the Académie de Musique rang with discords. Continual grievances, complaints, lawsuits. To-day Monnier fails to obtain repayment for his expenses in visiting Languedoc to engage singers; to-morrow the singers are clamoring for their dues.

However, it should be stated that Sourdéac and Champeron did make certain monetary advances. They rented the Béquet court for ball-games in the rue de Vaugirard, and therein constructed a theatre which they had to abandon by order of the lieutenant of police, thus losing a considerable sum of money. They were obliged to look for another auditorium. They installed themselves in a ball-house (*jeu de Paume de la bouteille*) in the rue Mazarine, fronting on the rue Guénégaud, and were clever enough to have the contract made out in their own names, thus figuring as the actual owners of the concession.

Meantime Perrin and Cambert had given up the idea of bringing out *Ariane*. Within three months Cambert set to music another pastorate by Perrin, *Pomone*. It was necessary to have

the piece learned by heart by artists little accustomed to such tasks, many of whom were fresh from the provinces and therefore not well versed in French.

The theatre opened its doors on March 3, 1671. According to contemporary testimony it was a great success—if not for Perrin, whose lines were listened to “with disgust,” at least for Cambert, and more especially for Sourdéac. Crowds thronged to the hall in the rue Guénégaud, and even fought for admission. While the King held aloof, on the other hand the Duke d’Orléans was an assiduous visitor.

We are quite in the dark as to Lully’s attitude. Some say that Cambert’s success annoyed him. That is purely hypothetical, the couplet quoted by Nutter and Thoinan on the Opéra “tant vanté par La Grille,” that was soon to chase back “Baptiste dans sa coquille,”¹ had nothing to do with *Pomone*, but referred to the Théâtre des Marionnettes de La Grille, which was not inaugurated until 1675.

Sourdéac and Champeron, meanwhile, had laid hands on the box-office. They rendered no accounts. Themselves receiving the money at the door, assisted by a brother of Champeron’s, they simply pocketed it and neglected to give a sou to Perrin or to pay the salaries of Cambert and the artists. When Perrin ventured to press his claims, he was told that the advances already made had a prior claim. However, Perrin decided to go to law, and that at the moment when his creditors were pressing him most relentlessly. The artists, on their own part, brought suit against Sourdéac and Champeron for payment of their demands, declaring themselves weary of Sourdéac’s brutalities and refusing to continue singing. The theatre had to close its doors. On June the 20th Robinet exclaimed:

Le Grand Opéra plus n’opère,
Dont maint ici se désespère...
Les Intendans et les Auteurs,
Les Musiciens et les Acteurs,
Tous sont tombés en guerre atroce...

(Grand Opera no more doth operate,
Wherefore are many here disconsolate—
Intendants and Authors,
Musicians and Actors,
Are all engaged in an atrocious war.)

Hereupon emerge two individuals who will seek to profit by this situation by possessing themselves of the concession. The

¹The opera much-vaunted by La Grille, which was to chase back Baptiste—Lully—into his shell.

musician Jean Granouillet, sieur de La Sablière, intendant of music to the Duke d'Orléans, signs a partnership contract with Perrin whereby he acquires one-half the rights for the exploitation of the concession. Sablière doubtless was to provide the funds needed to save the situation; but this aid came too late, and Perrin, unable to repay his inflexible creditor, was arrested and jailed in the Conciergerie on June 15, 1671. A prey to utter despair, and penniless, it looked as if he would have to sleep on straw in the prison yard; happily Sablière, who had often lent him money before, was able to lessen in some degree the rigors of his imprisonment.

By this time the musicians and "intendants" had arrived at an agreement, and the doors of the theatre were reopened. And now Sablière informed Sourdéac of the cession that Perrin had made of his rights. And just then Perrin, in hopes of regaining his freedom, did not hesitate to cede his concession for a second time to his creditor La Barroire. Perrin, set at liberty Aug. 8 in consequence of this not very delicate move, was reincarcerated the 28th of the same month. This time he was to remain more than a year in the Conciergerie, and (had it not been for the generosity of Sablière) in great danger of receiving a severe sentence.

Profiting by his mischance, which relieved them of a nuisance, Sourdéac and Champeron continued to exploit the theatre in the rue Guénégaud, and realized large gains. It was a real family party. Champeron was assisted by his two brothers, one, a former sergeant, presiding at the box-office, while the other, a monk, acted as an usher, showing the spectators their seats, superintending the changes of scene, signaling the machinist by whistling, and grossly berating the actresses in the side-scenes. As for Sourdéac, he had left his house, and lived a most scandalous life at the Académie with several women whom he had installed there.

Sablière, however, did not abandon his project; he joined forces with Henri Guichard, a retainer of the Duke d'Orléans, and induced Perrin to sell his concession once more, it being understood that he would own one-third in this new partnership. Then, wishing to impress the King with his high importance, he composed a Pastorale, *Le Triomphe de l'Amour*, on a libretto below mediocrity written by Guichard, and it was sung before the court at Saint-Germain in the month of February, 1672.

On the stage of the Académie they were now performing *Les Peines et les Plaisirs de l'Amour*, the book of which had been

written for Cambert by the poet Gilbert; so that even the name of Perrin had disappeared from the billboard of the theatre he had founded. Poetry far superior to that of Perrin, scenes more dramatic and better managed, a more lively and emotional music, besides excellent interpretation by such capacities as Marie Madeleine Brigogne, Clédière, Beaumavielle and Taulet, allured all Paris.

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The operas, to quote Brossard, had unloosed a "musical mania." A character in a comedy by G. de La Tessonnière expresses himself thus:

The music mania, since opera was known,
Has seized on Paris, as they all are proud to own.

Molière multiplies the musical passages in his *comédies-ballets*. The last are regular operas, and a work like *Psyché* is much more of an opera than even *Les Peines et les Plaisirs de l'Amour*. Ten years previous to writing French operas, Lully employed their style. As we have said, he did not believe that this genre would please the general public, and was surprised at the success of an enterprise which he had thought predestined to failure. Still, it does not appear that he obtained the concession through deep-laid intrigue. Situated as he was, high in the King's favor and supported by Colbert, he could get whatever he wanted; and as matters stood with the official holder of the concession, despoiled of the profits of his theatre, to say nothing of the incapacity of which he had given so many proofs, there was abundant justification for a revocation of the concession and its bestowal on Lully.

It was Colbert, apparently, who induced Lully to take the Académie de Musique in hand. In a letter that the Florentine wrote a little later to the Minister, he reminded him that "You know, Monseigneur, that I have taken no steps in this affair other than those which you prescribed for me." Lully made a clean job of it. First of all, he proceeded to the Conciergerie, where, "between two wickets," he offered Perrin to purchase his concession. For how much? That we know not; but it was a round sum, no doubt, since Perrin, by making over to his creditor La Barroire half the rental offered him by Lully, succeeded in getting rid of him and regaining his liberty, this time definitively. Lully's intervention was therefore providential for Perrin, and so

it was quite unfeignedly that he expressed, in the letter he wrote the King consenting to the revocation of his concession, "all his joy that his prince had cast his eyes upon Lully."

The concession granted to Lully was totally different from Perrin's. Without wasting words on the "Academies" of Italy, there is a eulogium of Lully, whose capability is known to the King, and who will be able, not only to produce operas, but to make of the Académie a species of school in which there will be formed "pupils who can both sing and act well on the stage, or constitute *bandes* of violins, flutes, and other instruments." The concession of this Académie Royale de Musique was not limited, like that of Perrin, to twelve years; Lully was to enjoy it for life, and after him that one of his sons whom he should appoint to succeed him.

The original version of Lully's concession prohibited comedians from giving performances with music employing more than two voices and two violins. This occasioned great commotion in the comedians' camp, and Molière went to the King, who had the offensive clause in the concession expunged. Some weeks thereafter a royal letter granted the comedians the right to employ six voices and twelve violins. Following Molière's death, this figure was reduced.

Perrin, at liberty, if he did feel regret at not hearing his poetry sung, at least had the satisfaction of witnessing Lully's vengeance on those who had despoiled him of his theatre. Thanks to the support of the King, who again and again intervened in his favor, Lully soon ousted Sourdéac and Champeron. The theatre in the rue Guénégaud was closed, with a prohibition against renting it to any troupe of comedians. Lully caused to be erected, in the ball-court of Béquet, a new theatre, which he inaugurated in the autumn of 1672 with the pastorate, *Les Fêtes de l'Amour et de Bacchus*.

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The Académie de Musique remained barely six months in the hall that Lully had erected at Vaugirard. The triumph of *Cadmus et Hermione* towards the end of April, 1673, induced the King to give Lully the hall of the Palais Royal, where the troupe of Molière (who had died on Feb. 17 preceding) was playing. This hall was admirably suited to the performance of operas. Besides, it was there, in 1647, that Jacopo Torelli had achieved prodigies in stage-

machinery, and doubtless a good part of the apparatus he had operated was still in existence.¹

This auditorium was rectangular. The floor rose stepwise to the level of the first boxes. A second tier of boxes was constructed above. A second gallery, whose seats were not separated by partitions, formed a kind of broad promenade; and the rear of the hall was occupied by an amphitheatre.

While the world of fashion crowded the boxes, amateurs of a serious bent willingly climbed into the amphitheatre, which was permanently plunged in obscurity. Here one could hear well, far from the noise and chatter of the boxes. Each carried a candle, to follow the words in a booklet sold at the entrance. In the darkness of the amphitheatre, pierced solely by the light of candles shining on the lower part of some face bent over a libretto, voices and orchestra were followed with religious attention.

The audience in the upper gallery was very mixed, and attended the opera much less to listen to the music than to seek adventure, for it was here that ladies of easy virtue, officers and clerks, were to be found. Here intrigues were incessantly spun, encouraged (so said the moralists) by the "maxims of lubricity" of Quinault and the voluptuous music of Lully.

L'Opéra fort souvent peut hâter une affaire
Que cent mille soupirs n'auraient jamais pu faire.
Quand le chant dans le cœur a fait impression,
Ce cœur n'est pas longtemps sans quelque émotion;
C'est l'heure du berger, ô trop heureux Silvandre,
L'objet que vous servez est tout près de se rendre.²
(The Opéra can oftentimes ripen an affair in haste,
When hundred thousand sighs would only go to waste.
When song upon a heart has made impression,
That heart is not for long without emotion;
Oh, all too blest Silvandre, it is the shepherd's hour,
Soon she you serve will gladly yield her to your power.)

These trifling lines say precisely what Boileau expresses in a vigorous manner in his Tenth Satire:

De quel air penses-tu que ta Sainte verra
D'un spectacle enchanteur la pompe harmonieuse,
Ces danses, ces héros à voix luxurieuse;
Entendra ces discours sur l'Amour seul roulant,
Ces doux Renaulds, ces insensés Rolands;
Saura d'eux qu'à l'Amour, comme au seul Dieu suprême,
Il faut immoler tout, jusqu'à la Vertu même,
Qu'on ne saurait trop tôt se laisser enflammer,
Qu'on n'a reçu du Ciel un cœur que pour aimer...

¹Cf. "L'Opéra Italien en France," pp. 104-5.

²"Mercure Galant," July, 1679, p. 258.

(How think you that your Saint can well behold
 Th' harmonious pomp of an enchanting scene,
 These dances, songful heroes fair of mien,
 Or hear these tales of love forever told,
 These sweet Renauds, these Rolands overbold,
 Who tell her that to Love, as to our God confest,
 All should be sacrificed, e'en Virtue with the rest;
 That one can never feel the flame too soon,
 That hearts were giv'n us but for love alone.)

These amorous epigrams, that strike us to-day as rather flat, had a powerful effect on the souls and senses of Quinault's contemporaries. Lully's music cast, as it were, a magic spell. We should hear with what transports it was received. Lecerf de La Viéville has handed down to us descriptions of the doings of the parterre during the performances, that are evidently sketched from the life.

When Armide steels herself to stab Renaud in this last scene of the second act, I have seen, a score of times, the whole audience smitten with affright, in breathless suspense, their senses concentrated in their ears and eyes, until the air on the violin at the finale gave them leave to breathe again; then taking breath amid a reverberant hum of joy and admiration. . . . Several times I have seen in Paris, when the highly artistic and difficult duo in *Persée*, "Les vents impétueux," was finely executed, all the hearers similarly attentive, scarce daring to breathe for seven or eight minutes, their eyes fixed on Phinée and Mérope; and, when the duo was ended, signifying by a nod from one to the other what delight it had given them.

Nor were the courtiers less enthusiastic than the bourgeois who crowded the parterre. Mme. de Sévigné wrote to her daughter, after a rehearsal of *Alceste*: "Thursday they give the opera, which is marvellously beautiful; there are passages in the music fit to draw tears. I am not the only one whom they overcome; they strike terror to the soul of Mme. de Lafayette."

The Opéra, under Lully, bound together the court, the town, and even the populace, in a common enthusiasm. La Fontaine deplores it:

Il a l'or de l'abbé, du brave, du commis.
 La coquette s'y fait mener par ses amis,
 L'officier, le marchand, tout son rôti retranche
 Pour y pouvoir porter tout son gain le Dimanche.

(His gold the abbé brings, and eke the bravo and the clerk,
 The sly coquette, to enter in, cajoles her whilom spark.
 The officer, the merchant, all retrench their daily roast,
 And spend their weekly gains entire to join the Sunday host.)

He likewise depicts, in his "Épître à M. de Nyert," the crowd laying siege to the doors of the theatre:

Les jours de l'Opéra, de l'un à l'autre bout,
 Saint-Honoré rempli de carosses partout
 Voit malgré la misère à tous états commune
 Que l'Opéra tout seul fait leur bonne fortune.

(When th' Opéra is on, Saint-Honoré, replete
 From end to end with carriages that crowd the street,
 Beholds, despite the suffering common to all classes,
 How th' Opéra alone a fortune still amasses.)

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The Opéra played regularly on Tuesdays, Fridays, and Sundays, also on Thursdays in the case of successful novelties. The playbills were yellow, as they still are to-day.

The entrance to the Opéra was very narrow and very ill-lighted. Lines were formed before the box-office.¹ One paid "a louis d'or for a seat in the first boxes, a half-louis in the second, and thirty *sols* in the parterre and second amphitheatre." In spite of Lully's opposition, the courtiers had succeeded in posting themselves on the stage itself, in a kind of proscenium communicating with the auditorium by a narrow balcony. "There one sees nothing and hears badly, but it is the dearest part of the house, and consequently the most distinguished." This custom did not take root till towards 1680. Du Tralage remarks:

Formerly, M. Lully had no patience with any laxity in this matter, and no one entered the orchestra or set foot on the stage—these were reserved for the musicians and actors. The rules have been relaxed from greed of gain, and when M. le Dauphin visited the Opéra and was at a loss to find room for the overflow of his suite and the courtiers who came to exhibit themselves and their long-skirted coats, they filled every available place, and what began as a mere accident with no thought of ulterior consequences finally became a custom. To hinder the occupation of these places, M. Lully doubled their price, but the sole effect of this was to make these gentry doubly desirous of exhibiting themselves there and having the pleasure of holding tender discourse with those actresses who were most to their liking.

The arrangement of the stage facilitated this practice. The spectators were ranged on either side of the broad proscenium, at the feet of the allegorical statues that ornamented it. So they were not placed in front of the side scenes, as some have imagined, but, in fact, occupied much the same position as that recently enjoyed by the spectators in the stage-boxes at the Opéra.

¹We glean this information from Du Fresny, "Amusements sérieux et comiques"; Du Tralage, "Manuscrits de l'Arsenal"; Abraham Du Pradel, "Livre commode des Adresses"; and the "Mercure Galant" (*passim*).

At this period there were already subscribers who paid 30 or 40 pistoles per annum, which gave them the right to come as often as they pleased and to take any seat they liked.

The Opéra attracted certain fanatics who declared that they never tired of hearing the same work. Ordinarily two, or at most three, operas were played each season, so that the "regulars" heard *Thésée* or *Armide* twenty or thirty times. Many thought this an abuse, and grumbled that Lully's concession did not permit other musicians to make themselves known. To be sure, after the Florentine's death, when Charpentier, Colasse, etc., had a chance to produce their works, there was great disappointment; not until Destouche and Campra appeared were musicians found who, while upholding the tradition of Lully, gave proof of genuine dramatic temperament.

How pitiful the Opéra
Since they have lost Baptiste

warbled the audience on leaving the theatre. It is safe to say that for ten years following Lully's decease not a single work of importance came out; this statement sufficiently proves the falsity of the thesis very gratuitously sustained by M. Combarieu, according to which Lully did not himself compose the music of his operas, but engaged the best contemporary French musicians to work under his orders. Alas! we see what his faithful secretary Colasse was capable of achieving when left to his own resources! On reading his dull recitatives one is tempted to sing, with his contemporaries:

O great Apollo, save thou us
From authors of the poorer class!
Deliver us from Campistron,
Silence impose upon Pradon,
And urge quiescence on Colasse.

After the disappearance of Corneille, Molière, Racine and Lully, and while awaiting the advent of the brilliant artists of the Regency, France passed through a period singularly poor in masterworks. At all events we should take note that Lully had so perfectly satisfied the taste of the public that the musical tragedy, as created by him, subsisted without change until the coming of the Chevalier Gluck, that is to say, for nearly a century.

Meanwhile, the audience took their seats amid the cries of the sellers of lemonade and orgeat; they could see the instrumentalists taking their places in the orchestra and tuning their instruments noisily. At 5 o'clock the "time-beater" struck the floor with his

long wand and the violins preluded softly, while conversation ceased and the lustre was extinguished. Then it was that the first bow-stroke resounded in the orchestra. Ah! this "first bow-stroke" of the "symphonistes" of the Opéra—it was famed throughout Europe. Some came merely to hear it, and then departed, satisfied.

The Overture uptowered majestically, forming as it were a triumphal arch at the entrance of the work. The Prologue then began before a pastoral scene. There were always the same praises of the King, comparing him with some hero or some divinity—Apollo, Mars, or Hercules; the same allusions to the last treaty of peace or the last victory. Thereupon, the tragedy properly so called commenced. Whatsoever were the personages therein presented, the plot could always be condensed to some love-affair thwarted by the jealousy of a divinity or a magician; Juno, Cybele or Medea persecuted the lovers and launched against them all the forces of nature; but in the last act the loving pair usually received the reward of their constancy.

Opera, being a genre wholly devoted to the marvellous, all the splendors of the stage could be deployed without doing violence to the probabilities. One was transported from a magnificent palace into a "frightful solitude peopled with furious monsters," changing all at once into an enchanted isle. The gods descended from the heavens, magicians flew away in chariots, flying demons laid waste the palaces. Such fairy spectacles nowadays seem decidedly childish. In those days even the intellectuals did not so deem them. La Bruyère made an eloquent defense of "the machine":

It would be promotive of bad taste (he writes) to say that the machine is only a childish amusement fit merely for a puppet-show. It enhances and embellishes the fable, maintaining in the spectators that charming illusion which is the whole pleasure of the theatre, adding thereto a strain of the marvellous. Neither flights, nor chariots, nor scenic changes are needed in *Bérénice* or *Pénélope*; they are needed in opera, and the essence of this spectacle is to hold the minds, the eyes and the ears subject to the same enchantment.

Lully found means to realize this intimate blending of music, dance and spectacle in an ideal manner. He was not only a remarkable musician; he knew how to do everything himself. He could play on various instruments, sing, dance, act in comedy, write poetry; many other talents were his—he was an astounding speculator and a great builder. A man of superior taste, he held long discussions with both Quinault and Bérain before approving

the librettos and sketches they submitted to him. He never consulted anyone excepting, on rare occasions, the King.

The Opéra was entirely his work, and its construction as well as its conception were the fruit of his unremitting toil. He made of the Académie de Musique a vast school, in which were formed both singers and instrumentalists.

He had gathered together the best elements in the vocal troupe of the first operatic theatre—Mlle. Cartilly, Mlle. Brigogne, Clédière, Beaumavielle, Miracle, etc.—fine voices, but often rather ill-trained. In a few months Lully had so drilled them that they could sing the musical tragedies, which was a very different thing from singing the airs and little chansons of Cambert. He taught them the secret of musical declamation based on the natural accents of the words. It was a "style of recitative, lively, yet not bizarre," soon to become a lost art, for from the middle of the eighteenth century, as Abbé Du Bos affirms, the operas, despite numerous cuts, required far more time for performance than during Lully's lifetime. He was the sole instructor of certain interpreters who were to win fame in his operas: Mlle. Le Rochois, Fanchon Moreau, who excelled in the impersonation of confidants, the famous Desmatins, Dun, Du Mesnyl. The last-named had been a cook, and nevertheless, thanks to Lully, he acquired a fine presence and stately bearing that won him all feminine suffrages. Lully (so Lecerf tells us) paid a dancing-master for Laforêt, who had a magnificent bass voice, but, as an actor, was rather heavy and required a "reduction" cure.

From the moment (writes Lecerf) that singers of either sex, whose voices pleased him, had fallen into his hands, he devoted himself to their instruction with marvellous solicitude. When he had given them a new and difficult rôle, he began by explaining it to them in his room previous to the general rehearsal. Thus it came that Beaupuis acted, as taught by him, the rôle of Prothée in *Phaéton*; every gesture had been shown him by Lully.

At the rehearsals he tolerated "only those who were needed—the poet, the machinist," etc. He himself stayed on the stage, attentively supervising the singing and acting of the players. So nearsighted that he could not discern at five paces whether a woman was handsome, he would peer up at the actors "under their noses," shielding his eyes with his hand.

The same rule prevailed in the orchestra, which numbered some fifty picked musicians. Among Lully's *symphonistes* there had been only Frenchmen; many foreigners sought the honor of belonging to this orchestra, famed throughout Europe. The

Italian Teobaldo di Gatti, who in the sequel was to win celebrity as a composer of remarkable operas, played the bass-viol in the orchestra. The Germans Muffat and Cousser, and the Englishman Humphrey, also played in it, and in their writings lauded the wonderful precision of the attack and the perfection of the ensembles. It was only by dint of rehearsals that Lully obtained such results. His hearing was so keen "that from the rear of the theatre he could locate a violin that was playing wrong; he would rush up to the player and say, 'You're the one, that is not in your part.'" Sometimes he became violently angry, and on various occasions he went so far as to smash a violin over the back of a player who did not please him. The instrumental style which Lully inculcated by his severe handling of his musicians was distinguished by great precision in playing, sobriety, and evenness. He had a horror of the embellishments and fioriture wherein the school of the 24 violins found its delight, and energetically opposed this habit.

Lully took the same minute care of the dancing as of the music. In youth he had been a great *baladin*, that is to say, a great professional ballet-dancer. At the Opéra he promoted the essentially expressive and picturesque conception of the dance which prevailed in the tradition of the Court Ballet. Down to 1681 there had been, on the stage of the Opéra, only male dancers, among the most famous of whom must be mentioned the celebrated Beauchamp (the ballet-master of the troupe), Lestang, Magny, Noblet, Favier, Alard, and the youthful Pécourt, who was to shine so brilliantly later. It should be noted that most of these dancers had collaborated with Lully on the Court Ballet, where they impersonated the high nobility and were at great pains to avoid all *faux pas*. And although for a long time ladies had danced in the court ballets, it was contrary to usage to permit professional *danseuses* to appear on the stage. Feminine rôles were taken by male dancers suitably appared and masked.

It was not until 1681, when Lully mounted on his stage the ballet *Le Triomphe de l'Amour*, which had been danced some months before at Saint-Germain, that he decided to entrust certain rôles to *ballerines*; in this ballet Mlle. La Fontaine was triumphantly successful. Thereafter other ladies were added to the troupe, more especially Milles. Pézant et Carré; also Mlle. Desmatins, equally skilled as a dancer and a singer.

The entire troupe was subjected to a most severe discipline. Lully paid his subordinates well, but guarded against all familiarity with them. Lecerf assures us that he never had any mistresses

from among the singers, and discountenanced jesting with the men. He even kept a fairly tight rein on the morals of his actresses, and saw to it "that they were not so liberal of their favors as some have since been seen to be. The Opéra was not harsh, but it was reserved. To save appearances, and to be compliant only rarely and sub rosa, is quite a feat for an Angélique or an Armide when off the stage, and was an edifying proof of the consideration they had for the director."

He did not tolerate caprices. "I assure you," says Lecerf, "that under the ægis of Lully the women-singers would not have had colds six months in the year, nor would the men-singers have been drunk four times a week. They were accustomed to walk more circumspectly. Lully had drilled every one of them to assume unchallenged such rôles as they were cast for." Thanks to this strict discipline, the Académie Royale de Musique remained during Lully's lifetime a veritable temple of music, of dancing, and of decorative art, to which all Europe paid a full tribute of admiration.

True enough, when Lully was no more, the decadence set in; and nevertheless, owing to its acquired vigor, the Académie persisted till the eve of the French Revolution as one of the principal centres of musical and dramatic activity. The operas of Lully held the boards throughout the eighteenth century, and *Armide* was carried on the repertory no less than seventy-eight years.

One by one, all over France, opera-theatres were established; at first in Marseilles and Lyons while Lully still lived; later at Rouen, Rennes, Bordeaux, Dijon, and elsewhere. At Brussels and The Hague still other sanctuaries of Lully's art successively opened their doors. So far as one may judge from the too rare documents that have been preserved for us, and particularly from those concerning the Opéra at Brussels (recently exhumed by M. Liebrecht), everything in these theatres was done after the rules and models of the Académie Royale at Paris.

Lully therefore did not content himself with creating master-works; he succeeded in realizing and imposing, in competition with Italian opera, a definite dramatic and musical ideal, together with a new style of vocal and instrumental execution absolutely conformable to French tradition and taste. The influence of his practical work was no less far reaching than that of his strictly artistic labors.

(Translated by Theodore Baker.)

THE NEWER PEDAGOGIC PROBLEMS OF HARMONY

By EDWIN HALL PIERCE

THE modest young student of music, unless he happens to be of skeptical bent, is disposed to repose unquestioning faith in the rules laid down in the works of standard theorists, such as Richter or Jadassohn, and to imagine that the great composers, first obtaining their knowledge from these or earlier sources of the kind, created their works in placid accordance with infallible rules. Like most erroneous opinions, this contains a certain substratum of truth:—each creative artist, in his turn, has first been a diligent student, and, as the child of his own age and land, has absorbed contemporary traditions and usages, both from books and from first-hand experience. His earliest works are always more or less a reflection of the procedure of his elders in art, but as individuality develops he enlarges his bounds and, more or less consciously, makes his own laws. But this preliminary training in which one comes in contact with the stored-up wisdom of the ages is indispensable. Lacking it, even genius cannot wholly overcome the handicap; there is a mental technic to be acquired from diligently working at the traditional exercises in harmony and counterpoint which nothing else can adequately replace.

As a matter of fact, however, the so-called rules of Harmony are nothing more than an attempt (not always wholly successful) to codify the usage of the best composers of that period in which the theorist lived and of that school of composition with which he was best acquainted. They do not precede, but *follow*, the work of composers, and actually they have always followed rather tardily, thus creating a curious hiatus between theory and contemporary facts. To some extent this has been true in every age, but never until the last twenty years has the matter reached such an acute stage as to present a serious practical problem to the teacher of harmony. It is my present purpose to discuss this problem briefly, and to suggest tentatively some possible solution.

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Merely for convenience of reference, as the following facts are no doubt familiar to many readers, let us first consider the

scientific basis of harmony according to the laws of Acoustics, and the historical development of harmony as an Art, as having relation to those laws.

Giving due credit to Tartini, Rameau and others for most valuable pioneer work, it must nevertheless be granted that Helmholtz, in his monumental work, "Sensations of Tone," was the first to give a really scientific explanation of the phenomena of concord and discord and also to show what causes the difference in *timbre* between one kind of tone and another.

Any regularly vibrating body, such as an organ-pipe or a stretched string producing musical tone, if divided in halves produces the octave above; in thirds, the twelfth above; in quarters, the fifteenth; in fifths, the seventeenth; in sixths, the octave above the twelfth; in sevenths, a pitch not recognized in any of our musical scales, but which nevertheless can produce smooth harmony with any of the notes previously named, provided the *timbre* of the tone is not too rich. The division into eighths produces the third octave above the ground-tone: the next division (into ninths) and the following one (into tenths) proceed by diatonic steps from the eighth, showing that there are two different ratios of vibration which are accepted by the ear as a "whole step"—8:9 and also 9:10. (The whole step in Equal Temperament is a compromise between these two.) The next division, into elevenths, produces a pitch not recognized in our scales, and the intervals as we proceed lie constantly closer and closer, some being octaves or fifteenths, etc., of those already named, but many being unidentified with any pitch recognized in musical art. The interval of a diatonic semitone is represented by the ratio between 15 and 16, though of course this is very slightly altered in equal temperament. (NOTE: In reading the above statements, care should be taken not to confuse mentally those words which indicate fractions of a vibrating body with words which stand for musical intervals; it seems impossible to avoid this ambiguity in our language.)

Now, the pitch which the human ear recognizes in any single musical tone, and from which the tone is named, is the ground-tone (also called "first partial"), but most musical tones contain an indefinite number of upper partials as well, although inaudible to the unaided ear, and the presence, absence, or varying proportion existing among the various partial tones is the cause—and the sole cause—of the difference in *timbre*. Thus, a stopped organ-pipe is wanting in the even-numbered partials: the clarinet has a strong third partial: the violin has an almost complete set of partials, but lacks a *certain one* (together with its multiples),

that *one* being conditioned by the particular distance of the bow from the bridge, in playing. In general, the higher we ascend in the group of partial tones, the weaker they become, and it is practically impossible to determine just where they cease: works on the theory of music commonly name sixteen, but this is merely a convention: twenty, or even more, have been detected by experiment, especially in the tone of organ-pipes of the reed variety on a heavy wind.

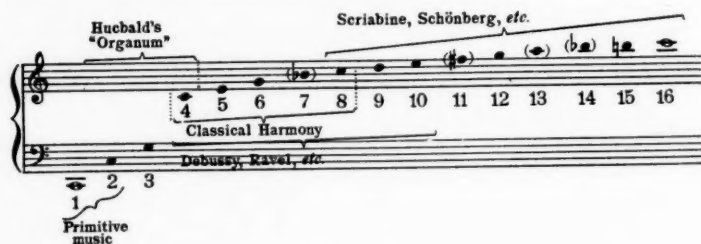
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Now there is a certain series of historical facts, too striking to be dismissed as a mere coincidence, which shows the growth of musical perception of harmony to have followed a line indicated by the gradual growth of perception of tonal relationships in the same order as that of the "partial tones." The first attempt at music other than plain unison was doubtless that of men's and women's voices, or men's and boys' voices singing the same melody: they would fall automatically into the interval of the octave (see 1, 2, in the diagram given below). The next advance is represented by the Diaphony or Organum of Hucbald, and consists of parallel fifths (see 2, 3). By combining this with performance at the octave, we have, between the middle voice and upper voice, the interval of the fourth (see 3, 4). The next stage of progress gives us the major third (4, 5) and, following it, the minor third (5, 6); we now have the materials for the complete major triad. Once the idea of a triad was formed, it was a simple matter to base the same on other degrees of the scale; hence arose the use of the minor triad, and (in the form of its first inversion) the diminished triad. Indeed, in three of the principal old ecclesiastical modes which antedate our modern major and minor, the tonic triad itself, formed from the tones of the scale, would be minor. (It is not my purpose, however, to enter at present deeply into the discussion of the minor mode, there being several differing theories of the same, each important enough to be reckoned with.)

Proceeding further, when we reach the tone 7 we have all the elements of a dominant seventh-chord—not in the key of C, with which we started, but ready to resolve into a chord of F. To be sure, this tone, B flat, does not coincide exactly in pitch either with the B flat of the scale of F, in just intonation, or with the B flat of the scale of F in equal temperament, being somewhat flatter than either, but this in no way affects the validity of our reasoning, as it makes a perfect-sounding chord. (The reader may be

interested to read what I have said about this chord in an article entitled "A Colossal Experiment in Just Intonation," which appeared in *THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY* for July, 1924.)

When we reach 8, 9 and 9, 10, we are able to comprehend clearly the scientific and logical basis of Debussy's occasional free use of seconds proceeding in parallel motion, or even his free use of three successive tones of the scale simultaneously in one chord—a matter quite inexplicable by anything found in the older standard works on harmony, merely because their treatment of chords does not go beyond 7 or at most 9 as a basis. This is not said censoriously; there was no need for them to do so, when the state of the art had progressed no further.



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At this point it becomes necessary to digress a little in order to discuss just what is meant by Concord and Discord. In popular language, a concord was something that sounded well, a discord, something that sounded ill; but, to the musician, the word "discord" meant merely an association of musical tones sounding simultaneously, of such a character as *not to seem satisfactory as a point of repose*, but demanding resolution to a concord. What a musician called a "discord" was not necessarily something harsh—it might be something poignantly sweet. As this definition, however, was too subjective, leaving much to individual opinion, theorists found it convenient to divide concords into "perfect" and "imperfect," calling all other combinations of tones discords. Thus, the octave and the fifths were called perfect concords, the third and the sixth, imperfect concords, the second and the seventh, discords. The classification of the fourth varied with different theorists. These classifications, though convenient, have been shown, both scientifically and practically, to be somewhat arbitrary, Helmholtz being the first to discover the true scientific

basis of both concord and discord. His discovery may be described in brief as follows:

Nearly all known musical tones (as has been already intimated), whether vocal or instrumental, are of a complex nature, owing to the fact that the vibrating body, whether a string or a column of air, besides its vibration as a whole, divides itself into subsidiary vibrations, each half vibrating by itself, each third by itself, each quarter by itself, etc., etc. Therefore, in the tone of the open C-string of the 'cello, for instance, we actually hear, not only the nominal written pitch, but (in varying proportions) all those other notes which appear in the notation-example we have already set forth.

Now, the application of this to the subject of concord and discord is, that when two tones sound simultaneously, their overtones may or may not coincide. Their lower overtones are commonly much the strongest, the upper ones weakening rapidly as we ascend, so that the coincidence of the lower overtones is the most important. Indeed, as has been said, the highest overtones are so weak that it is impossible to determine exactly by experiment just how many overtones actually exist in any given tone, or at what point they become practically zero. If the reader cares to take the trouble to make the necessary notation-diagrams, he will see for himself that in the concord of the octave *all* the upper partial tones coincide exactly, except that the third partial of the lower tone simply fills a hiatus between the first and second partials of the upper tone. (NOTE: In speaking of partial tones, the ground-tone itself is reckoned the "first partial.") In the concord of the perfect fifth, several partial tones coincide, but as we go on to narrower intervals, fewer and fewer partial tones coincide, until, when we reach the harsh interval of the minor second, there is no coincidence whatever unless we count in those upper partials so remote and weak as to have perhaps only a theoretical existence. When the partial tones nearly but not quite coincide, "beats" are produced rendering the tone more or less impure; never discord, which may exist in various degrees of intensity.

So much for the determination of concord and discord. Now for the distinction between musical tone and noise. Musical tone is that produced by *regular* vibrations, having regular subsidiary vibrations (if any) bearing the arithmetical ratios 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, etc. Noise is that kind of sound produced by *irregular* vibrations. Instruments of percussion, such as gongs, cymbals, triangles and, to some extent, bells, are on the border-line between noise and music, producing regular vibrations, but with irrelevant partial

tones. That is, their partial tones do not follow a series like that in the notation-example already given, but strike in at various odd and anomalous points. Persons very familiar with the problems of orchestration may recall some more or less successful attempts of various composers to imitate or at least suggest the sound of large bells by the use of certain weird harmonic combinations of various ordinary orchestral instruments.

Apropos of this, although a surprisingly large amount of modernist music is capable of being justified through a broader view of the science of harmony, there still remains a portion which it is impossible to explain by any such analysis; its combinations of tone bear no relation to the scientific facts of harmony, any more than they do to the usage of classical composers. I venture to advance the opinion that their scheme of harmony may bear some relation to the "irrelevant partial tones" of certain percussion-instruments above mentioned. In other words, they are not music, strictly speaking, but only a highly sophisticated form of noise. That is the only way I find it possible to regard a passage like the following:



Regarding such passages as "sophisticated noise" does not necessarily condemn them, *ipso facto*. Some noises are quite agreeable—most people like the ripple of a brook over pebbles, and farmers have been known to enjoy keenly the sound of whetting a scythe: small boys like to hear the noise of a stick drawn rapidly along a picket fence. But personally, I am old-fashioned enough to believe strongly that music should be musical.

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The present-day harmony-teacher who applies himself to his task conscientiously, is confronted with a peculiar dilemma. If

he uses any of the standard harmonies as a text-book, the brighter and more intelligent of his pupils will meet him with questions about parallel fifths found frequently in the work of some of the best contemporary composers, and peculiarly dubious chords in Debussy and Ravel, for instance, which appear to defy analysis by any part of the older theory. On the other hand, if he should attempt to work from the first on a strictly modern standpoint, his pupils will be like travelers wandering lost in a pathless jungle. The few books at present existing which deal with the problems of the most modern harmony (for instance, the excellent "Modern Harmony" by Arthur Eaglefield Hull, or the briefer but equally meritorious "Study of Modern Harmony" by René Lenormand) demand for their understanding a previous thorough course in elementary harmony and counterpoint as well.

Some thirty years ago in Leipsic, my old teacher Gustav Schreck (afterward Cantor of St. Thomas's) used to have his advanced pupils work problems in counterpoint in three successive styles, using the same cantus firmus. The first had to be in the strictest ecclesiastical style; the second, approximating that of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven; the third might be as modernistic as we pleased. To be sure, our modernism at that date and in those surroundings was of the mildest type, and would now be thought quite conservative, but the same principle might be adopted even now that the licenses of art have been so greatly extended. A thorough grounding in the old traditional elements is the best training, after which the teacher may, at a suitable stage of progress, allow and encourage a more adventurous spirit in the pupil.

Style in musical composition is a thing which runs through various periods of fashion, comparable with styles in clothing, hair-dressing, etc.

On the walls of schoolrooms one encounters occasionally a picture of the Presidents of the United States, all displayed in one group, and a person with an eye to curious and trifling details may note that the first few are clean shaven; then follow quite a number with beards, then two or three with moustaches, and lastly they are all clean shaven again. One who undertook to explain this fact from the philosophy of history or by deduction from scientific laws, would scarcely be taken seriously: the most we can say is, that our presidents followed the fashion of their day, and that fashions appear to move in cycles of indeterminate duration. Similarly with regard to the usage of harmonic progressions: the very earliest attempts at part-writing (Hucbald, in the tenth

century, etc.) consisted chiefly of parallel fifths, fourths and octaves. Franco of Cologne, about a century later, advises to mix thirds and sixths among the fifths: Jean de Muris, who lived in the fourteenth century, was, so far as we can determine, the first musical theorist to advise *against* fifths and octaves in parallel motion; but this advice, given merely as a personal opinion of good taste, in the course of centuries crystallized into an iron-bound rule, and was so received from a time somewhat antedating the birth of Bach and Handel (1685) until, say, the time of Grieg, who, notwithstanding a thorough schooling in the Leipsic Conservatory (1858-1862), soon found occasion to transgress the old boundaries and be a law unto himself, his teacher Reinecke viewing him with the same dismayed apprehension as is felt by an old hen with a brood of ducklings when they first insist on taking to the water. (We mention Grieg merely as a typical example: similar things were happening at Paris and elsewhere.) At the present day, parallel fifths are so common as no longer to excite comment, even occasionally in unaccompanied vocal music, which is supposed to conform the most strictly of any sort to the conventional rules of progression. We have then, in this particular point, a sort of reversion to the usage of the eleventh century; to explain it philosophically is as hopeless a task as to explain why one man wore a beard and another went clean-shaved: we can merely remark that in the matter of parallel fifths the cycle of fashion has brought about a return to the usage of eight hundred years ago, to the abandonment of the usage of the last two hundred years.

It would be interesting to trace—and data are not lacking—the historical origin and rise of the use of genuine polyphonic counterpoint, the devices of suspension and anticipation, the use of the dominant seventh unprepared (Monteverdi, 1567-1643), the use of secondary chords of the seventh unprepared (comparatively modern—one characteristic of Wagner, among the first), the use of monodic melody with accompaniment-figures, in distinction to pure polyphonic writing, the treatment of chords as harmonic masses, in distinction to their treatment as arising from the combining of several distinct melodic lines, etc., etc.; but as this essay is not designed to be primarily an historical one, it would lead us too far afield. Suffice it to say that, in all the points above mentioned, there has been no marked instance of any reversion to the limitations of earlier usages, but a steady and wide-spreading growth in the manifold resources of musical expression. Every time a composer has introduced new and (for his day) strange devices into his harmonic progressions, he has been severely

criticized or attacked by the pedants: thus Monteverdi was "hailed over the coals" by Artusi (1600) in a pamphlet entitled "The Imperfections of Modern Music!" Yet the unprepared dominant seventh presently came to be as much part of the composer's commonplace material as is the tonic triad, and has so remained to the present day. Each new innovation, in turn, when it has had time to be accepted and used by composers generally, slowly creeps into the works of the theorists, is taken as an accepted fact, and if it is observable that the general usage of composers is to employ it under certain conditions or limitations, then this fact is codified as a "rule." The meaning of this is, that if one desires, at any given historical period, to write in the best accepted contemporary style, the aforesaid rules are a valuable aid in so doing. But suppose the nature of a composer's genius leads him to adopt a new and totally different style, then the time is at hand when he must turn his back on the old restrictions, cost what it may. This, however, does *not* mean that an original genius is lawless: he has, on the contrary, subjected himself voluntarily to laws of a *new kind*, even though he has not felt moved to define them in words. For instance (to look back a little first), Liszt, without doubt, allowed himself various licenses in harmony which would have been looked at askance by Haydn, Mozart, and perhaps Beethoven, yet he subjects himself to a new rule, not in any of the books, and which (at least in piano-music) seems never to have occurred to any of the three classical composers just named, viz., *that chords must be so distributed on the keyboard as to attain the most agreeable sonority*, and must not be bunched low in the bass merely for convenience of the fingers of the left hand. Also, that a radical distinction must be made between the orchestral style and the piano style. Coming to modern times, such writers as Debussy and Ravel seem to have cut themselves loose from all restraints of the classical style of harmony; yet he will greatly err who imagines that they have obtained a superior degree of freedom. By what then are they, consciously or unconsciously, bound? *Most evidently, by the determination to avoid any and every form of harmonic progression which has become so stereotyped as to be the common property of all composers.* Thus, if one were attempting to write in the style of either of these last-named composers, the use of the ordinary "perfect cadence" approached in some conventional manner would be as great a blemish as would parallel fifths in a piece of pure choral part-writing. The matter is somewhat comparable to a fact that has been observed in regard to social ethics:—a group of people who have started out

to live their own lives and be free of all the conventions of society—so-called “Bohemians”—are sure to develop certain usages and standards of conduct which, though far different, are as strict and binding as those of the veriest Puritan: their freedom proves the merest *ignis fatuus*.

That Art should ever attain *entire* freedom from limitations would be a contradiction in terms. Goethe must have had this fact in mind when he put this speech into the mouth of Homunculus:

“Das ist die Eigenschaft der Dinge—
 Natürlichem genügt das Weltall kaum,
 Was künstlich ist, verlangt geschlossnen Raum.”
 (Faust, second part, Act II.)

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What then is the real truth of the matter? This: that there is not *one* but *many* schools of musical composition, and if one desires to compose in a certain style, he must make himself familiar with the customs and usages of that style, either by the study of theoretical works or by direct absorption of the manner of the most outstanding examples of the school. Most of the standard works on harmony in use at the present day are based on the style of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, etc. Jadassohn frankly takes Beethoven alone as his criterion, especially in his work on Musical Form (*Formenlehre*). Works on counterpoint hark back mostly to various ecclesiastical composers in the strict style, and it is quite a shock to the young student to learn that the great Bach is not to be regarded as a normal model in strict polyphony, but as one who pushed freedom to its utmost limits in that style. Bach was actually a sort of modernist.

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The subject of the modernistic style may be approached from several different points. We shall endeavor to enumerate the most important, without, however, intending anything significant by the order in which they may appear in the following list:

1. Any and all dissonances used without preparation. Resolution, though usual, not obligatory.
2. The whole chromatic scale belongs to each and every key. The feeling of some certain tonic-center is still customary, but may reasonably be dispensed with.

3. Extension of the principle of persistence; a figure or device once properly begun may be extended, even though the harmony becomes anomalous, provided it arrives at a satisfactory goal. This is merely an enlargement of the principle of the organ-point.

4. Extension of the principle of the Appoggiatura, which may now be heard simultaneously with its note of resolution, or may even in some extreme cases have its resolution supplied by the aural imagination.

Charles H. Marsh
"A Young Girl in the Wind"
(H. W. Gray)

Allegro con gioja assai

Organ

For instance, the A in the first chord of this quite recently-published composition, of which these are the opening measures, may be explained as an appoggiatura naturally moving to G, but here heard simultaneously with its resolution. Another explanation of this chord would be that it utilizes the harmony suggested by the 8th, 9th and 10th "partials" of the root G. The TRIAD thus formed (for so I would dare name it) may be no whit stranger to our ears than the triad G-B-D would have seemed to Hucbald. Who knows?

5. Relaxing of the rule against parallel fifths and also against parallel dissonances, except where such leading of the voices is a manifest *gaucherie* which might better be avoided.

6. Freer use of the various "exceptional" resolutions of the seventh or ninth. Among other things, resolution by a return to the harmony immediately previous, always allowed.

7. The liberty to use chords based on the *higher* partials of the natural series.

8. Principle of the "organ-point," extended to cover the repetition of established figures unchanged in pitch, even through places where their harmonic relationship seems obscure or lacking.

9. The avoidance of such repeats and reprises as serve merely to round out a conventional form. Similarly, the abandonment of too great a reliance on canonic imitation as an element of structure.

10. Greater freedom in rhythmic grouping, in extreme cases leading even to the abandonment of bar-lines.

11. Relaxing the rules against unharmonic cross-relation and supposedly unmelodic skips. (In vocal music, however, this license should be used with great discretion.)

12. Abandonment of all conventional formulas in *ending* a piece. The ending should be as original as any other part, and in some cases a piece may simply *stop* rather than formally end.

13. The occasional use of other scales than the conventional major and minor: for instance, the old ecclesiastical scales; the pentatonic scale; the whole-tone scale, etc., as well as scales devised by the composer.

14. The simultaneous use of two different auditory planes. Personally, I must confess, most of the experiments of modern composers in this direction fail to appeal to me: nevertheless, it is a legitimate artistic device, and may be heard at its best in a certain part-song of Elgar's, "There is Sweet Music" (Novello Ed.), in which a four-part male chorus sings in G while a four-part female chorus sings in A flat, with unbelievably charming effect.

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But—"to return to our muttons"—how are these facts to be applied to the question of harmonic pedagogy?

Without desiring to pose as an oracle, I would suggest a procedure somewhat as follows:

The young student should, as formerly, go through a course in the old-fashioned Harmony, observing all the conventional rules in the conventional way, and it will not hurt him to acquire skill in the use of "figured bass," as that is very serviceable as a mode of musical shorthand for practical use in sketching a composition. But this period of straight-laced training should not last too long: as soon as he has acquired reasonable skill along the older lines, he should be gradually introduced to the more modern developments of the art, as outlined in the above essay.

It should, however, be strongly impressed on him, that none of these apparent liberties should be indulged in for their own sake, and that writing in a new and apparently freer style, while it gives him new liberties, also imposes new obligations. In other words, he becomes acquainted with a new set of rules, just as real as the old, though not yet so well-formulated and understood. To imitate Arnold Schönberg or Eric Satie is no whit nearer originality than to imitate Haydn and Mozart, but there is a natural tendency among young students of composition, when they realize the

possibilities of the newer harmony, to lug in outlandish effects "by the neck and shoulders." Just as in one of Lewis Carroll's delightful little nonsense-rhymes, a young would-be poet is described who has been told that certain words, such as "wild," "weary," "strange," etc., have power to create an atmosphere, and he thereupon accomplishes the feat of using them all at once:

How would it do, how would it do, to use them in a lump?
The *wild* man went his *weary* way to a *strange* and *lonely* pump.

Quite similarly, the young composer is prone to use imperfectly assimilated modern ideas, without any inner necessity, just for the satisfaction of imagining himself up to date; but time and experience will work a natural remedy.

THE ANCIENT FRENCH ORGAN SCHOOL

By FÉLIX RAUGEL

IN all countries the history of the organ constitutes one of the most important chapters in the annals of music. In France, especially, the rôle and employment of this instrument have been, for a longer period than is generally supposed, similar to its rôle and employment at the present time, both in church and concert-hall.

From the arrival in France, in 757, of the first organ (a present sent to Pépin by the emperor of Byzantium and set up in the royal villa of Compiègne), down to the construction, in 826, of an organ in the palace at Aix-la-Chapelle, we have practically no positive data; but, with the second half of the eleventh century, it is safe to assert that the organ was already used to sustain the voice, carrying the *cantus firmus* while the singers executed their diaphony.

From the eleventh century onward there may be found, in the archives of the abbeys, notices about organs or organ-builders; and, as early as the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the organ alternated with the versicles of the sequences, and was in general use.¹

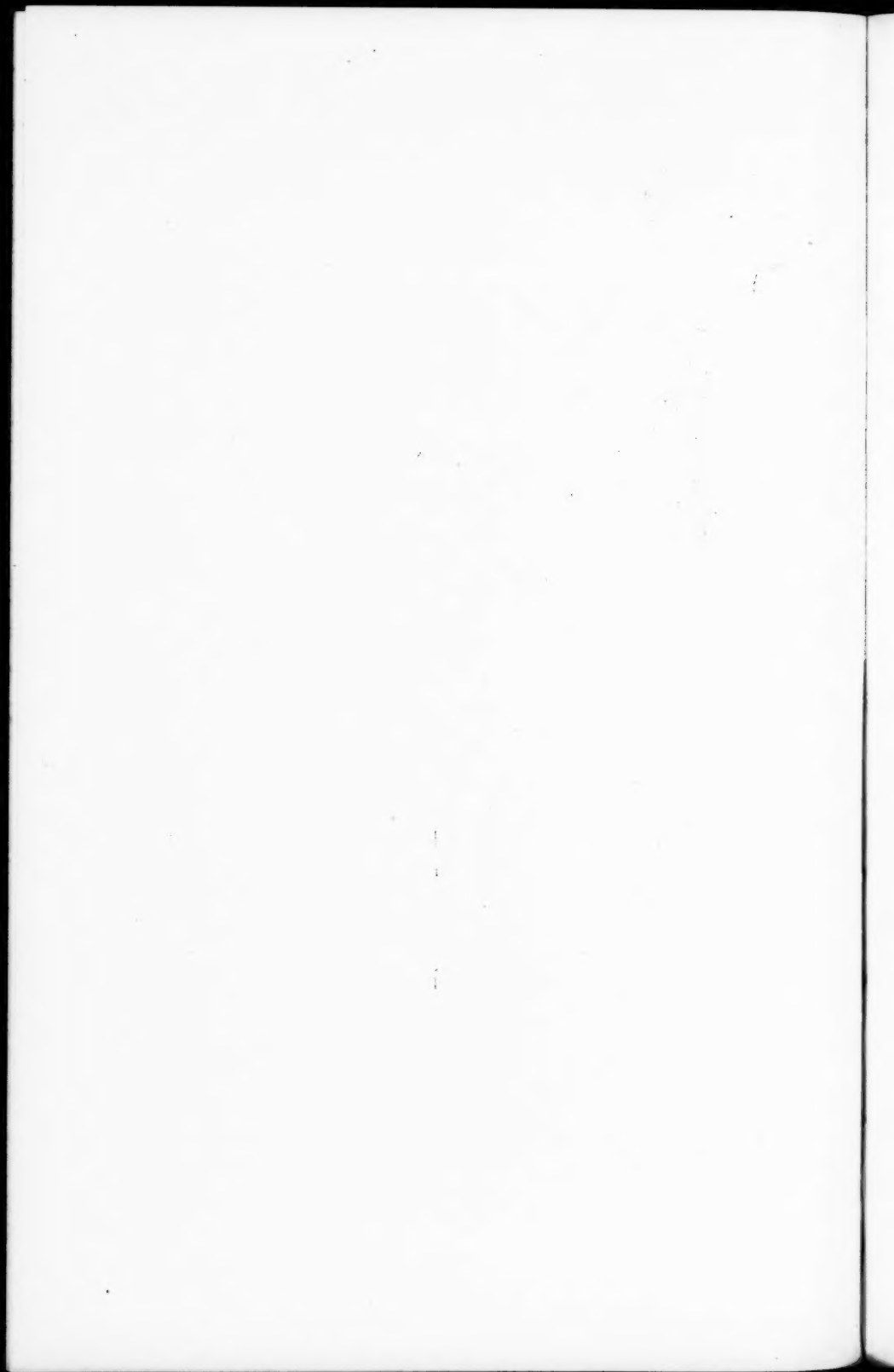
We may cite, as one of the most remarkable illustrated documents still extant from the beginning of the twelfth century, page 13 (*verso*) of Tome III of the Bible of Saint-Étienne Harding. This Bible, now in the keeping of the municipal library of Dijon, was completed in 1109 at Cîteaux by order of the Abbé, Étienne Harding. The illustration shows, in the centre of the City of God, King David holding his harp; at the foot of his throne are grouped divers musicians, among them an organist facing a manual of eight keys (*c d e f g a b h*) and sounding the *re* and *fa* of a reed-register perfectly depicted; by closely examining this miniature one can also perceive how the wind-supply functioned, it being generated by two series of bellows like those now used for blowing the fire, and feeding wind direct into the grooves.

At the time of St. Louis the liturgical instrument was definitively installed in the cathedrals and abbeys, played a part of

¹At this remote period the compass of the instrument was very nearly the same as at present.



From the Bible de Saint Étienne Harding, A.D. 1109 (Ms. de Cîteaux, Bible de Dijon, Nos. 12-15)



ever-growing importance in the accompaniment of the vocal repertory, and was a valued adjunct to musical instruction in the schools and cloisters.

Most organs were then of small dimensions; but the use or abuse of them in the religious offices inspired caustic criticisms on the part of certain writers of treatises, such as the Cistercian Aelred de Rievault in his *Speculum caritatis*, or Guibert de Tournai in his collection of sermons inscribed to Pope Alexander IV. In despite of the critics, organs continued to improve and multiply; among them might be found large instruments with several chromatic manuals placed alongside of each other and played simultaneously by different artists. Indeed, there are still preserved some "trios" (trios) composed by Pérotin, organist of Notre-Dame de Paris between 1180 and 1237; the arrangement of this music demanded for its execution two or three portable instruments, or one fixed instrument with more than one manual.

In the fourteenth century Guillaume de Machault (d. *circa* 1372) was the first to call the organ "the king of instruments"; he often alludes to the various uses to which it was put in his day, down to and including the transcription for the manuals of vocal pieces he had composed. His contemporary, Philippe de Vitry, was no less explicit in the musical treatises attributed to him. Together with the large instruments already placed in the lofts and choirs of cathedrals and abbeys, small transportable organs were in high favor; these instruments, called *portatifs*, were in general use, like our modern pianos; they enjoyed, in fact, the greatest vogue of all keyboard instruments, and were to be met with everywhere, even in the streets and public squares, played by *jongleurs* and *trouvères*. Descriptions of them, too, are plentiful; miniatures in MSS., stained windows, sculptures decorating the vaulted ceilings of great religious or communal edifices, highly-prized paintings, all have preserved for us an incalculable number of illustrations of these primitive instruments. A study of these mute witnesses, so numerous and so varied, once more brings home to the investigator the profound significance of this interweaving of our art in the lives of all, instead of its being, as in the "more civilized" ages, an inutility foreign to life.

The archives of towns, cathedrals and abbeys have likewise preserved the names of a host of builders and organists, mentioned in the accounts with all manner of interesting details. Here one might follow the history of certain artist-families who were engaged—as later with us the Couperins, or, abroad, the Bachs and the Antegnatis—to succeed each other from father to

son at the manual of some cathedral or chapel; so, for example, during the entire fourteenth century we find the de Reims family as organists at the Sainte-Chapelle or at Notre-Dame de Paris.

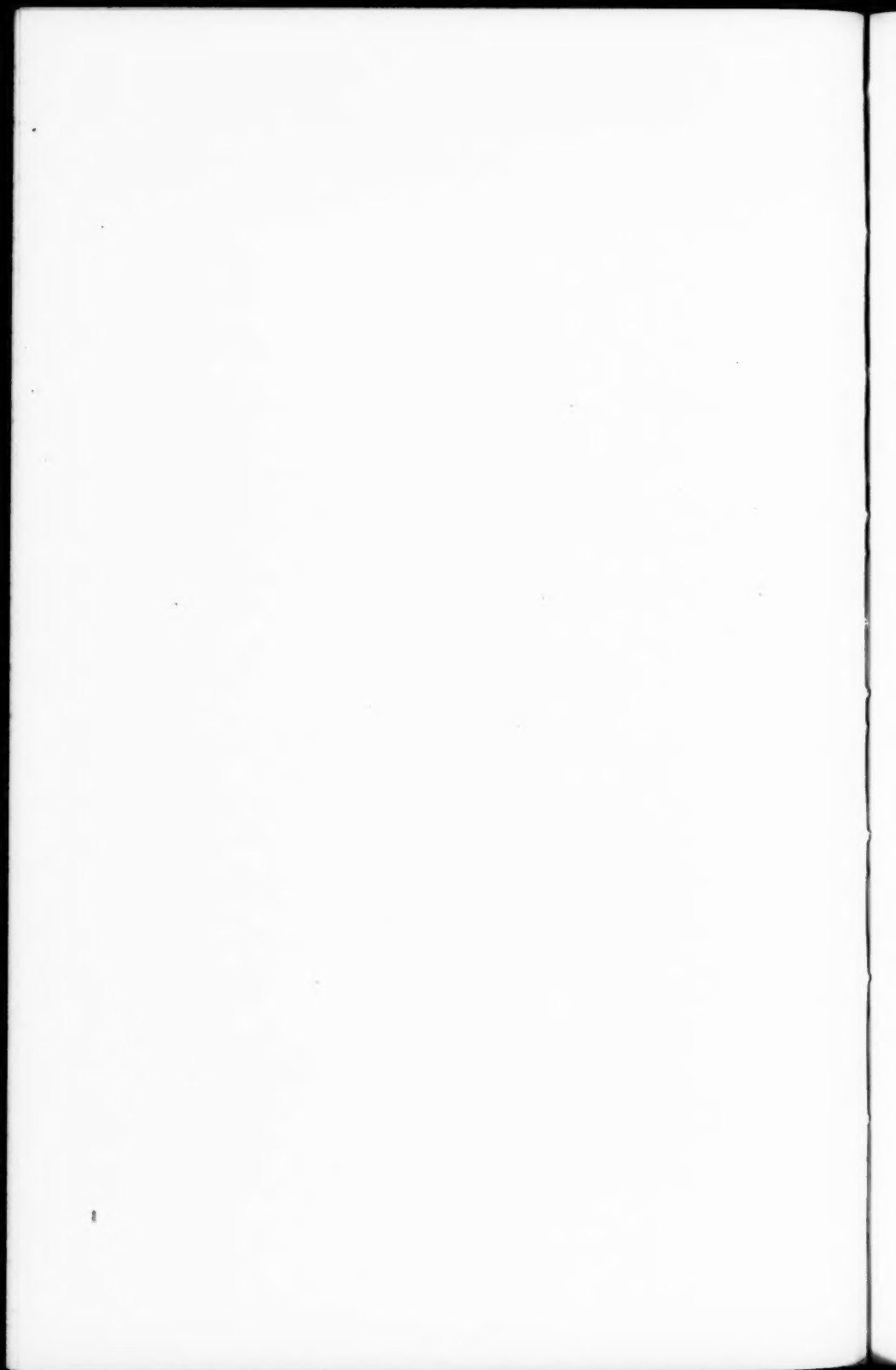
We observe, in passing, that in our national basilica the employment of the liturgical instrument was regulated, from the thirteenth century onward, with exactitude and set down in a special book, the *Liber organisatoris*, used by the organist to execute his part in the services; for the Chapter of Notre-Dame had decided on May 18, 1416, that this book, which had become unserviceable "by reason of its ancientness," should be completely remodeled. The official report of the organist Henry "de Saxonia," accepted by the Chapter of May 29 in the year preceding, also gives interesting details concerning the rôle of the organ at the beginning of the fifteenth century. The organist was to play at early Vespers on the twenty-three feast-days noted in a list handed him; and, during Mass, for the Kyrie, the Gloria, the Sequence, the Sanctus, and the Agnus Dei. He was to make such repairs as might be necessary for the proper functioning of his instrument, until the cost had amounted to forty Parisian sous, the Chapter having to pay for all repairs over and above said sum.

We should not leave the age of the first symphonists and the trouvères without calling to mind the Schola at Reims, famous as early as 980, at the time when Gerbert d'Aurillac (the future Pope Sylvester II) was its director. *Maîtres* Baudoin l'Orgueneur and his son Jehan, organists of the Cathedral during the reign of Philippe le Bel, were doubtless pupils of this school.

Two chansons by Jehan l'Orgueneur are extant; they are preserved in the National Library (*Ms. fr. 845, f^o*, and *847, f^o*); the one commencing with the words:

Au tens que voi la froidure
Et gelée repairier.

A valuable manuscript (*latin 7295*) in the National Library gives precise information about the construction of organs at the time of St. Louis; the author, Henri Arnault de Zwolle (d. 1465), organist and physician to the Dukes of Burgundy, therein describes some very old instruments that were demolished in his lifetime. He offers for our inspection a very fine drawing of an organ whose manual had a compass of thirty-one notes (B to F); the thirty-one pipes in the front were apportioned between two side-towers with six pipes apiece, and a flat centre front. In this manuscript



we also find details about the disposition of the mutation stops, the mixtures, and the *cymbales*—those registers whose mission is to give the moving flood of harmonies precision of outline. It is surprising to learn of the existence, in certain instruments, of registers, beginning with the second half of the thirteenth century; and one reads with interest the description of mechanisms supposedly quite modern, like that of the sub-octave, which did not reappear until the nineteenth century.

Towards the end of the fourteenth century, in particular, the construction of very large instruments was begun almost everywhere; as early as 1429 the cathedral at Amiens possessed an organ with over 2000 pipes, and its imposing front may still be admired, as well as those of the organs in the cathedrals at Strasbourg (1489), Perpignan (1504), Gonesse (1508), Mans (1531), Saint-Bertrand de Comminges (1536), Chartres (1542-51), and Notre-Dame des Andelys (1573). Thus, in the last third of the fifteenth century, the organ was fully developed, with its foundation stops of 2, 4, 8, 16 and 32 feet. The complete 32-foot stops were, to be sure, quite rare; as a general thing, when a 32-foot stop is mentioned, this means a stop sounding an octave above the 32-foot register, but usually beginning on 24-foot G; the *chalumeau* and *régale* were in most cases the only reed stops; but the cornet of five ranks was already known, and builders were commencing to make *trompettes* and *clairons*.

The cult of the king of instruments spread on all sides, together with the influence of those musicians who had mastered its technique. Step by step were discovered and established the characteristic features that differentiate the purely instrumental style from the style suitable for vocal accompaniment. By dint of transcribing, for the organ, polyphonic vocal compositions, and thereby treating the highest part with freedom, the organists developed the art of ornamental and expressive variation which, in the centuries following, was to play so important a rôle in the evolution of instrumental music. And it is precisely the earliest extant collection of organ-pieces—of English origin, dating from the fourteenth century (British Museum, MSS. add. 28550) and comprising only six numbers—that contains three highly developed transcriptions of motets, two of them taken from the *Roman de Fauvel*. These are invaluable specimens of the early style of transcribing vocal motets for the organ, for one can readily compare the original vocal text preserved in manuscript in the National Library (*français* 146) with the transcription made by some unknown organist of the fourteenth century.

In this century, so favored as regards instrumental music, Guillaume de Machaut wrought in all branches of musical art, learned or popular, sacred or secular, his influence extending throughout Europe. Philippe de Vitry (d. 1361), Jean de Muris, and the celebrated Canon of Rheims, were among the first to foresee the future rôle of the chromatic scale.

Royalty everywhere took an interest in the organ and organists, one example among many being the Duke of Lorraine, René II, who in 1498 despatched a letter to Pope Alexander VI praying him to withdraw the stipend allotted to the monks of the Chapter of Saint-Dié in order that the revenue might be applied to the maintenance of an organ and organist.

Thus we see that these artists were, in a way, official personages who enjoyed the favor of the great and received suitable emoluments. For instance, one of the organists to François I, a *noble homme*, Jehan des Grez, was taxed for a house situated in the parish of Saint-Eustache; and we read that Jean Boullery, related to the Germain Pilon family and organist at the abbey of Saint-Denys, inherited a house in the rue Pavée, Paris, in 1572.

Although nearly all the names of organists revealed by the archives previous to 1550 are those of mere shadows—for not one organ-piece that can be attributed to the artists bearing them has yet been unearthed—it may be of interest to notice a few, if only to demonstrate the existence in our country of a technique of the liturgical instrument, and of a methodical instruction in playing it, founded on a tradition that was to be faithfully handed down and perfected during more than a century.

After Renaud de Reims, who died in 1415, we find at Notre-Dame de Paris the organists Henry *de Saxonie* and Jacques le Mol; then Arnulph Gréban, appointed July 17, 1450; Jehan Bailli succeeded him three years later, but resigned in 1458, Jehan Campané being accepted to replace him; towards the close of the century two organists, *maîtres* Maugendre and Hanyn, shared the cathedral services between them; both died in 1504. Their successor was *maître* Jehan Peu, vicar of Saint-Aignan. Among the organists of Notre-Dame we shall mention, besides, Jehan Regnault, already employed before 1527, Jean Mouton (1528), Loys Regnault, who died about 1568, Henry Beranger (d. 1584), and Jean Doysi. Furthermore, among Parisian organists we also know of Baptiste Collet, a priest, organist at the church of the Saints-Innocents, and Anthoine Le Roy, organist at Saint-Gervais (mentioned in the archives in 1542 and 1546, respectively); and Noël Cybot, who enjoyed a brilliant career at the Sainte-Chapelle from

1522-56, at first as a choir-singer, later as organist. Two chansons and a Magnificat composed by him were published by Attaignant in 1529.

We also note Mathieu de Milleville, Jean and Rogier Pathie de Cambrai, and Anthoine de la Haye, who were organists to François I from 1530 to 1539; Noël de Vertemont and Jacques Dubuisson, who distinguished themselves at the court of Henri II; and, in the provinces, Jehan Doublet, who in 1531 was appointed to preside over the great organ in the cathedral at Beauvais; Firmin de la Lyardiére of Amiens and Fortis Pujol of Carcassonne, who in 1531 were chosen as experts to report upon work done on the organs in the cathedral at Toulouse; Jacques Cellier, organist of Notre-Dame at Reims *circa* 1580, who left a magnificent collection of pen-and-ink drawings (National Library, *Ms. fr. 9152*) including those of the organ-cases of the Sainte-Chapelle and the cathedral at Reims, besides organ-tablatures by Guillaume Costeley and de Megnier; finally, Mathieu Hazard, prize-scholar of the Puy Sainte-Cécile at Rome, who (about 1587) effected the "setting on the pedal" of the largest diapason-pipes in the organs of the church of Saint-Madon de Pontoise.

Jodelle, in the "*Épithalame de madame Marguerite, duchesse de Savoie*" (1559), gives us, besides, the name of Jean Dugué, who played the organs at a music festival; but it is with peculiar pleasure that we often find mention of the skill, as an organist, of one of the masters of the Renaissance, preferred to all others—Guillaume Costeley of Evreux; he it was who was invited in 1588 to "open" the organ built by Nicolas Barbier to occupy the ravishing stone organ-loft that may still be admired in the church at Gisors.

The names of the Alsatians Johann (Hans) Kotter, Othmar Luscinius, and Bernhard Schmid (father and son), are noteworthy as popularizers of Franco-Flemish art in the city of Strasbourg, where, from times immemorial, French and Italian art has forced the frontier of Germany. Kotter and the Schmidts are known through their organ-books, and Luscinius endeared himself to music historians by his "*Musurgia*," a translation into Latin of Virdung's "*Musica getutscht*," published at Strasbourg in 1536 and augmented by valuable biographical notices.

In general it may be said that during nearly the whole sixteenth century there was very little difference between music written specially for the organ and that for the various other keyboard instruments—the dulcimer, clavichord, or clavicembalum, forerunners of the harpsichord.

It is deplorable that hardly anything has survived of works by the French harpsichordists and organists of the Renaissance; however, the six volumes of that precious and unique collection, published by Attaignant at Paris in 1530-31, of organ-pieces written in tablature gives us some idea of what went to make up the repertory of a French organist in the sixteenth century. This monumental work, now preserved in the Munich Library, comprises a double repertory of sacred and secular pieces, intended for the church, for the court, and for the town. Herein we find versets of the Magnificat, interludes for the Mass, thirteen musical Motets, stately dances, and chansons.

Thus, towards the end of the sixteenth century, we see how the religious rôle of the organ is gradually defined, and how the elements of the style proper to the instrument are developed. Undoubtedly, the earliest extant compositions for organ consist chiefly of dances and secular songs more or less thoroughly "converted"; but musical thought very shortly becomes aware of its own powers and independence; instrumental polyphony is systematized while keeping in view the special possibilities of each instrument, whether functioning with keyboard, with strings, or with the human breath; and each family of sonorous agencies soon discovers and reserves for itself the manner of writing and the style suited to its peculiarities.

The French masters of the organ possess an historical importance of the first rank. They were almost unknown until the day when Alexandre Guilmant conceived the plan of publishing their works in association, for the historical part, with a former pupil of Ch.-M. Widor's organ-class, André Pirro, present incumbent of the chair of music-history at the Sorbonne. Messrs. Guilmant and Pirro are, therefore, the editors of that magnificent collection, "*Archives des Maîtres de l'Orgue*" of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, comprising six large volumes of over 300 pages, with portraits, facsimiles, notes and unpublished documents, and constituting a perfect model of editorship, critical, historical, and practical, of the musical texts, and one that can triumphantly sustain a comparison with the most imposing *Denkmäler* both in fineness of engraving and excellence in printing.

In the preface to his "*Harmonie universelle*" Père Mersenne says: "Thomas Champion, organist and spinettist to the King, was a pioneer in all that concerns the organ, and the organ and spinet, on both of which he was wont to improvise all sorts of canons and fugues. His son Jacques, sieur de la Chapelle and chevalier of the Order of the King, has displayed his consummate

proficiency . . . and those who have been stirred by the perfection of his playing, have admired him."—To this Mersenne adds: "But after hearing the harpsichord played by le sieur Chambonnières his son, who bears the same name, I can express my feelings only by saying that one should hear nothing more thereafter." The musician here spoken of was no other than Jacques Champion de Chambonnières, founder of the French harpsichord school and teacher of the first three Couperins.

The works of the ancestral Thomas Champion, organist to Kings Charles IX and Henri III, have never been published; his son succeeded him as royal organist to Henri IV and Louis XIII. During this same epoch there shone, in Paris, Nicolas de la Grotte and Joseph de Chabanceau, sieur de la Barre, organists of the King's Chapel, and Deslions, organist at Saint-Étienne du Mont; while the de la Guerre families had embarked on their glorious career at the Sainte-Chapelle, like the Raquettes at Notre-Dame.

It is a great pity that no works of that period, or very few, have been preserved, and that we possess, with regard to the history of organ-playing, hardly more than names. The earliest French organ-book of real importance is that of Jean Titelouze (1563-1633), canon and organist at the Rouen cathedral; it was published by Pierre Ballard at Paris in 1623, with the title, "Hymnes de l'église pour toucher sur l'orgue, avec les fugues et recherches sur leur plain-chant," and dedicated to Mgr. Nicolas de Verduin, Councillor to the King.

Only the illustrious Frescobaldi had published, before the organist of Rouen, a "first book" of *Toccate e Partite* (Rome, 1614-15), and *Ricercari* and *Canzone Francese* (1615); not until the year following did Scheidt, the most illustrious of Sweelinck's pupils, bring out his *Tabulatura nova* at Hamburg. Thus, as M. Pirro reminds us, "the rank assigned in point of time to the work of Titelouze places it among the first of those preceding Bach."

The book of Titelouze, strictly faithful to the eight modes of plain-chant, comprises forty versets appertaining to the twelve principals hymns of the liturgical year, and eight Magnificats. The versets to the hymns *Pange Lingua*, *Ave Maris Stella* and *Veni Creator* are some of the most remarkable ones. The style is grave and dignified, very strict, and skillful as to counterpoint; dissonances are treated boldly and mingled with consonances (as he says in the preface) "as the painter employs shadow in his picture the better to bring out the radiance of day and clear light." This excellent work of a patriarch who was, in truth, one of the creators of French organ-music, deserves to be restored to the

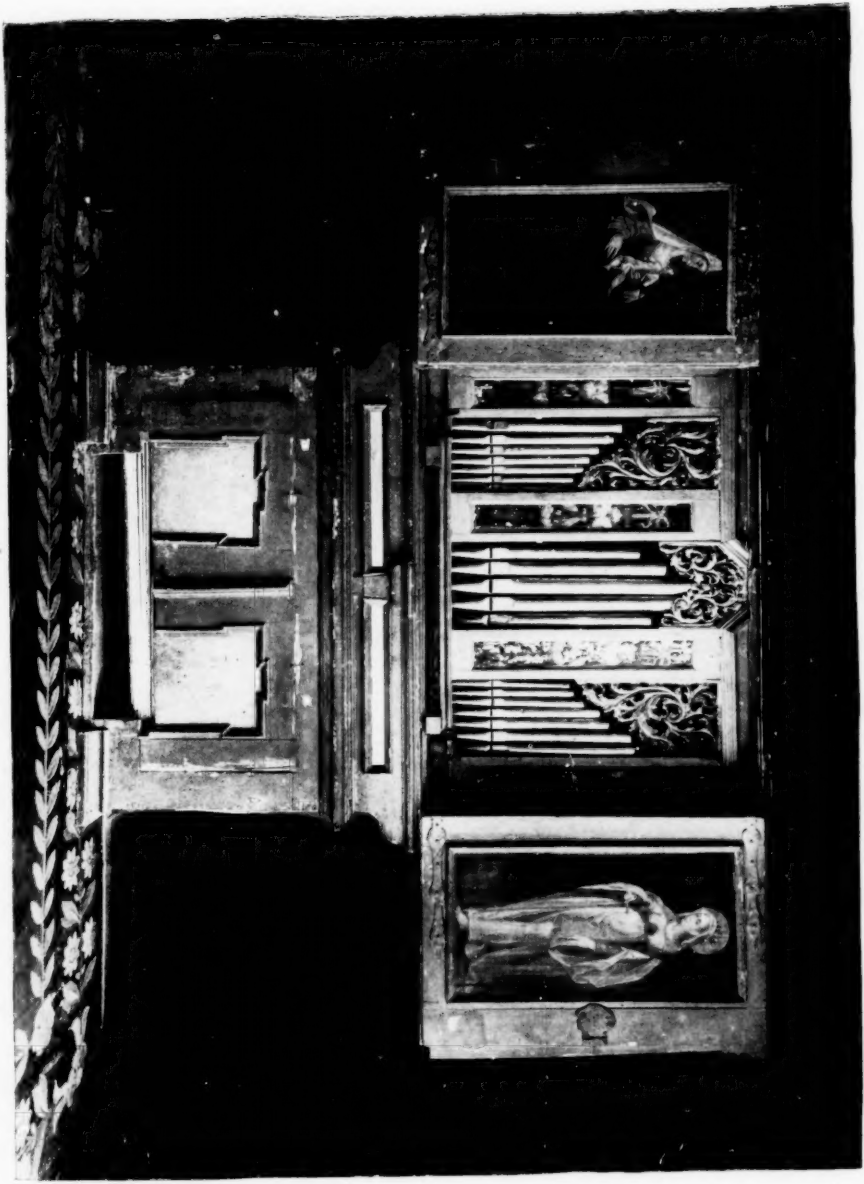
repertory of our modern organists by reason of its intrinsic merit and as an admirable model of an essentially liturgical style harmonizing marvellously with the sacred ceremonial. It furnishes us, indeed, with a musical pattern appropriate for the modes of Gregorian Chant.

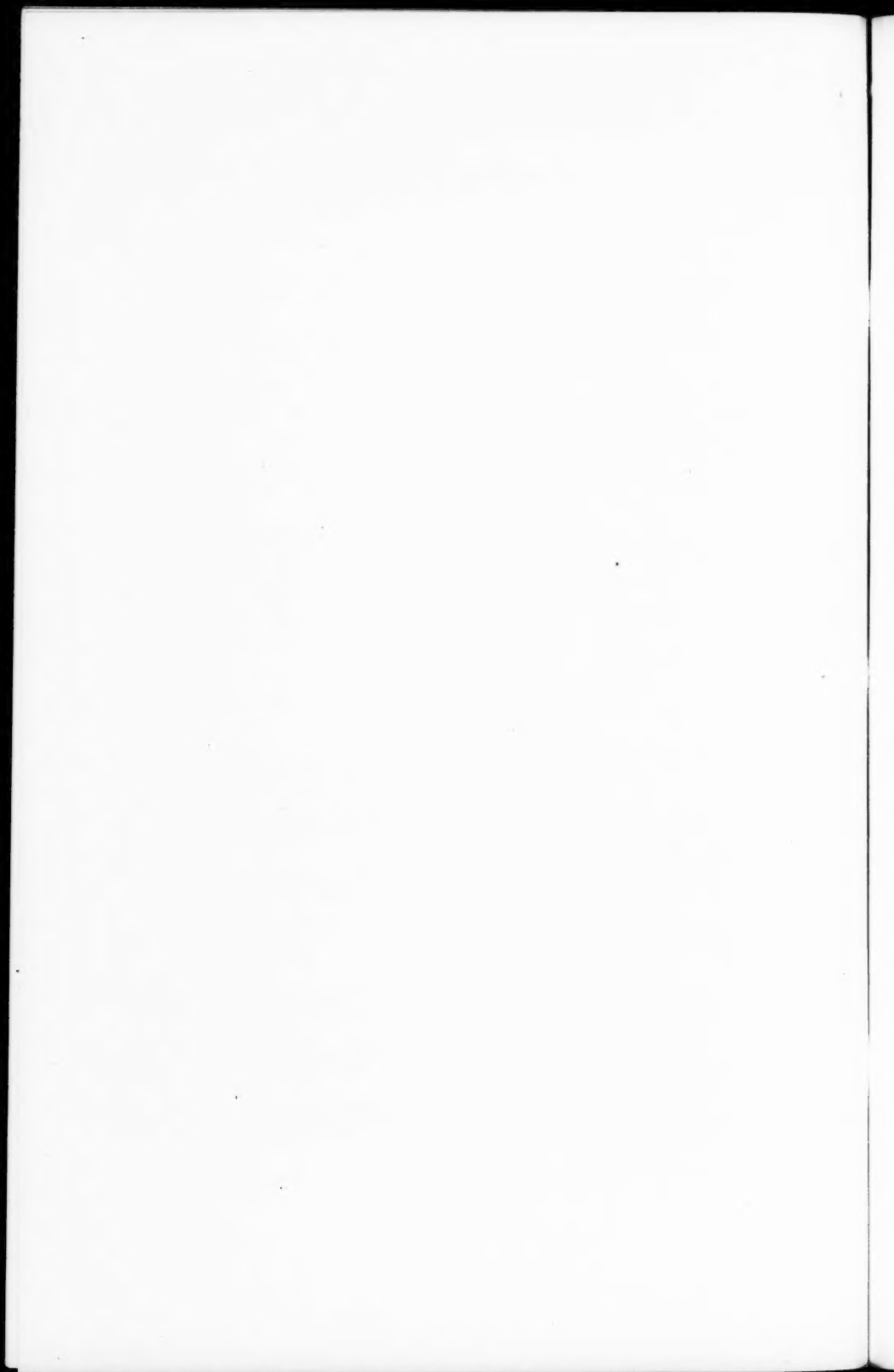
It is no easy task to separate the organists and the clavecinistes (harpsichordists), for the player on either instrument was also a master of the other. However, after the first third of the seventeenth century composers for the organ sought to employ such melodies and movements as seemed to them most suitable and proper in feeling and spirit for the church, to "realize the harmony" so far as is possible, and little by little to build up a species of grand oratorical or, in some cases, a simple decorative, style perfectly adapted for accompanying the liturgical ceremonies.

Several of our organists of the seventeenth century are unfortunately not known to us by works written for their instrument, either because the manuscripts of their unpublished organ-pieces have been lost, or because, preferring to improvise, their written compositions were for the harpsichord or voices or stringed instruments; in this connection we note Jacques Champion de Chambonnières (1602-72), claveciniste to Louis XIV in 1643, who left more than one hundred pieces for harpsichord, grouped in veritable suites, comprising chiefly dance-tunes *à la mode*. Chambonnières, as we know, was the instructor and protector of the Couperins.

Henri du Mont (1610-84), organist at the church of Saint-Paul and *maître de chapelle* to the King, is best known by his very remarkable motets and five plain-chant masses, still sung in all the churches of France. The National Library has in its keeping some pieces of his for organ or harpsichord, and also some pages by the famous Étienne Richard, organist at the church of Saint-Jacques-de-la-Boucherie, who was chosen by the King on Feb. 14, 1657, to be his *Maître d'épinette*.

Nothing is left us by Charles Raquette, celebrated by Mersenne, or by Gabriel Garnier, the first organist at the church of the Invalides; nor have we anything by Jean Buterne (d. 1727), organist at Saint-Étienne du Mont and Saint-Paul, where he succeeded his master, Henri du Mont; nor by Jean Denis, organist at Saint-Barthélemy and Saint Séverin, and the author of a "*Traité de l'Accord de l'Espinette*" (1650); just as little by Henry Mayeux, organist at Saint-Landry, or by Thomelin, one of the teachers of Couperin le Grand; nothing, finally, of a host of others more or less celebrated.





The principal organ-books that have come down to us from the seventeenth century, after the one by Titelouze, are those of Guillaume-Gabriel Nivers (1617-1714), organist at Saint-Sulpice; of Nicolas Gigault (1625-1707 *circa*), organist at the churches of Saint-Nicolas and Saint-Martin des Champs in Paris, a teacher, together with Métru and François Roberday, of Lully. There should be added, to the collections of pieces already mentioned, those of Nicolas Le Bègue (1630-1702), of François Couperin de Crouilly¹ of Jean-Henri d'Anglebert (b. 1635), and of André Raison (d. 1716), organist at Sainte-Geneviève and teacher of Clérambault. Among these organists, Nivers and Le Bègue discover a predilection for free and flexible melody; Roberday, d'Anglebert, Couperin and Raison prefer a luxuriant counterpoint; while Gigault offers us a compendium of the forms of contemporary French organ-music.

Louis Marchand, whose talent as an improviser was admired by Rameau, was born at Lyons on Feb. 2, 1669. In 1689 he was already domiciled in Paris, where he quickly made himself known as a skillful organist. He became the—more or less constant—spouse of Angélique Denys, daughter of the harpsichord-maker; this did not hinder him from being a teacher in great request and a virtuoso *à la mode*, though highly fanciful. He was the incumbent of the chief organistships of the capital—at the Jésuites in the rue Saint-Jacques, at Saint-Benoît (1699), at Saint-Honoré (1703), at the Chapelle Royale (1708), and at the Cordeliers. He toured Germany and knew J. S. Bach, then court organist at Weimar; efforts were made to bring them together in a sort of competitive exhibition on the harpsichord, but the organist to the French court, well aware of the formidable powers of the genius with whom he was to enter into rivalry, avoided the encounter, thereby giving proof of tact and intelligence. Bach, on his part, gave due credit to the skill of Marchand, and had sufficient acquaintance with his works to borrow therefrom a fugue-theme which he developed in one of his Brandenburg concertos.

It is quite surprising that, on returning to France, Marchand took no steps to introduce the organ-pedals in vogue in Germany, or to induce our organ-builders to study and experiment with certain groups of labial pipes then unknown in France, like the quintatöns and gambas that the trans-Rhenish builders had long

¹Let us observe in passing that it seems likely that this François Couperin de Crouilly (who on Nov. 6, 1690, entered for copyright his *Messes d'Orgue*) was none other than Couperin le Grand himself, at that date already the organist of the great organ at Saint-Gervais. Cf. *La Revue Musicale* for Nov. 1, 1924: André Tessier, *Les Messes d'Orgue de Couperin*.

been manufacturing most successfully. He contented himself with simply resuming his organistship at the Cordeliers, where all Paris thronged to hear him. He died Feb. 17, 1732. His organ-works were not published until after his decease; they have been revised by Messrs. Pirro and Guilmant, and to this new edition Pirro has written a very scholarly preface, indicating the individual traits in the style of Marchand, at once a conservative and an innovator who made concessions to the taste of the period, but manifested a sensibility and grace peculiarly French.

In 1706 appeared the *Suite du premier ton* by M. Guilain, characterized by the *Mercure Galant* as a "famous organist." This work, dedicated to Marchand, prompts the idea that this artist was a pupil of or substitute for the illustrious organist at the Cordeliers; but nothing further is known about him. At all events, his collection is extremely interesting.

Beside Guilain we may mention a pupil of Lully and Lambert, Charles Tiroye, who published in 1712 a collection of *Pièces choisies*; also, because of his reputation, Marin de la Guerre, organist at the Sainte-Chapelle and the husband of Elisabeth Jacquet, claveciniste and composer, whose music had the good fortune to please the Grand Roi.

While the organists of Paris were the masters in their profession, whose teachings were eagerly sought, the organs in the provincial cathedrals and abbeys were presided over by artists of no less merit—quite the contrary; limiting the world to the compass of their manuals, they frequently pursued yet more seriously and thoughtfully the sonorous vision in which they found complete gratification; some of them astonish us by the solid characteristics of their style.

Jacques Boivin (1650–1706) belongs to this category of remote and notable worthies; organist of the cathedral at Rouen from 1674 to 1706, he published two books of organ-pieces on the eight modes of plain-chant (1700), and a treatise on accompaniment of great value as an authority on the musical praxis of the seventeenth century. The worthy Gilles Julien, organist of the cathedral at Chartres, likewise bequeathed to us an organ-book on the eight modes (1690). It contains several quite remarkable pieces in five parts, a few short fugues, and a "fantaisie chromatique."

But the French organist whose works exerted the widest influence abroad was Nicolas de Grigny (1671–1703), in charge of the great organ in the cathedral at Reims, an ingenious and learned musician. "His style (so says M. Pirro) amazes us, it is so dignified and sustained, with a veiled elegance all his own."

Bach himself, as a youth, copied the book of the master of Reims; the invaluable manuscript, which we were permitted to inspect at Bonn in the collection of Herr Erich Prieger, is now kept in the Berlin Library. Nicolas de Grigny, whose works were considered by Bach as characteristic of the best French style, was not the only one among our organists to be cited from time to time as an example; Bach and his pupils were also familiar with the little organ-book published in 1708 by the organist of the training-school of Saint-Quentin, Pierre du Mage, a pupil of Marchand's. These old masters represent the French School at its apogee; at that period the treatment of the organ in the churches was in every respect subordinated to the exigences of the liturgy and regulated by the "*Cérémonial de Paris*" (1662). But, although the speech of the liturgical instrument was considered as a sort of ideal harangue, some had already begun to delight in varied combinations of stops and manuals, in contrasting the full organ with the echo, in solos by the flutes, the cromorne, the cornet, vox humana, trumpet; they enjoyed bringing out a melody above the polyphonic ensemble; thus, progressively, a new style came to the fore, less strict and with more of harmony. The organists gradually allowed themselves to be seduced by an instrument continuously improving under the hands of builders rivalling each other in care and skill, and the masters of sustained style and strict counterpoint unwittingly entered upon the facile descent of virtuosity, of parasitic ornamentation, and the exclusive and wholly material search after tone-effects. It was, however, only after the first third of the eighteenth century that these faults became glaringly apparent; until then the organists of France, almost as a unit, remained faithful to the sane traditions of their art and the liturgy.

(Translated by Theodore Baker.)

MODERNISTS, CLASSICS AND IMMORTALITY IN MUSIC¹

By O. G. SONNECK

AN unrelenting interpenetration of decay and new growth appears to govern this puzzling world of ours. The change may proceed in more or less noticeable transitions; the evolution may at times seem to stop altogether, only suddenly to lunge forward; it may assume a slow gait here and a rapid one there, but whatever the rate of progress, its character, regularity or irregularity, in the words of the Greek philosopher *everything flows*. The arts, too, show this flux in a disconcerting manner. Modern literature sheds its coat about every five years. In the fine arts and in music the fashions change with similar rapidity. One can hardly keep track of all the "isms" with which the period-lets are labelled. I remember with special awe that of neo-realidealism coined by someone about thirty years ago when I first ventured into print with opinions on which this address is based.

Every one of these embryo-epochs hails at least half a dozen artists as immortal and with a growing population the crop of new geniuses assumes alarming proportions. Just how long the glory of geniuses and their immortal masterworks lasts in the other arts, I do not know, but one of the indiscretions of my youth was to figure it out for music. The statistical investigation excluded the incalculable mass of still-born music and occupied itself only with music by composers who had at least achieved dictionary renown. Even so the best I could do between the extremes of the music of Palestrina with some three hundred years to its credit and that of third-rate composers of our own era, was to arrive at an average life of thirty years. A result, of course, just as greatly exaggerated as the news of Mark Twain's death. However, let us be charitable and accept the verdict of thirty years as the average life-span of music which comes into public notice. What does this indicate? Among other cruel things, that ordinarily mortal man outlives his immortal works. Obviously they would not be a good risk in any life-insurance scheme based on esthetic principles. Just as obviously prophecies of immortality ought

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to be discouraged. Indeed, the doctrine of immortality of master-works in music is largely fiction and can be demonstrated as such.

One striking example for many: the case of Spontini. Read memoirs or reports of his contemporaries; you will be astonished at the enthusiasm which this singular, gifted and historically important man aroused. Berlioz mentions him in the same breath with Mozart and Beethoven. That Spontini's operas "La Vestale" and "Cortez" could ever be forgotten, never entered his mind. Spontini's last and perhaps most imposing opera "Agnes von Hohenstaufen" dates from about 1837, but musical taste had changed to such an extent that not even a publisher cared to gamble with the opera. Times had progressed, Spontini had lingered behind, and "Master-works of Stragglers" seldom conjure more than a historical interest. Spontini died in 1852, almost unknown to the generation then in power, he, who in the heyday of his glory had been the most celebrated of all composers. Who knows him to-day? Who in America, for instance, can bear witness to the powerful choruses in the second act of his "La Vestale," or who has had an opportunity to listen to the unsurpassed verve and passion of Statira in his opera "Olympia"? The glory and the grandeur that were Spontini's, the greatest classicist in music, the J. L. David of music, have faded unto his very name, now a meaningless word of Italian flavor for the vast majority of supposedly cultured music-lovers.

* * *

As a rule, the era of modern music, of "vertical" chordal-harmonic music, as distinguished from the older "horizontal" contrapuntal-linear music, is said to begin about A. D. 1600, when the world witnessed, among other things, the first attempts at music-drama or opera. Since then more than three hundred years have flowed down the River of Time and at least three hundred immortals in all fields of music were born, died and have been forgotten. Barely the names of a few dozen standard-bearers of musical progress of the caliber of Monteverdi, Cesti, Scarlatti, Jommelli are familiar to us. Of their music only a negligible quantity forms part of our musical diet. Nor is the truth of this generalization weakened by a centennial or tercentennial gorging, as recently in England in the case of William Byrd, the later contemporary and perhaps the equal of Palestrina. Such exceptions merely emphasize the rule; that rule forces the prediction on us, by way of historical analogy, that sooner or later the classics

of our own era—practically only the nineteenth century—will share the fate of their predecessors. The time will come when they, too, will be considered antiquated and unbearable. Once more the sentimental among music-lovers will regret that such composers of such rather respectable talent were compelled to waste it on such primitive musical means, made obsolete by music's progress. Our classics, too, will remain on the surface for about two hundred years, if that long; then one fine day the last of them will have been swept into oblivion, so far as the general public is concerned, by the pressure of later styles and tendencies. And that regardless of the comparative genius back of old or new masterworks. The historian may rebel against the ever popular sport of relegating the giants of the past to the realm of a sort of musical geology with fossilized remains, but he may just as well protest against the tides.

Let us face the truth. In sheer genius, Handel equalled any composer before or after him, yet the attempts to save for posterity his works that are equal to the perennial "Messiah," seem to be futile, except abroad. Bach, on the other hand, we study and perform more than ever, which, incidentally, means little. The reason for this is not Bach's immunity from the rule, but that we have just about caught up with him and still are his debtors. On the other hand, surveying the totality of their musical estate, undeniably the interest in Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann is on the wane. Even Beethoven has reached the dangerous age when worship often supplants genuine desire to hear his works. In some quarters, indeed, Beethoven—and Mozart less than he—is no longer even accorded that respect to which in decency the name of a great genius of the past ought always to remain entitled even from the mouths of bored audiences, bored critics or bored futurists. As to Weber, the same may be said of him as of Mendelssohn: the classical mantle slipped from their shoulders and now graces in full splendor those of Brahms and Wagner. These great masters are in the plenitude of their popularity, but those who listen to subterranean rumblings know that a reaction against them set in long ago where such reactions generally originate: among composers. Not a reaction, of course, against the genius of Brahms and Wagner nor against the fructifying beauty of their works, but a rational conviction that they did not say the last word in music; that their methods cannot be borrowed without turning manner into mannerism and that a too close approach to such gigantic magnetic rocks of music will always plunge the unwary into a Maelstrom. Of this reaction,

dictated by self-preservation, the general public knows little and cares less. Nor will the infection spread to it until from the mass of floundering mediocrity some master emerges in the rôle of the piper of Hamelin with a tune equally persuasive, but new.

As a matter of historical fact, all immortality of classics so-called is relative. Strictly speaking it exists only on paper or in the minds of those—and in our country they are in the majority—who lack the historical perspective. Furthermore, the idea of classical itself constantly changes or, rather, constantly adjusts itself to the needs and preferences of a given era. For those who crave the drug of definitions be it said that no definition of the term classical covers all epochs equally well. (I say the "term" and not "the spirit," which is a different matter.) Every century, every style, boasts its immortal classics, but subsequent generations regulate title and rank at their own discretion and cultivate the fine art of forgetting prior classics with virtuosity, if not with virtue.

Medieval music, for instance, does not really lend itself to comparison with what went before or followed. Barely the outlines of the face of medieval music remain recognizable. Either the correct tradition disappeared or was polluted in course of time. With the result that only a handful of specialists among historical scholars to-day, after having grappled more or less successfully with the technique and notation of medieval music, may hope to understand and appreciate the sheer beauty of it. The rest of us stand before medieval music as before a sealed book or a lifeless block of brick and mortar that fell from the ramparts of the past, and we are rather complacently incredulous if told that medieval music, too, claimed its immortal classics. And yet the very names of such 12th-century worthies as Leoninus *Magnus*, Perotinus *Magnus*, ought to teach us the lesson that unfamiliarity breeds contempt not less than familiarity.

The sources of the Renaissance epoch of polyphonic music, of course, are closer to our appreciation. Nevertheless and again only the specialist, on the whole, can really appreciate the classical masters of that period by the same criteria as we do for our purposes Beethoven, Brahms or Wagner. Yet that epoch, too, saw composers of world-fame, men of incredible, preëminent genius, whose works their contemporaries valued at least as highly as we do those of our own revered classics. The names of Gabrieli, Byrd, Palestrina, Marenzio, Morales, Vittoria, Lasso, lead the mind back into a musical paradise which the faulty edifice of our musical life shuts off too much from our view and to which we

must be guided gently by enthusiasts who know how to unlock the forbidding gates of the past.

That the method of reasoning by way of historical analogy rarely satisfies those who consider history "bunk," I fully realize. However, other reasons may be adduced for the present purpose, though on this occasion they can only be sketched. To begin with, whatever else music may or may not be, music is the art of tone. The musician thinks tones, thinks in tones, and tones are the language for his message to the mind through the sense of hearing. He can convey his own emotions (which he has in common with his fellow-men) only through combinations of tones differing from each other in their aural effect as to pitch, time, color, function and so forth. This effect depends on the readiness of the receiving mind to approve or disapprove of the tonal sensation offered and thereby to enter or not into the intended spirit of the composition.

Immediately the old adage that familiarity breeds contempt becomes applicable. It is one of the predicaments of music that tonal sensations rapidly and uncomfortably grow stale in their appeal. The human ear seems to thirst for new aural sensations, for further differentiation of relational functions between tones, for further exploitation of the acoustical resources hidden in tones and their combinations. At any rate in occidental music with its largely harmonic conception of the raw materials of music. The individual tone never loses its vitality for musical purposes and the emotions have practically remained the same since Adam, but once certain combinations of tone begin to be pressed into service as ready-made patterns, they no longer stimulate the ear. Their freshness has faded and no music continues welcome indefinitely, however emotionally deep it may be or thoughtfully formed, which does not sound comparatively fresh at every hearing. Against second-hand or third-hand music our ears soon close themselves and only first-hand music has any chance for ultimate survival. Not all first-hand music is first-class, but all first-class music is first-hand with respect to those elements which make for durable freshness of aural appeal. That quality peculiarly attaches to all great music, whether it be a simple folk-tune or an intricate work of musical art.

Obviously a great folk-tune enjoys a decided advantage in this matter of survival, precisely because it is simple. Such a melody is not ballasted with other matter which may be more perishable. Not so an intricate work of musical art. Its central, life-giving melodic idea may possess the same quality of lasting

freshness of beauty, but it is no longer practically the only factor that counts. Harmony, counterpoint, elaboration, variation, instrumentation, forms, enter into the master's scheme of things. Each one of these factors must reckon with the phenomenon of yester-ears for music of yester-years. Each of them depends on its own condition of freshness of appeal and that condition of wear and tear rarely is the same for all constituents. The weakest link in the chain, however, unfortunately tends to determine the vitality of the whole.

As Goethe so wisely remarked in his "Wahlverwandschaften" even "the greatest minds are linked with their century by some weakness." This weakness causes the leak which prevents the vessel of a composer's ideas from floating securely and forever against the current of the Stream of Oblivion. And that even without other contributing causes, such as the fact that some instruments become obsolete and other instruments become the vehicles for musical thought, or, that the apparatus needed for the performance of music changes from time to time, or, that different fields of music face each other in different stages of development, or, that the repertoire of no organization or individual can possibly be unlimited and that the constantly increasing mass of meritorious music intensifies the process of selection, or, that the demands of the box-office altogether too frequently dominate the supply, or, finally and most important of all, that composers (and their interpreters as well as their audiences) are exponents of the never permanent "Zeitgeist." For instance, the romanticism of Schumann's or Wagner's days does not conform to the spirit of our own times. The middle-aged of our music-lovers may still succumb completely to its spell, but the younger generation does not and cannot. Either because it is not romantically inclined at all or from a different angle. That is particularly true of the young generation of composers whose musical utterances, whose natural impulses to participate in the affairs of mankind through their art, are directed by a "Zeitgeist" certainly no longer identical with that of sixty years ago.

Such are the predicaments of music. Granted that time does not destroy the intrinsic beauty of a work of art, in music, at any rate, every work of art suffers, as it were, from external ills which at bottom have little to do with music as music. It is this extraneous parasitic matter that seems to govern the life of a composition, and while a thing of beauty intrinsically is a joy forever, it is not so for the general public. Though time does not destroy the intrinsic value of an art-work, time plays havoc with the valuation

put upon it and with the demand for it. The work itself remains as beautiful as its creator could shape it, but sooner or later it ceases to be serviceable for the satisfaction of a public want. And oddly enough, the full enjoyment of "immortal" masterworks of the past gradually passes from the majority back again to the minority with minds attuned to an appreciation of substance regardless of changes in general taste.

Grotesque and absurd as I prefer this theory of the moribund to appear to me when every fibre of my soul vibrates again and again sympathetically with some cherished masterwork, historical analogy and those other reasons force on me nevertheless the dread that immortality in music is indeed a fiction. Of course, such a marvel of marvels as the "Meistersinger" will not disappear during your lifetime or that of your children, but that in course of time it will disappear, together with the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven, I cannot doubt. Such a calamity being a matter of a more or less remote and dismal future, it behooves us sensibly not to glue our eyes to the telescope, but to live in the present, to believe fondly that the music of our own classic era is the best imaginable for our musical welfare and to enjoy it as long as we may.

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A rather gloomy tale this, of the outgoing tide. That of the incoming tide is not less gloomy, but it is more amusing. I mean the proverbial struggle of the same great composers for a just and speedy recognition and their battle against the guardians of musical morals and the bonzes of stability.

As a matter of fact, comparatively few of our great composers received that attention and that appreciation during their lifetime which the next generation deemed the bounden duty of every educated person. Generally at first the majority balks and only a scattered minority has the enviable luck of recognizing a new genius when it sees him. This sense of discovery reconciles the lucky ones with the fact that their enthusiastic propaganda for their hero usually earns them such handy epithets as impudent and silly, until the powers of resistance have been broken. The few composers of world-importance who lived to see the full unfolding of their glory either reached the age of Methuselah or were unceremoniously cast aside soon after their death. But why should fate be kinder to the original minds in music than to the pathfinders among painters, poets or scientists? If, for example, the history of so practical a science as medicine contributes several

delectable pages to the history of stupidity, it would be a miracle indeed, if our own beloved art could plead innocence.

New ideas are in the air, so the popular saying goes, but it is the privilege of the men or women of genius to see and seize them. The rest of us then either move or do not move with the banner-bearers of new ideas. That is *our* privilege, but "moving" is generally a rather questionable pleasure and movings of the mind are particularly inconvenient. Yet the history of culture unfolds but an endless picture of just such mental movings. Since the transmission of new ideas, new points of view, from their individual inventors or discoverers to the mass of mankind necessarily consumes time, the great majority of us will always have to limp somewhat behind the "musicians of the future." Nor is there apparently any prospect that in the future human intelligence will be distributed more evenly and impartially than heretofore.

Hardly have we of the majority party accustomed ourselves with considerable difficulty to new minds, new styles, new ideas, new points of view, new procedures, when more likely than not a new mental moving threatens us, and it is only human to dislike to be dispossessed of cherished ideas which we have learned to act upon with a well-oiled routine. The more industriously, energetically, and systematically we cultivated them, the harder the ascent to our position, the greater will be the probability that we view new ideas with suspicion and aversion. Hence the strange spectacle that so many professionals, whether they be productive, reproductive or critical experts, turn into snarling watch-dogs of tradition. With blind fury they so often fly between the originator and the people, preach of the "immutable fundamentals" of music, of criminal violation of sacred, inherited laws of music and prostrate themselves before the authorities so called. Such tactics unfortunately not seldom obstruct temporarily the natural evolution of things. For the reason that the unsophisticated public hesitates between stability and progress and cannot be cured of its too often rather comical respect for "authorities" and "critics."

With all due respect for the incalculable good to be derived from study in the appreciation of music, esthetic taste can be taught only to a certain point, beyond which Nature refuses to respond. At any rate, persons who do not possess the esthetic instinct or possessing it have not trained it—and that still applies to the majority of music-lovers—are critically at sea and are ashamed to voice their own impressions. They prefer to echo the opinions of those on whom they rely for authoritative and infallible

utterance. In this somewhat roundabout process it not infrequently happens that neither composers nor critics recognize themselves in the verbal post-mortems of their audiences.

It has always been my firm belief that real innovators find quickest appreciation among those who perceive the vitality of new ideas, new procedures, by sheer instinct or sheer intellect. However, such persons are generally at first almost as few as the innovators themselves, because intelligence and education are by no means identical with critical instinct and acumen. In other words, most persons, whether laymen or professionals, lack the faculty to distinguish immediately between a good and a poor "novelty." Their intentions may be of the best, but their minds lack the critical angle. For that reason the spectacle of professional musicians opposing innovations in their art with even more fanaticism than certain sectors of the general public is not really such a puzzle, after all.

Even to-day one meets occasionally musicians who see in the later works of Wagner, "The Mastersingers," "Tristan and Isolde," "The Ring of the Nibelung," "Parsifal," a bizarre tohu bohu of disagreeable noises. Such antiquated anti-Wagnerians, like pygmies, have now been driven into the innermost recesses of the musical jungle. Wagner's theories and methods no longer hamper our view of the abundance of beauty in his works and we willingly accept into the bargain his extravagances, weaknesses and many an unimportant, tiresome declamatory desert. Twenty-five years ago, however, the pygmies could not have been called practically extinct. Fifty years ago they were in the majority and directed their poisoned arrows against Wagner with the same zeal as the one hundred per cent. Wagnerians of those days canonized every note and every notion of their deified master.

Perhaps it will be objected that this opposition against the later Wagner could have been foreseen. His revolutionary theories of art threatened to turn things in music upside down. Hence, he could not but arouse the indignation of older musicians, especially since the Wagnerians conducted their propaganda with inconsiderate ferocity. Furthermore, Wagner's later works so defied customary standards as inevitably to puzzle at first even cultured and intelligent musicians. Had Wagner continued in the course of "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin," he would not have had to cross an ocean of turbulent ink in order to conquer the whole musical world.

These arguments sound plausible enough until one realizes that the later works of Wagner do not deviate radically from his

earlier ones. Secondly, the dramaturgic theories of Wagner contained nothing bewilderingly new. With important modifications they merely repeated and stressed the demands of Marco da Gagliano, Monteverdi, Gluck, his librettist Calsabigi, Wieland, Weber and others. Furthermore, "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" encountered the same resistance on the part of many musicians and critics as did later on "Tristan," and the statistics of Albert Schütz prove that for decades performances of Wagner's early works were much more infrequent than is nowadays believed. Mendelssohn, to cite a few well-known examples, saw in Wagner more of an amateur and a charlatan than of a musician. Even the sensitive Schumann did not quite know what to make of Wagner. He divined in Wagner the coming man of opera, only to condemn him on some other occasion. Moritz Hauptmann, exceptionally well-equipped musician and as theoretician to this day the ancestor of most text-books on harmony, nevertheless suffered from myopia as a critic of the unfamiliar to such an extent that he delivered himself in 1846 on the Tannhäuser Overture of this amazing nonsense: "It is absolutely horrible, incomprehensible and unskilful"—and in 1847 he wrote: "I do not believe that a single piece of Wagner's will survive him." If a Moritz Hauptmann could be esthetically so deaf, what is one to expect of lesser minds! One of the most respected critics of those days was Otto Gumprecht, and yet he could hear in the music of Lohengrin nothing but "frosty streams of tone, chilling equally sense and mind." And in this key not just a few fanatics piped their tune, but very many "competent experts" who would not and could not forgive Wagner for daring to be himself. However, let us turn from the Thirty Years' War against Wagner to Brahms.

He could not very well be attacked, like Wagner, as an anarchist, so his opponents went to the other extreme and called him a classicist with nothing of his own to say, with no skill in orchestration and, worst of all, muddled and unintelligible. If Brahms was pictured as the apostle of boredom, the fault with the Russians was their emotional rawness, their confused meanderings, their inconsequential themes. For the proof of all this the prosecuting attorneys promptly haled Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert into court as witnesses for the true and good and everlastingly beautiful in music;—the dear old papa Haydn, the amiable, inoffensive, serene Mozart, the powerful yet so simple and easily understood Beethoven, and so forth. From them and their methods the laws of the eternally beautiful were extracted and abstracted, but they were then shoved before the young

musicians' eyes so closely as to obscure from their vision what really counts and is so different from man-made laws: the natural principles which govern all music, whether it be classic or ultra-modern. The trouble with those who dinned and still din into our ears the musical laws as laid down by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, is that they teach musical history backwards.

The musical speech of these great masters has assumed for us the essence of intelligibility, lucidity and simplicity only because the world became accustomed to it long ago and gradually. Their contemporaries felt quite differently about it. Not that they denied them talent, genius, individuality, but they reprimanded them, as their forebears had done on prior occasions and their descendants were to do on later occasions, for expressing their individuality with such apparently unbridled, self-confident indifference to established canons of art. Everything that in their style of utterance conflicted with tradition, was promptly censored as incoherent and confused; for the salvation of their musical souls they were tearfully or contemptuously recommended to betake themselves to the feet of some "classic" model by now, of course, totally forgotten.

Incredible as it may seem, "Papa" Haydn was spared this period of shoulder-shrugging and benevolent schoolmastering not less than any other "classic," that is to say, before the world condescended to place him on a classical pedestal. One need but read occasional remarks of his young friend and disciple Mozart to be reminded of the fact that many "authorities" of those days failed to share Mozart's enthusiastic admiration for Haydn. Any other attitude would have been humanly impossible for the majority, in view of Haydn's bold innovations in form, orchestration, harmony, which so distinguish his works from those of his predecessors and contemporaries.

If Haydn's innovations have lost their appeal of startling novelty the reason is that we do not ordinarily listen to music historically or even musically, but only on the basis of actual tonal sensation. Furthermore, we have artificially bred the notion of Haydn as a "jovial Papa." But Mozart, to whom we owe this widely misunderstood label, never dreamed of characterizing therewith Haydn's music as old-fashioned; he merely alluded to the freshness of Haydn and to the difference in age between himself and the revered master who at the time of Mozart's death had reached his sixtieth year. Unfortunately, musicians ever since, at any rate altogether too many of them, interpreted the "Papa" literally. They adjusted (and adjust) their performance

of Haydn's works, except in the case of his oratorios where such nonsense is difficult, to that label; they treat also such passages in Haydn's music with a jovial, grandfatherly smile which sound even for harmonically spoiled ears anything but antiquated and emotionally shallow.

If Haydn's music bears a label, so does Mozart's. It reads: serene, winsome, graceful, polished, euphonious, smiling through tears. Accordingly, in the customary performance of Mozart's works everything purls neatly and on a polished surface. Euphonious Mozart always is, indeed, and that remains the baffling secret of his art, but the penetrating, severe beauty of almost astringent and pessimistic brooding with bursts of upflaming passion in Mozart's mature works, for instance his last quartets and a few of his later piano-concertos, rarely is accorded due significance. That is an utterly wrong relation of values. Now, Mozart in his lifetime was esteemed as a pianist of genius, but his compositions frequently impressed his contemporaries as the far-fetched, bizarre, eccentric, unintelligible utterances of an unbalanced radical. In his case, too, the same old bugaboo of music was pressed into service: confused modulations, noisy instrumentation, frosty melody, contempt of the human voice. Read, for instance, the Berlin criticisms of his opera "Don Giovanni." If Mozart had died as the Mozart of our appreciation courses in music, his funeral and burial would not have become so ghastly an episode in musical history. As a matter of tragical fact, Mozart's death in his thirty-sixth year was hastened by disappointments, despair and overwork, when it just dawned upon musicians and music-lovers generally that not merely a remarkable pianist had lived among them, but a composer of fabulous genius to whom they had preferred during his lifetime numerous mediocrities.

The case of Schubert is, in a way, not less weird. That his "Unfinished Symphony" was not discovered until about forty years after his death, we may call an accident, due to the careless kind of life Schubert lived. It is different with his songs. He composed about six hundred of them, and at first the songs of Schubert were considered so bereft of all sense and so eccentric that the publisher Diabelli mutilated and recomposed them in cold blood before venturing to put them on the market. The famous singer Vogl, a friend of Schubert, sang his songs gladly in private, but for some time lacked the courage to sing them, publicly. And it so happened that a then quite popular Dresden composer-conductor of the same name as Franz Schubert, protested vehemently against confusing his music with the amateurish

drivel of the unspeakable Franz Schubert of Vienna. The drivel happened to be the "Erlkönig"!

Of course, with these anecdotes I am telling you nothing new, but to remind you of these old stories from Moronia becomes necessary, if my thesis is to stimulate thought in the direction intended. Against this thesis of our habitual and shocking stupidity towards the innovators in music, usually Beethoven serves as a counter-argument. I cannot concede, however, that Beethoven's case diverges essentially from that of other composers who became classics. Like Mozart, Beethoven had access to the palaces of the Viennese aristocracy, then ravenously hungry for music. But, Beethoven often was welcome less as a composer than as a powerful pianist and as a fascinating improviser at the piano. Naturally the fact that Beethoven specialized more or less in his own works, accelerated their appreciation in those circles. Beyond them censure kept pace with praise, the more original Beethoven's compositions became, the more freely his individuality developed and the farther away he roamed from the derivatory works of his Bonn period and of his study-years in Vienna under Haydn and Albrechtsberger. Incidentally, as proof of the frequent inability of very gifted musicians to peer into the future of their art, the fact may be cited that Beethoven's mentors never quite knew what to think of him. In all seriousness Albrechtsberger remarked of the then twenty-three-year-old Beethoven that he probably would never amount to anything, and Haydn more than once shook his head at works which belong to the beginning of Beethoven's "second period," in other words are far removed from some of the even to-day somewhat "problematic" works of the "last" Beethoven.

Of course, a mighty personality could not fail to be discerned in Beethoven, but the world at large regretted that he had himself so little in hand. Not even his first two symphonies, surely to-day as clear as crystal, escaped this verdict. They were called extremely difficult to understand, and unnecessarily difficult to execute, products of a vivid but unchecked imagination, the very limit of the permissible. By the time they no longer contained hard nuts to crack and the third symphony, the "Eroica," had arrived, Beethoven was counselled to return to the beautiful, simple style of his first two symphonies. The same game repeated itself from work to work until finally the world came to regard as reactionary imbeciles those to whom Beethoven's boldness caused any discomfort.

Again a few critical morsels of those days, familiar through Thayer and other biographers of Beethoven, may illustrate the point. Carl Czerny of pedagogical notoriety, and a pupil of Beethoven, reports that the Kreutzer Sonata in 1805 was simply laughed at. Czerny also remembered that at the *première* of the "Eroica" symphony, someone yelled from the gallery: "I'll give another Kreuzer (the entrance fee), if it will only stop." On "Fidelio" the "Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung" of 1805 unbosomed itself as follows: "The whole, if one views it calmly and impartially, is neither remarkable for ideas nor workmanship." Practically all of the String quartets, op. 59, were declared by Beethoven's colleagues to be "crazy music." An English organist called them "patchwork of a lunatic." Particularly the third Leonore Overture disconcerted the critical brotherhood. The Vienna correspondent of the "Zeitung für die elegante Welt," though liking other parts of the opera, insisted that "the overture displeases because of the incessant dissonances and the excessive stridency of the violins, and on the whole is artifice more than art." A reviewer in Kotzebue's paper "Der Freimüthige" remarked: "Recently the overture of his (Beethoven's) opera Fidelio, performed only a few times, was heard at the Augarten. All impartial connoisseurs and lovers of music agreed that never had anything so incoherent, harsh, confused and insulting to the ears been perpetrated as music. The most brutal modulations follow one another in really horrible harmonies, and a few insignificant ideas, which rob the work of any and every vestige of sublimity, for example a post-horn solo which probably is supposed to announce the arrival of the Governor, complete the disagreeable, deafening impression."

These few quotations will suffice; they could be added to *ad libitum*, if the contention be that they merely indicate isolated instances of critical blundering. If, on the other hand, it be objected that such short-sightedness characterizes only that period and not previous or later ones, then the open book of musical history puts this type of conscientious objectors on the defensive. Whether it be the great composers of the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries or the composers mentioned, or from them to Chopin, Weber, Schumann, Franck, Strauss, Debussy, Mousorgsky, Liszt, Mahler, Scriabine, Schönberg, Stravinsky, always and ever, with comparatively few exceptions, we witness the same comedy of errors in almost the same language. Against a handful of defenders of the new faith, the bulk of contemporary

opinion at first cried anathema, until trampled underfoot by the natural and rapid march of events.

True, Weber's "Freischütz" in 1821 created immediately in many persons a furore of enthusiasm, but just as many music-lovers sincerely rallied round Spontini, condemning the champions of the "dilettantic, affected, indigestible" Weber as idiots and faddists. What a hard road Robert Schumann travelled, until his lovely, chaste romanticism had conquered the position due him! One of Schumann's most enchanting works is his piano-forte concerto, and yet Davison, the foremost British critic in Schumann's days, obstinately refused to concede to that concerto any music whatsoever. As against Schumann in his estimation and that of others, the more polished Mendelssohn (nowadays, I hasten to add, sadly underestimated) reigned supreme. Thus, no page in the history of stupidity remains blank and we, too, shall not permit the chapters reserved for us to retain their spotless color of innocence.

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And the moral of all this?

Most decidedly not that every modernist has the makings of a classic in him or that every new composer of topsy-turvy music is a genius. Indeed, some geniuses have a strange way of merely summing up their epoch without adopting for their ideas conspicuously new outer garments. On the other hand, mere talent, unable to fill the tonal vessels at hand with new matter, often deliberately concerns itself with designing new patterns. Hence, talent recognized as such breaks new ground for music, whatever the depth or fertility of the soil may be, just as frequently as real genius. In the works of the latter the externally new is seldom consciously of primary importance in comparison with the new substance and spirit of the message. There lies the real obstacle to a speedy understanding by conservative, one might almost say, preservative minds. Since the substance determines so often the manner, they then direct their attack against the former by way of the latter. Newness in itself, of course, is neither a virtue nor a defect; least of all is it a virtue, if merely a matter of age. A new work of art is not good or bad because it happens to be new, any more than an old work of art is good because it happens to be old. However, the contrary view appeals to the snobs and to those whom no amount of reasoning will convince that the art of genius, whether new or old, is essentially evolutionary, however revolutionary in appearance.

Much of the music of ultra-modern newness impresses me as silly, puerile or senile (or both), senselessly ugly, abortively experimental, complacently superficial, artificial rather than artistic, deliberately distorted, unmusical and therefore suicidal. Moreover, it operates with clichés just as deadly and dull as the clichés of numberless composers who still compose à la Brahms, Wagner, Strauss, Debussy, and use the blotting-papers of such masters for their own counterfeit masterworks or pot-boilers. Nevertheless, I have aligned myself actively with modernistic tendencies, while retaining my love for the classics undimmed. Not because otherwise I may later on find the finger of scorn pointed at me as a sort of Rip Van Winkle, but because in music experiments and indeed eccentricity are necessary. To compose à la Brahms, Wagner, Debussy, Strauss—or Schönberg, for that matter—is not a crime and generally is the most natural thing to do for those whom Nature wants to be more or less interesting parrots. A broad, neutral background of similarity is required to allow the dissimilar to stand out, and life is not made up of thrills only. We need skilful carpenters in music, too, but we need just as urgently the pathfinders, the pioneers, the adventurers. In other words, as an antidote for the extreme of reactionary stupor we require the other extreme of radical counter-irritants. The art of composing music cannot be confined to water-tight reservoirs, if it is to flow on and not stagnate. Not until the possibilities of tonal combinations have been exhausted, will or can ever young musical blood relinquish its natural desire to nourish the arteries of music with something of its own. Much of this ambition will be wasted, much of the effort will be misdirected, and the cemeteries of music will continue to fill up with failures, but every futile experiment will be a stepping-stone in the right direction for the few composers destined to solve the problems of tone-chemistry, that is to say, for those who successfully mould the materials of music by new processes into new music which is music and beautiful music at that. However, not necessarily *lovely* music, for the simple reason that loveliness is but one species of beauty.

Dislike, therefore, modernistic music as much as you please, but let your attitude towards modernistic tendencies at least be that of "watchful waiting." Discourage, if you must, what you consider crazy, but do not discourage it in such a manner as to close the door of opportunity against the coming man who may not be, after all, quite so crazy as we think or as many of his contemporaries believed Beethoven to be. If, for instance, a conductor who has proven himself many a time a devoted interpreter

of classical beauty, feels in duty bound to acquaint his audience with the works of strange, new composers, hiss the composer, if your outraged ears compel you, but do not hiss the conductor. On the contrary, insist that he continue to broaden your musical horizon regardless of your personal likes and dislikes, for, who knows, while your neighbor may squirm at some (for him) atrocious new composition, you may suddenly find yourself, for some unaccountable reason, enjoying it keenly as a new experience of musical beauty. By all means ought the classics to retain the place of honor in our musical life, but we ought to be tolerant enough towards otherwise perhaps unwelcome guests from strange musical shores not to deny them at least the hospitality of transient hotel-accommodation.

A similar tolerance we may rightly expect of professional critics, but—they may expect it in fairness also of us. The critic knows himself to be the most despised of men, but he also knows that his morsels of praise will promptly be circulated as bait for the hungry and somewhat gullible public. He smiles at such farcical hypocrisy and continues serenely on his way, for he knows at least this, that he is entitled to his opinions, as we are to ours. However, not to more, unless by his work he prove himself in possession of both the divining rod and the scalpel. To report facts such as that an artist sang or played out of tune or that he (the critic) could not dignify more than a third of the program with his presence, is one thing; to express opinions and estimates of value is quite another. Yet there exists such a gift, rare though it may be, as critical instinct. If that instinct be fortified by sound technical, esthetic and historical knowledge, the combination will prove helpful in the crowded arteries of musical life somewhat after the manner of a traffic-police.

True, we have among us more incompetent critics than competent ones, but the relative percentage only equals that of good *versus* poor pianists or composers. Also, there exist, I fear, able physicians and what not in close professional proximity to the other species. The latter may do much harm, but they do not count against the profession as such. Even the most skilful of surgeons occasionally adds a notch to his gun. In other words, infallibility ought not to be expected of even the best of critics, simply because he is hired to exhibit his opinions in plain view of the public. But we may expect of him an unflinching courage of his convictions, provided such courage does not deteriorate into joy-rides of prejudice or into the sport of witticism at someone else's expense.

The historical and daily fact that critics disagree so amusingly, bears no importance whatsoever. At its best (or worst) criticism is personal utterance and possesses no other and no higher value. The function of a critic, if properly understood by him and us, is to prepare a frictional surface for the match of our own opinion. Undoubtedly in musical history the ablest critics erred often and miserably, but is that a reproach? Why set critics apart from the rest of humanity? True, a Hanslick blundered in the case of Wagner, by pouncing on his weaknesses and blinding himself against his virtues, but Hanslick did not err in the case of Brahms. On the whole he guided his public rightly more than that he misled it. That I believe to be the crucial test of any critic, whether in Europe or in our own country. We, too, have our Hanslicks. We see them condemn in regrettable language of ridicule and abuse many a composer who has mastered his *métier* and dares leave the beaten path, but we have also seen them fight a clean and valiant fight for the gods of their own youth against the odds of then prevailing reluctance and prejudice. For that reason their sins ought to be forgiven, but do not take critics more seriously than they take themselves.

Weber somewhere in his writings called the individual auditor stupid, but the auditors in the aggregate, the public, infallibly wise. Not very kind to any of us, and very flattering to all of us, but demonstrably untrue. Conceivably, works of permanent merit may not reach the public at all or may reach it under such adverse conditions as to bar further attention. Also, the power of genius is such as to change hisses into cheers very rapidly and to force itself ultimately through the resisting crust of any public, if but his ideas be given the opportunity to germinate somewhere. Still, in the usual course of human events, the public can break or make any composer in so far as he depends on the general public for his position in the musical world. That power ought not to be wielded without a corresponding sense of responsibility. That in turn places on the individual auditor the duty to prepare himself adequately for his functions as a juror. This he cannot do without acquiring through study a reasonable grasp of the essential factors and qualities of music. The best method of studying music for that purpose will always be to listen habitually to good music and to hear it with one's own ears open and not through the ears of one's favorite critic.

Thus the moral which I desired to point out simmers down to this simple recipe: Once you have properly trained your ears and mind to hear music as music, rely on your own opinion of the

esthetic value of new music, whether it coincide with the verdict of critics and professional musicians or not. In matters of technique, their judgment generally will surpass that of any non-professional musician, but beyond that their guess will often not turn out to be better (or worse) than yours. Avoid the sacrifice of your own impression on the altar of an authority so called, simply because the authority is supposed to know better. Historical experience has abundantly demonstrated that the authorities err as often, if not oftener, than an impartial, neutral public when it comes to recognizing in art a new star. As for the rest of the moral, it is a matter of modesty and manners. In fact, on thinking this prescription over, I conclude that modesty and manners are even more important than self-expression. For all of us except our composers, who will never get very far unless they add to the premises of talent and technique occasionally an inconsiderate audacity of expression. Our composers I should like to remind of the advice of no less an offender against the musical proprieties of his time than Richard Wagner: "Boys, create something new, new and again new!"

PATTERNS IN SOUND

By R. W. S. MENDEL

MUSIC in the twentieth century is said to have taken a turn for the better. It has recovered from romanticism and has regained, or is in process of regaining, its pristine purity. Abstract music, which dived beneath the earth about the time of Mozart's death, has come to the surface again in an age in which Arnold Schönberg made his celebrated 'volte face' and Stravinsky produced his Symphony for wind instruments. Henceforth, music—or the only music that will count—is to have nothing to do with emotional expression or story-telling. Sound patterns are to be the order of the day.

This, we are told, is, after all, the only true function of music. Why should Beethoven have bothered the rest of mankind with the story of his life in sound? What business had Berlioz or Strauss to make their art the mere bondmaiden of pictures and history? Music is not merely capable of standing by itself. It is entitled to do so; it shall do so!

The popular superstition that music can have a religious significance is, when all is said, an illusion; certain rhythms and progressions have been used for ecclesiastical purposes so long that, by a pardonable but quite mistaken association of ideas, we have come to believe that they are naturally adapted to them. The major chord seems cheerful only because your ear is getting the harmonics which it was expecting to get. Does the minor chord sound sad to you? Cheer up! It is only because, without knowing it, you had a craving for major harmonics and are disappointed subconsciously when you do not get what you wanted.

It really was a gigantic mistake ever to allow music to try to portray emotions or depict "programmes," because that sort of thing is foreign to its essence. All the great nineteenth-century masters were obviously on the wrong tack. Bach went astray too, very often: fancy such a sensible fellow thinking it was part of music's province to tell the story of the Passion or to voice the sentiments of mankind at Christmas! Handel was a most misguided man: he was actually fool enough to think that the music of his oratorios reflected the spirit of the words to which it was set. Haydn presumably laboured under the same delusion about

his "Creation." Poor Mozart! How pathetic that he should have bowed before a false god! Why was not our modern musical Evangelist alive to point out to him, quite gently, that you cannot really compose a serenade to be sung beneath a lady's window, and that all you can do is to invent a "sound pattern," the rhythm of which fits the verse. And woe betide you if your music seems to have the character of a serenade: for then you have introduced something alien to the true nature of the art.

Byrd and the other great Elizabethans are beginning to turn in their graves. During their lifetime they fondly believed that in their madrigals and motets they were expressing musically the mood of the poems which they were setting. Now it turns out that they did nothing of the sort. Their music really has no sort of connection with the meaning of the words at all. It cannot have, otherwise the new Evangelism would be all wrong; and that is unthinkable.

In fact, the only people who had a proper idea of the real function of music before the present enlightened age were some of the pre-Beethoven composers in those lucid intervals when they wrote instrumental music which seems neither to convey any particular emotions nor to describe anything extraneous to music. Even in instrumental music, however, they occasionally abandoned the true ideal—Bach being the chief offender in that respect before Beethoven, while Mozart or even Haydn can be caught out sometimes. Nay, even the early Italians and the Tudor masters have been known—oh! shame upon them—to express joy and sorrow through the medium of stringed instruments or virginal.

Readers of Thackeray may remember a notable description of a musical evening at Mrs. Ridley's, when Miss Cann sang and played the piano to the delight of little John James. It comes in the eleventh chapter of "The Newcomes," and I cannot resist quoting it in full:

"Old and weazened as that piano is, feeble and cracked her voice, it is wonderful what a pleasant concert she can give in that parlour of a Saturday evening, to Mrs. Ridley, who generally dozes a good deal, and to a lad, who listens with all his soul, with tears sometimes in his great eyes, with crowding fancies filling his brain and throbbing at his heart, as the artist plies her humble instrument. She plays old music of Handel and Haydn, and the little chamber anon swells into a cathedral, and he who listens beholds altars lighted, priests ministering, fair children swinging censers, great oriel windows gleaming in sunset, and seen through arched columns, and avenues of twilight marble. The young fellow who hears her has been often and often to the Opera and the theatres. As she plays Don Juan, Zerlina comes tripping over the

meadows, and Masetto after her, with a crowd of peasants and maidens; and they sing the sweetest of all music, and the heart beats with happiness, and kindness, and pleasure. Piano, Pianissimo! the city is hushed. The towers of the great cathedral rise in the distance, its spires lighted by the broad moon. The statues in the moonlit place cast long shadows athwart the pavement; but the fountain in the midst is dressed out like Cinderella for the night, and sings and wears a crest of diamonds. That great sombre street all in shade, can it be the famous Toledo? or is it the Corso? or is it the great street in Madrid, the one which leads to the Escorial where the Rubens and Velasquez are? It is Fancy Street—Poetry Street—Imagination Street—the street where lovely ladies look from balconies; where cavaliers strike mandolins, and draw swords and engage; where long processions pass, and venerable hermits, with long beards, bless the kneeling people; where the rude soldiery, swaggering through the place with flags and halberts, and fife and dance, seize the slim waists of the daughters of the people and bid the pifferari play to their dancing. Blow, bagpipes, a storm of harmony! become trumpets, trombones, ophicleides, fiddles, and bassoons! Fire, guns! Sound, tocsins! Shout, people! Louder, shriller and sweeter than all, sing thou, ravishing heroine! And see, on his cream-coloured charger Masaniello prances in, and Fra Diavolo leaps down the balcony, carbine in hand; and Sir Huon of Bordeaux sails up to the quay with the Sultan's daughter of Babylon. All these delights and sights, and joys and glories, these thrills of sympathy, movements of unknown longing, and visions of beauty, a young sickly lad of eighteen enjoys in a little dark room, where there is a bed disguised in the shape of a wardrobe, and a little old woman is playing under a gas-lamp on the jingling keys of an old piano.

No doubt it will be said that little John James put into the music a lot of fancies which were not there. Of course, being an imaginative child, he found much that would not present itself to the minds of more prosaic mortals. But of the two extremes, which attitude comes nearer to the truth about music? It was the art of the older masters—Handel, Haydn, Mozart—that Miss Cann revealed to the little boy: we wonder what he would have said to the works of the nineteenth century tone-poets. Perhaps—dare one suggest it?—he would have discovered pictures in the sound patterns of the twentieth century!

Most of us will agree, however, that abstract music does exist. Instrumental music before Beethoven was very largely of this order. And now certain composers have started to write it again. That fact of itself neither condemns them as reactionary nor entitles them to the acclamations bestowed upon them in some quarters, for having reasserted the true character of the art. For music has but one ultimate function—to be beautiful. Those who can make beautiful music—be it pictorial, or emotional, or "absolute"—give the world what it seeks. The fact that certain

colours are appropriately used in the design of a Persian rug does not mean that Raphael was straying beyond the true province of the art of colour, because he used the same ones to paint a picture of the Madonna. If to Schönberg and Stravinsky it is natural to trace sound patterns rather than to tell stories or present human moods in music, we ask only that those patterns shall be beautiful.

Even if it were true that certain music seems religious merely through an association of ideas which has persisted through many generations, we should still want to know why the first composer who used those particular musical devices for church purposes selected them in preference to others. But of course it is really unthinkable that he consciously selected them at all. An artist is not a scientist. He writes what he feels, and if he be a musician and is in a religious mood he composes music which he and we feel to be devotional, because music is his language. If Bach's B minor Mass seems to us to be truly sacred while Rossini's "Stabat Mater" does not, it is hardly a satisfactory explanation to say that Bach, unlike Rossini, was using devices traditionally associated with public worship; for nothing could be more unlike all the ecclesiastical music that had been produced before him than Bach's great religious works are: the B minor Mass, for instance, is full of chromatic effects, novel harmonies and intervals, and striking rhythmic devices, all of which are as far removed from Byrd, Palestrina, and the church music of previous generations, as they are from the orchestral colours of Strauss or Rimsky-Korsakov. And if it be asked why we do not find Rossini's charming work to be sacred in tone, the simple answer is either that he was not really a religious minded man, or that at any rate his moods were not devotional when he composed the "Stabat Mater."

The theory that the natural, or the only, function of music is to present patterns in sound, suffers from the fatal objection that it is only a theory: it may be a plausible theory and it may also be useful as an 'apologia' for certain products that appear to have no other 'raison d'être.' But unfortunately for its advocates it is overwhelmingly contradicted by the facts of musical history. It is not much use assuring the music lovers of the world that music is, or ought to be, only sound patterns, when the vast majority of composers for the last few hundred years have evidently been using it for entirely different purposes. Nor do we dispose of the cheerfulness of the major chord, as compared with the minor, merely by suggesting a possible scientific explanation of it. The psychological fact remains. A disturbance of your liver may account for your bad temper; but it is not identical with it.

It has often been pointed out that it is impossible to divide music up into categories by hard and fast boundaries: we cannot draw a rigid line between programme music, absolute music, and emotional music. But although a great deal of the music—both ancient and modern—which is said to be absolute, is tinged here and there with emotion, the making of sound patterns represents one important branch of the musical art. Whether music of this kind is capable of rising to the same heights of beauty as religious or emotional music, is another matter. We can apply the word "sublime" to the first movement of the Ninth Symphony or to some of Bach's choruses, but hardly perhaps to a sound pattern, however beautiful it may be. And most of us would agree that Mozart is at his greatest when he is least abstract, as in the G minor Symphony, the C minor Fantasia, the Requiem, or the scene with the Commendatore just before the end of "Don Giovanni."

Nevertheless, after hearing a great deal of intensely emotional music, it may be almost as much of a relief to hear a beautiful piece of absolute music, as it is to breathe the fresh air of the country after some overwhelming human experience. And it is, no doubt, this natural desire for contrast that has produced the sound patterns of the twentieth century. They are a reaction from the music of Wagner, of Tchaikovsky, and of Scriabin.

The advocates of modern abstract music commonly assume that those who do not enjoy Stravinsky's symphony for wind instruments or most of the chamber music which he composed between 1918 and 1920, object to those works because they are "mere sound patterns." This is an illusion. They dislike these compositions because they find them ugly, and object as strongly to Schönberg's "Pierrot Lunaire," which is not abstract music at all. There is no prejudice against absolute music as such. On the contrary, most music-lovers take an unabated delight in sound patterns of the pre-Beethoven instrumentalists and in much twentieth-century absolute music, too. The beauty of such compositions as Holst's "St. Paul's Suite" for strings, or his Fugal Concerto; of the Ravel quartet; of the concerto for piano, tenor voice, strings, and percussion, composed by Arthur Bliss; of Percy Grainger's "Mock Morris"; of Elgar's Introduction and Allegro for strings—is very largely abstract.

If the first and third pianoforte concerti of Prokofiev fail to convince us, this has nothing to do with the fact that they are wholly devoid of emotion: our indifference to them is due to their being the insignificant productions of an essentially commonplace mind.

Before we applaud Stravinsky for having given up writing picturesque music like "Petrouchka" and the "Firebird," or Schönberg for having turned his back upon the style of his more youthful compositions, we want to be quite sure that the change has been for the better: but what some of us feel is, that the excursion which these two composers have made into the realm of abstract music, has not produced anything comparable to the sound patterns contained in many a Bach fugue, or Haydn quartet, or to the occasional absolutism of Holst and Bliss. To experiment in sonorities is hardly an end in itself; however interesting it may be to those actually engaged in it, the world cares only if the result pleases it: and the world does not on the whole find the "Symphony for wind instruments" pleasing, nor is it likely to do so either in this or any age. Even if that composition turns out to have marked an important stage in the development of music, Matthew Arnold's exposure of the fallacy of estimating works of art merely from the historical point of view remains as true to-day as when it was written. Some of the naked sound sensations discovered by certain modern composers may prove to be the raw material from which a wondrous fabric will one day be constructed. But that possibility does not make them beautiful in themselves, and even their interest is potential rather than actual.

The greatest of all weavers of pure patterns in sound was J. S. Bach. This is not as much as to say that he was at his greatest when he composed abstract music. For in spite of the endless beauty and charm of his instrumental works, it yet remains true that Bach never rose to such wondrous heights as when he was engaged upon the finest of his sacred choral compositions, and to describe these simply as patterns in sound is to be guilty of a terminological inexactitude. But when he was in a mood to produce abstract music, there was never a composer who could rival him in this particular 'genre.' For Beethoven, whom posterity will probably declare to be the king of all writers for instruments (even if some of the present generation have been induced to make fatuous and often insincere attempts to dethrone him), was at his weakest when he was most absolute, that is, in his early days. Beethoven's especial glory was to express an infinity of moods and emotions in instrumental music, while still making use, in the main, of the eighteenth-century structure. When, in his youth, he was composing purely objective music, as in most of the movements of his early sonatas and quartets, he was doing something which Mozart and Haydn had, on the whole, done very much better before him. With Bach it was different. Much as

we may admire the deeply felt Adagio from the Fifth "Brandenburg" or the tender Siciliano from the E major concerto for piano-forte and strings, the mystical E flat minor prelude from Book 1 of the Forty-eight, or that wistful little fugue in G minor for organ, we hardly feel that such compositions as these are in any way superior, for instance, to the pure architecture of the great organ Toccata in F, the abstract perfection of the D major fugue in Book 1 of the Forty-eight, or the objective brilliance of the opening movement in the Third "Brandenburg" concerto.

There is, of course, a sense in which every piece of music in the world is a pattern of sound. It would be possible to listen to Debussy's "Après-midi d'un faune" and find in it nothing but a delicate blending of sound sensations. But if we are honest with ourselves, we must own that this can be done only by shutting up a part of the mind, and, as it were, turning a deaf ear to another aspect of the music which is no more illusory than the vibrations themselves. This aspect—be it the emotional, or imaginative, or pictorial appeal of the music—cannot satisfactorily be attributed solely to the title which the composer has bestowed upon the work; it springs from the very substance and fabric of the music itself, in the same way as an emotional significance starts up from the core of hundreds of instrumental compositions which bear no other appellation than "sonata number so and so" or "prelude in A flat." In the case of a work like the "Après-midi," the title serves to *préciser* the composer's intentions for us—to make clear and unmistakable a meaning which otherwise we should have but dimly realised. But even without the title, the prelude could justly never have been considered to be an abstract piece of music.

Take any one of the "Planets" of Holst. Each of them is a marvellous tone pattern. But each of them is also something more than that, and would be something more even without the title to help us to appreciate the composer's thought. To put the "Planets" in the same category as the "St. Paul's Suite" is simply to misunderstand Holst and incidentally to underestimate the composer, one of whose chief glories is his truly amazing versatility. The "Colour Symphony" of Arthur Bliss, which of all works in this world might have been expected to be a succession of sound patterns, was inspired by the impulse to express various aspects of human experience and character which are associated with different colours: if we insist on regarding it all as absolute music, we miss the point just as fundamentally as if by a process of mental abstraction we were to revel only in the cunning interweaving of parts in "Sing ye to the Lord" and ignore its spiritual

Before we applaud Stravinsky for having given up writing picturesque music like "Petrouchka" and the "Firebird," or Schönberg for having turned his back upon the style of his more youthful compositions, we want to be quite sure that the change has been for the better: but what some of us feel is, that the excursion which these two composers have made into the realm of abstract music, has not produced anything comparable to the sound patterns contained in many a Bach fugue, or Haydn quartet, or to the occasional absolutism of Holst and Bliss. To experiment in sonorities is hardly an end in itself; however interesting it may be to those actually engaged in it, the world cares only if the result pleases it: and the world does not on the whole find the "Symphony for wind instruments" pleasing, nor is it likely to do so either in this or any age. Even if that composition turns out to have marked an important stage in the development of music, Matthew Arnold's exposure of the fallacy of estimating works of art merely from the historical point of view remains as true to-day as when it was written. Some of the naked sound sensations discovered by certain modern composers may prove to be the raw material from which a wondrous fabric will one day be constructed. But that possibility does not make them beautiful in themselves, and even their interest is potential rather than actual.

The greatest of all weavers of pure patterns in sound was J. S. Bach. This is not as much as to say that he was at his greatest when he composed abstract music. For in spite of the endless beauty and charm of his instrumental works, it yet remains true that Bach never rose to such wondrous heights as when he was engaged upon the finest of his sacred choral compositions, and to describe these simply as patterns in sound is to be guilty of a terminological inexactitude. But when he was in a mood to produce abstract music, there was never a composer who could rival him in this particular 'genre.' For Beethoven, whom posterity will probably declare to be the king of all writers for instruments (even if some of the present generation have been induced to make fatuous and often insincere attempts to dethrone him), was at his weakest when he was most absolute, that is, in his early days. Beethoven's especial glory was to express an infinity of moods and emotions in instrumental music, while still making use, in the main, of the eighteenth-century structure. When, in his youth, he was composing purely objective music, as in most of the movements of his early sonatas and quartets, he was doing something which Mozart and Haydn had, on the whole, done very much better before him. With Bach it was different. Much as

we may admire the deeply felt Adagio from the Fifth "Brandenburg" or the tender Siciliano from the E major concerto for piano-forte and strings, the mystical E flat minor prelude from Book 1 of the Forty-eight, or that wistful little fugue in G minor for organ, we hardly feel that such compositions as these are in any way superior, for instance, to the pure architecture of the great organ Toccata in F, the abstract perfection of the D major fugue in Book 1 of the Forty-eight, or the objective brilliance of the opening movement in the Third "Brandenburg" concerto.

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significance altogether; or as if we could see nothing but an exquisite grouping of colours in Botticelli's "Spring."

There is, then, no reason to rush forward and shake a composer warmly by the hand on the ground that, by producing naked sound matter, he is restoring Music, like a long lost child, to the home of her parents, after her misguided adventures amid the pictorial and emotional perils of the nineteenth century. The only question is, whether she is assuming a shape which is in some way gratifying to our souls. The possibilities that are opened up along the path of absolute tone sensations are almost infinite. This direction has in fact, been explored less than the other highways and by-ways in the garden of sound. It may be that as the twentieth century rolls on, there will be many strange and, let us hope, many beautiful experiences of this kind in store for us, and that human voices, as well as instruments, will be joined in the shifting kaleidoscope of musical patterns.

But other paths, besides, lie open to the musicians of the future.

ROBERT SCHUMANN AND HEINRICH HEINE

By FRIEDRICH SCHNAPP¹

THE enthusiastic admiration with which Robert Schumann all his life regarded great personalities was one of his most prominent and noteworthy idiosyncrasies. This truly romantic hero-worship became of importance for his musical productivity from the moment when Schumann first felt his creative faculty stirred to activity by some poetic genius.

A recondite conversion of such fructifying poetical elements first occurs in his early piano-pieces; not until the "song-year" of 1840 does the word of the poet openly display its rightful influence. And now, observe how thoughtfully and reverently Schumann clothes the poet's words in tones; how he strives to emulate the poet by sounding the depths of the ideal conceptions embodied in his texts and by a sensitive tracing-out of the secret threads woven betwixt the lines; and how (of course) he is never guilty of such naïve dislocations and distortions of the text as was Felix Mendelssohn.

When Schumann had once established a psychic bond of union with his poet, he seems to have felt a real longing for personal intercourse. Andersen, Chamisso, Eichendorff, Geibel, Hebbel, Heine, Hoffmann, von Fallersleben, Lenau, Moore, Rückert—to name only a few—with all these Schumann entered into direct relations. Although reasons of a different nature (such as a quest for an opera-libretto) may often have influenced him, the composer was mainly interested in gaining, through personal acquaintance with the poet, a deeper insight into the soul-life of his literary contemporaries, and thus to find the key to their creative activities. For "I do not care for the artist whose mode of life does not harmonize with his works"—such was Schumann's profoundest conviction.

* * *

On May the 5th, 1828, in the early afternoon, a mail-coach was bowling along the highway that leads from Augsburg to

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Munich. In its cramped interior, among a number of travellers, were sitting two young students. One of them, who had just passed the final gymnasial examinations in the little Saxon city where he was born, is now making his first extended excursion into the wide world—a hopeful trial-flight (*eine winzige Geniereise*) as he himself called it later; the other, already a *studiosus juris*, is leaving the University of Leipzig to enter that of Heidelberg.

The younger of these two travelling enthusiasts was Robert Schumann; his companion and friend was Gisbert Rosen. Both are consumed by a desire to meet a great man, Doctor Heinrich Heine, in Munich;—Heine, who, at the age of thirty, was already a far-famed poet, and who—recommended by Varnhagen von Ense to Baron Cotta—had now dwelt for some nine months in the town on the Isar;—whose “Reisebilder” and “Buch der Lieder” had been eagerly devoured by the youthful Schumann, then a sixth-form boy, immediately on publication. A precious letter of introduction from the actor Krahe in Augsburg was to aid the young men in gaining access to the poet.

Munich, the Bavarian capital!—

Schumann entered the royal city with most extravagant expectations, but speedily found himself disillusioned. And, as a matter of fact, the Munich of that day by no means wore its present finished aspect. Constructive activity was everywhere apparent, for Ludwig I had just set about giving the town an entirely new appearance, and this transition-period could not be specially inviting to a stranger.

In November, 1827, Heine had accepted an invitation from Baron Cotta to become editor of the “Neue Allgemeine Politische Annalen” in Munich. Through the broadminded liberality of this eminent gentleman, no positive requirements regarding the kind and number of his literary contributions had been imposed upon the poet. After recovering from a serious illness which had prostrated him soon after his arrival in Munich, Heine took steps to familiarize himself with his new occupation; yet he did not feel wholly at ease in Munich. His animosity seems to have been aroused more particularly by the Catholic clergy and the bigotted populace. However, through the good offices of von Cotta and his Berlin friend Varnhagen he gained access to the best circles of society; the prospect of a professorate of literature at the University helped to raise his spirits; and so he could write, with regard to himself, “I am living like a lord.”

What a worldwide difference was there between him and the youthful Schumann! The latter, though extraordinarily

precocious, was just getting his first glimpse of the outside world and doing his best to cast off the shackles of the Philistinism of his parental abode in Zwickau—which he perhaps never quite succeeded in doing. Heine, thirteen years his senior, the born metropolitan and veteran traveller, had already drunk deep of passion's cup; and in February, 1828, he was sorely afflicted when his idolized cousin, Therese Heine, bestowed her hand on another (Doctor Halle). The "*Buch der Lieder*," too, had just set out on its triumphal course through the world.—Schumann had seen little beyond his native town of Zwickau. He had not yet discovered where his true talent lay, and had dallied with all branches of art. For the time being he had inscribed himself as a student of law in Leipzig University!

Schumann's trip with his friend Rosen was in the nature of a reward for his brilliant passing, some weeks before, of the final examinations in the gymnasium. As a pupil of signal merit, the boy of seventeen was permitted to recite an original poem ("*The Death of Tasso*") at the graduating exercises of the Zwickau Gymnasium—an event that did not come off without a sufficiently characteristic lapse of memory!

The journey to South Germany was prosecuted by mail-coach, and first interrupted at Bayreuth. Here the two friends visited the familiar haunts of Jean Paul, with a pilgrimage to the grave of their adored poet. Thereafter they proceeded to Nuremberg, and thence to the ancient Augusta Vindelicorum, Augsburg, erstwhile seat of the Fuggers, where the young men were hospitably entertained for a week in the home of the chemist Dr. Heinrich Wilhelm von Kurrer, a friend of Schumann's prematurely deceased father. Schumann straightway fell head over ears in love with Clara, the charming daughter of the house. Her adorable image lingered long in his thoughts; he found it hard to tear himself away. But his desire to see Munich, and his well-founded expectation of meeting Heine, rendered the parting easier. For Clara's betrothed, an actor named Carl Krahe, gave the travellers a letter of introduction to Heine, to which v. Kurrer added a note to the painter Clemens von Zimmermann.

On May the 5th, 1828, at 5 in the afternoon, Schumann and Rosen drove into Munich. Their first visit next day was paid to Prof. Zimmermann. Here Schumann displayed his skill on the pianoforte, and the painter himself permitted the two friends to inspect his own works, afterwards accompanying them to the Glyptothek (then building), where he, as a well-informed cicerone, commented upon the art-works on exhibition.—Schumann tells

of this in his as yet unpublished diary, which he kept during this journey, and which is mostly in the form of short, pithy sentences:

Tuesday, May 6—Professor Zimmermann amiable—full of fancies and pride of artistry—the magnificent Glyptothek [*sic*]—Venus of Canova—Paris with the apple—mosaics—the Destruction of Troy by Zimmermann—

On May the 7th Schumann saw Heine for the first time, but only at a distance, i.e., at the table d'hôte in the "Goldenes Kreuz," after spending the forenoon in making purchases and visiting the architect Krahe, doubtless a relative of the Augsburg actor. In the diary are the following entries:

Wednesday, May 7—Shopping—Bouillon—Architect Krahe—picturesque and cordial artistic reception—Billiards in the English coffee-house—Table d'hôte in the Golden Cross—Wine—Krahe and Heine's Spring account—Rossmahler [?]-the silly chatterbox and the henpecked husband—

The following day was to witness the personal acquaintance. With regard to this meeting Schumann's biographer Wasielewski has given us data based, in all probability, on direct information from Gisbert Rosen; in Schumann's diary, however, we find the immediate echo of his impressions freshly summarized:

Thursday, May 8—Shopping—Matters of taste—Heine—sharp-witted conversation—ironical little man—amiable dissimulation—walk with him to the Leuchtenberg Gallery—Napoleon's chair—the Graces by Canova not stately enough—Magdalena lovely—Billiards—Table d'hôte—

Heine was then living in the Rechberg Palais on the Hundskugel. Here the two friends appeared, filled with indefinable expectations, and entered the poet's abode, a large, handsome room overlooking the garden. Their eyes were allured by numerous paintings by artists then residing in Munich, the choice of which, together with the elegant simplicity of the furnishings, testified to a pronounced personal taste. Yet Schumann, gazing thus, is ill at ease; he knows the poet's satirical humor and biting sarcasm, and prepares himself to confront a misanthropical, inaccessible man, who may dismiss his young visitors, despite favorable introduction, with a few careless and possibly most ungracious words.—Just the contrary happens; the friends are cordially received; Heine is in high good humor—indeed, he amuses himself for a time by playing at hide-and-seek, dissembling his real self.

But then the "ironical little man" doffs the mask, and our youthful Schumann is transported by the poet's geniality and witty conceits. Although Rosen soon takes his leave, wishing to visit a countryman of his, our friend has the good fortune to be escorted about Munich for hours by Heine.

There is no room for doubt that Heine took genuine delight in his admirer with the keen eye for all things beautiful. Yet he could not have dreamt that his young companion would become, twelve years later, a congenial interpreter of his *Lieder* in song—one who did far more for the poet than many another!

In the Leuchtenberg Gallery they were again joined by Rosen, according to whose own report (in Wasielewski) "the two newcomers had ample opportunity to marvel at, or, it might be, to laugh over the scurrilous witticisms of Heine, whose fund of humor seemed inexhaustible." However, a chair of Napoleon's exhibited in the Gallery, noted by Schumann in his diary, gave the conversation a more serious turn. Heine entered into a most animated colloquy with Schumann regarding the great Corsican and the tragic fate that frustrated his hopes of carrying his stupendous life-work to completion. For he would, above all, have freed Europe from the dominion of the Catholic Church and the frankly reactionary clericals that still presented an insolently threatening front. From Schumann's letter to Dr. von Kurrer, published herewith for the first time, we gather one impression of peculiar force; in their admiration for the great French emperor both the poet and the future composer were as one. Enthusiasm for Bonaparte not only marked Heine's entire career—that is sufficiently well known—but is also traceable throughout the life of Schumann. It was an early inheritance from his parents; his mother had once, in poetical mood, even penned a well-intentioned poem on Napoleon. More importance, we think, may be attributed to an unfinished Ode by the son, as a schoolboy or student, the words of which are put in the mouth of the fallen Titan:

BONAPARTE

An einer Klippe, die die Welle . . . (?)

DER ABEND

Der Abend schliesst des Tages Lippe.
Gestreckt auf stummer Felsenklippe
Schau' ich, wie aus dem Aethermeer
Sich das Gespann der Nacht erhebt.

The Musical Quarterly

Still bebt im Osten Hesper nieder;
 Es glänzt der Blütenesschiff sanft
 Dem Licht des schönen Sternes wider
 Der magisch auf der Perle ruht.
 Es steht die Buche still daneben.
 Und wie die Blätter leise beben
 Ist mir's, als säh' ich, wie geheim
 Ein Schatten über Gräber schwebt
 Und sieh vom nächtlichen Gestirne
 Am Himmel springt ein Funken los
 Und weich berührt er meine Stirne
 Und gleitet an der Wange ab.

Was willst du mir, geliebter Funken?
 Das Herz, das müde hingesunken

.

BONAPARTE

Beside a cliff, whereon the billow . . . (?)

THE EVENING

The evening seals the lip of day.
 Stretched on a silent rocky cliff
 I view from out th' ethereal sea
 How rises up the Team of Night.

Still Hesperus glimmers in the east;
 The flowery carpet softly gleams
 In greeting to the lovely star,
 Whose witching light lies on the pearl.
 All still nearby the beech-tree stands.
 And as her quivering leaves make moan,
 Meseems I see how mistily
 A Shade is hovering over graves—
 And, lo! from out the nightly heav'ns
 There springs away a starry spark
 And lightly passes o'er my brow
 And glides adown the cheek.

What wilt thou here, beloved spark?
 The heart, that wearily sank down

.

"Read with ecstasy even in my boyhood," records Schumann as late as 1845 when reading Las Cases' souvenirs of Napoleon on St. Helena.

In his student-quarters at Leipzig there hung a picture of Napoleon in a gilt frame over the writing-table; and on a later visit to the von Kurrer family it rejoiced him to sleep in a guest-chamber whose walls were covered with his hero's portraits. In 1844 on beholding the Kremlin he was inspired to write five poems treating more or less of Napoleon's fate. But the weightiest

testimony to his admiration is found in the fragmentary composition "Die nächtliche Heerschau" (text by Zedlitz) and the masterly setting of Heine's ballade "Die beiden Grenadiere," where a separation of word and tone is hard to imagine. To-day we can confidently assert that, while composing this latter, the master's memory held a vivid impression of the conversation with Heine in Munich.

The hour of parting with Heine and of departure, the day following, from Munich struck all too soon. Rosen, intending to carry on his studies at Heidelberg, journeyed to the Neckar valley via Augsburg; while Schumann returned home by way of Ratisbon-Bayreuth-Hof, in company with a wretched lot of tailors and vagabonds. This homeward trip was "damnable ennuyant" (as Schumann wrote to Rosen), and must have acted upon his glowing enthusiasm like a cold douche. The "Catholic rigmarole" in and around Ratisbon was "disgusting" to him—his sole consolation the delightful memories of Augsburg and Munich. His home could detain him but a few hours; for (as he wrote his friend in Heidelberg):

All Zwickau was disconcerted when I decided to stay there only a few hours; for nobody in Zwickau had ever heard anything about Augsburg, Munich, etc., etc., still less ever seen anything of them; so they wanted to be told some particulars concerning them; but I was inexorable, squeezed myself, after staying there three hours, into a corner of the mail-coach, and—shed tears of heartfelt grief while calling to mind all that has so soon been torn from my heart and still lies in ruins at my feet.

From Leipzig, Schumann sent to Dr. von Kurrer the lengthy letter of thanks already alluded to, which, especially because of its description of the meeting with Heine, can claim peculiar significance. The present possessor of this important document, Herr Bergrat Wiede of Weissenborn, near Zwickau, has been so kind as to permit publication of the letter for the first time. Schumann writes:

SR. HOCHWOHLGEBOREN
HERRN DOCTOR HEINRICH VON KURRER
resident near the Vogelthor
in
Augsburg

franco.
(Postmark) Leipzig,
June 19, '28.

Leipzig, June 9, 1828.

Honoured Herr Doctor!

In accordance with your kind permission I gladly take pen in hand to inform you that I arrived without accident at home after my little

trial-flight, and am now safe and sound, even though not wholly happy, in Leipzig.

The entire journey offered me a lovely series of pleasing pictures and delightful memories, and my stay in your engaging Augsburg left within me *immortelles* that shall never fade. Allow me, honoured Herr Doctor, to repeat my warmest, heartfelt thanks for all the kindnesses that you have shown me.

I think I wrote you before that I did not feel quite at ease and at home in Munich, and speedily noticed the chilly, cutting temper of that royal seat. The Glypthotek [*sic*], in spite of its magnificent design, makes an unsatisfactory impression in its unfinished state; and only the acquaintance with Heine, for which I have to thank Herr Krahe, to whom I beg you to give my cordial greetings, rendered my sojourn there more or less interesting and inviting. From Herr Krahe's sketch I had imagined Heine to be a cross-grained, misanthropic man who felt himself so superior to mankind and the common lot as to be incapable of adapting himself to them. But how different did I find him, and how entirely different was he from what I had fancied. He received me amicably, as would a humane, Grecian Anacreon; he cordially pressed my hand and escorted me around Munich for several hours;—all this I could not have imagined of a man such as travellers' tales depict him; only about his mouth there played a bitter, ironical smile, but a lofty smile at the trivialities of life, scornful of trivial mankind. Yet even that bitter satire that one only too often remarks in his *Reisebilder*, that profound, inveterate resentment against life that penetrates the very marrow, renders his conversation very attractive. We talked at length about the great Napoleon, and I found in him an admirer such as one seldom meets with, except in Augsburg. He also spoke of going very soon to the ancient Augusta, chiefly in order to make your acquaintance.

But now I come to a chapter in my trip that I shall not forget as long as I live—my return-journey via Ratisbon, etc. Oh! how often, how often have I regretted taking that route; apart from the fact that I was quite alone and that I missed Rosen, to whom I had become attached, every hour, and apart from the fact that I was thrown together with tailors and all sorts of vagabonds in one coach by the frightfully extortionate drivers—besides this, I traversed that densely Catholic region where anyone who does not belong to the one soul-saving Church is a target for sour, malevolent glances, and his every step viewed with suspicion. Great God!—who will ever cleanse our European Stable of Augeas at least of its bigotted priesthood and popery? The greatest man of all times, the glorious Napoleon, began with it—but he could not finish it. It is a saddening phenomenon, that none the less is confirmed by history, that all great, exceptional spirits never did and have never been able to do as much for their contemporaries as for posterity, and that is the curse every great man must have felt at one or another time in his career, that during his lifetime he does not receive the thanks of those generations that bedew his ashes with tears of gratitude. And thus will Napoleon sometime stand forth, admired by all, idolized by all, if he is not already so regarded (and let this be our consolation, as well); but a time will come, as Heine prophesies in his *Reisebilder*, when the nations will pilgrim to his grave, and altars and flowery Edens will arise upon the barren rock.—

But you have more to do than to read letters; be so kind as to convey the assurances of my sincerest respect to Mme. von Kurrer; for Clara I enclose a little note; Rosen wrote me a few days ago from Heidelberg and once again sends you and Mme. von Kurrer his heartfelt thanks, to which I add my own from an overflowing heart, and assure you that I shall never forget the enjoyable and delightful days that I spent in Augsburg. May you now and then bestow a friendly thought on me, as well, and believe me when I sign myself, with profoundest respect and sincerest regard

Your
devoted
ROBERT SCHUMANN.

The genuine Schumann! Although the style is evidently influenced by Jean Paul, the letter nevertheless has individuality; —the lively description, the outcome of keen powers of observation; the still somewhat exaggerated enthusiasm; the likewise strongly marked capacity for hating whatever is antipathetic to him, and the reflective, rather sentimentally dreamful mood, all thus early discover characteristic traits. And so this sprightly document most favorably rounds out the image of the young Schumann as we generally conceive him.

It may be assumed that Schumann, after his stay in Munich, also wrote direct to Heine; but so far nothing has been found.

Probably the poet soon forgot the enthusiastic youth; other, more vital impressions quickly erased the memory of that *studiosus juris* whose name, Robert Schumann, took on significance only with the flight of years. Nowhere do we meet with it, even later, in Heine's letters or writings.

Heine's own life presently underwent a change; he gave up his assured position in Munich, first betaking himself to Northern Italy, whence he removed to Berlin near the beginning of 1829. In the autumn of that year he already transferred his abode to Hamburg, and in May, 1831, bade farewell to Germany to seek a new home in Paris, where, escaped from the constraint of the censorship, he could spend the last twenty-five years of his life in untrammelled creative activity, and give free expression to his liberal ideas.

As for Schumann, his meeting with the poet made a far more lasting impression on him, as may readily be imagined. His diaries inform us how industriously he prosecuted the reading of Heine's works. In the spring of 1829 friend Rosen induced him to exchange Leipzig for Heidelberg. Here Schumann, in an appreciation of Grabbe's tragedies, noted the following in his diary:

He [Grabbe] often reminds one of the *Bizarrie* in Heine's *Lieder*, that biting sarcasm, that *vast* despair; all the caricatures of sublimity and dignity he has in common with Heine. . . . I might write a great deal more—but I would rather be *half* a Grabbe than a dozen of his critics with their spectacles and shoulder-shrugging.

In the autumn of 1830 Schumann returned to Leipzig to adopt music as his vocation. His career as a composer led swiftly to the heights; whereas his talent as a writer unfolded itself during his editorship of the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik" (founded in 1834).

In the genial First Period of his composition for piano Schumann is inclined to seek inspiration in poetical works. While the influence of Jean Paul and Hoffmann, as well as Goethe and Shakespeare, may be traced in headings, mottos, or remarks in Schumann's letters, the impulses that emanated from Heine cannot be precisely determined in detail. However, in Schumann's unpublished "Leipziger Lebensbuch," we find it expressly stated that such an influence actually existed. It is impossible to decide just which compositions were meant, or whether they were ever completed.

We read, under the date "March 8, 1833, in Zwickau":

Musical poems, adapted to *Lieder* by H. Heine, written and dedicated to Heine.

The dedication to Heine is a further proof of the sympathy felt personally by our Stormer and Stresser for the poet, and of his strong regard for him subsequent to the visit in Munich. Of Schumann's numerous observations touching Heine in the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," which he edited for ten years, we shall here quote only a few characteristic examples.

He spiritedly defends the new tendency in music and poetry in the course of his celebrated critique of Berlioz's *Symphonie fantastique* ("N. Z.," Aug. 14, 1835):

Should we propose to combat the entire tendency of the *Zeitgeist*, which accepts a *Dies iræ* as a burlesque, we should have to repeat what has been written and spoken against Byron, Heine, Victor Hugo, Grabbe, and others like them. For a few moments snatched from eternity, Poetry has donned the mask of irony to conceal her distressful face from view; perhaps, at a future time, some friendly hand will unbind it, and meantime her hot tears will have been transmuted into pearls.

Schumann heartily rejoiced over Heine's thrust at Meyerbeer, that "wealthy German composer, whose name has also frequently

appeared in these pages"; he quotes Heine's saying in the "Neue Zeitschrift," and would like to apply it to Thalberg as well:

Why do you compose? You really don't need to.

Still more sharply does Schumann take to task the shallow composers *à la mode* Osborne, Nowakowsky, Kalkbrenner, Döhler, etc., placing Heine's verse from the prologue to the Harzreise—

Schwarze Röcke, seidne Strümpfe,
Weisse, höfliche Manschetten,
Sanfte Reden, Embrassiren—
Ach! wenn sie nur Herzen hätten!

(Raven frockcoats, silken stockings,
Cuffs all white and courtly smart,
Suave discourses and embraces—
Ah! if they but had a heart!)

at the head of his article, then beginning:

The best criticism of most of the above Variations has just been read by the reader in the motto.

Thereupon he incidentally coins the term "Heinismus" for felicitous irony, representing it as having been heard in a dream:

"Heinismus!" resounded from all sides, and that singular word drifted away through the air letter by letter.

In the "Neue Zeitschrift" for July 31, 1843, we find Schumann's last observation concerning the poet in a review of the past decades of German music and poetry. To his musical audience he now introduces the youthful Robert Franz as a song-composer of exquisite qualities:

Much might be said about the Lieder of Robert Franz; they are no isolated phenomenon, and stand in close relation to the whole development of our art during the last ten years. We are aware that between 1830 and 1834 a reaction asserted itself against the then dominant taste. The fight was, at bottom, not strenuous; it was directed against floridity. . . . For the Lied, Franz Schubert had already done pioneer work, but rather after the Beethoven fashion; whereas, in the works of the North Germans, the influence of Bach's spirit was manifest. To hasten this evolution, a new German school of poetry likewise came into being; Rückert and Eichendorf, although of an earlier vintage, became more familiar to musicians, while Uhland and Heine were oftener set to music. Thus arose that more artistic and imaginative type of the Lied which was, naturally, quite unknown to earlier generations, for it was only the new spirit of poetry that was reflected in the music.

How familiar Schumann was with Heine's "Buch der Lieder" is shown—apart from his compositions, of which we shall speak

later—by the eight mottos from Heine that he judiciously selected for his *Zeitschrift*. One of these was quoted above. In a "Motto Book" preserved in manuscript Schumann entered, besides, six more strophes from Heine's poems of which he made no further use. Of peculiar interest is the following from the "Storm" of the North-Sea Cycle, for Schumann adds to it, in the Motto Book, the note: "(Liszt) Vienna, November the 29th, 1838."

Wie ein Tollhaus von Tönen!
Und zwischendurch hör' ich vernehmbar
Lockende Harfenlaute,
Sehnsuchtwilden Gesang,
Seelenschmelzend und seelenzerreissend,
Und ich erkenne die Stimme.

(Like a madhouse of tones!
And in between clearly I hear
Harp-strains alluring,
Songs of wild yearning,
Melting and rending the soul,
And well do I know the voice.)

In the "Neue Zeitschrift" for July 9, 1839, this alliance is abrogated, the next-following article treating of Beethoven's last string-quartets.

We can easily imagine with what interest Schumann received personal intelligence from his friends about Heine and his life in Paris. His own betrothed, Clara Wieck, was the first to report a meeting with Heine at Paris in the spring of 1839:

Recently I was at Meyerbeer's for dinner, where I met two very interesting individuals, Heine and Jules Janin. The former is very keen-witted, but the latter is coarse. . . . Heine speaks caustically of Germany—he is going to visit me soon.

In Clara's unpublished diary we read under the date of March 28, 1839, a somewhat more detailed account of this same meeting:

For dinner we were at Meyerbeer's and met two very interesting persons, Heine and Jules Janin. The former is melancholy and unhappy because of the impending misfortune of losing his eyesight. Still, he is often in such a debonair mood as to be irresistibly charming. He spoke very caustically of Germany.

During this visit to Paris, Clara was a frequent guest at the house of the American consul and well-known national-economist Friedrich List, of whose daughters Emilie and Luise she was an intimate friend. List had lived for a long time in Leipzig, where he had made the acquaintance of Robert Schumann. In Paris,

Heine was one of the few Germans with whom he associated. So Clara, who hesitated to call on Heine unchaperoned—apparently, Parisian gossip had already busied itself with the poet—thought first of all of Friedrich List as an intermediary in arranging a meeting with Heine. This we learn from a letter to her father, Friedrich Wieck, in Leipzig:

... For certain reasons it is not wholly advisable for me to visit Heine—however, perhaps I shall go there sometime with Herr List.

Subsequently, the composer Stephen Heller often sent news about Heine to his friend Schumann in Leipzig. From Heller's as yet unpublished letters we learn that Heine also was a regular reader of Schumann's "*Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*" (to which Heller was a contributor), perhaps for the simple reason that he could thus inform himself concerning various artists for the benefit of his musical contributions to the Augsburg "*Allgemeine Zeitung*." So he must have taken special note of Schumann's admirable articles. On this head, unhappily, only a single remark of Heine's is extant—this being also the only time that we find Schumann mentioned by Heine. This remark has reference to Schumann's review of one of Heller's piano-sonatas; it appeared Dec. 19, 1839, in the "*Neue Zeitschrift*." Heller writes to Schumann:

Above all, I thank you for the criticism of the sonata. You have done me a world of good. Certainly, no one else writes so acutely, so subtly and delicately. I showed it to Heine, and he said "it was wonderfully written."

Schumann's article (*N. Z.*, Oct. 12, 1839) justifies Heine's praise in every way; and because it is the one that elicited the sole extant remark by Heine touching Schumann, and also an example of Schumann's eminent ability in the musico-literary sphere, we take the liberty of quoting it in extenso:

True enough, when one begins as Stephan Heller does, whose sonata we designated as the work of a young man, we can exempt him from a few of the 31 sonatas that Beethoven wrote before reaching his tremendous 32d; with his 10th he will already give proof of mastership. To be brief—in this first sonata there lies so much mother-wit, that we may well feel apprehensive with regard to future ones; so much of the warm blood of genius as might provide quite a number of Parisian composers for life. Only a genuine talent thus announces itself and challenges the acumen of criticism, that can grasp its meaning only when in the right mood. I note here and there the heel of Achilles; but the composer, besides being a good fighter, like the Greek hero, is swift of foot; the instant one is ready to pounce upon him, he whisks away

laughingly, and the moment after is again prepared for the fray; he is a sly composer, who anticipates every censure with some happier thought than was expected, who is courted by the Graces rather than courting them, and whose sonata is excellent subject-matter for reviewers of the right sort, who always tell you after the event how this or that ought not to be. Thus does Stephan Heller show himself in his sonata. It will be asked, Who, where, is he?—to which the brief reply, He is a born Hungarian, travelled as a kind of youthful prodigy, then dwelt and wrote in Augsburg, and later, alas! strayed off to Paris. For some years I have known the sonata in manuscript; the composer sent it to me in quarterly installments—not for the sake of suspense, but because (as he expressed himself) he incubates slowly and with great loss of time, and “what more is a sonata, anyhow, than this latter?”—So now it lies finished before me, the winged child of a rare imagination, with its classico-romantic Janus face behind the humoristic mask. He who loves something, also fancies that he understands it best, and in a concert-hall resounding to Beethoven there often stand dozens of youths with blissful hearts, of whom each thinks to himself, “No one understands him as I do.” So I venture to describe the sonata, in the best sense of the term, as a fragment from the life of the composer himself, that he, knowingly or unknowingly, translated into his art; a fragment with such soulful magic of moonlight and nightingales as youth alone can create, into which a Jean-Paulsque satyr-hand oftentimes obtrudes itself that it may not withdraw too far from the workaday doings of life. If I mistake not, the composer actually intended to dedicate it to one of Jean Paul’s characters, Liane von Froulay—a notion that many another dedicatory might take much amiss, the maid having long before departed this life—and, at that, only in a book. But Liane would have understood the sonata, even assisted thereto by Siebenkäs, he himself being a “tail-star,” an “extra,” interwoven in the Scherzo.—Well, let the sonata start out on its career through this prosaic world. It will everywhere leave traces behind. The oldsters will waggle their wigs, organists will exclaim over its fugue-lessness, and court councillors in Thingamy will ask whether it was really and truly composed *ad maiorem Dei gloriam*, which is the object of all music, to say nothing of the profits.—Meanwhile may the young tone-poet boldly take his fate in his own hands, let the metropolis vainly rage and riot around him, and soon return home with riches redoubled. And should he then bring us his 10th sonata, we shall gladly lay these lines before him, on whom, as one of the most keen-witted and talented, we join our fairest hopes.

It is significant that Schumann could arouse Heine’s interest only as a writer. At that time, to be sure, there was scanty opportunity in Paris of hearing compositions by Schumann. But, even had it been otherwise, it is a question whether Heine could have detected the unique originality of Schumann’s music and gained familiar contact with it. For we can quite confidently assume, on the testimony of his musical articles for the Augsburg “Allgemeine Zeitung,” that profundity of musical understanding formed no part of the poet’s equipment. True, he was a master

Leij. de 28^{de} Mai 1840.

[illegible]

Robert Spemann

June Jimmy Pine,
Woffhouse

Just under Fifth Street.

May 22nd 1893
W. J. Pine, Jr. Pine, N.Y.

David

in the description of the personal impression made on him by this or that virtuoso; he was also generally able to distinguish with nice perception between genuine greatness and empty show in both composers and virtuosi. At all events, his observations on Paganini, Chopin and Liszt are eminently appropriate. How far Heine may have depended on outside sources for his opinions—more especially, perhaps, on Schumann's *Zeitschrift*, which was widely read in France, as well—we shall not attempt to decide.

Schumann, for his part, followed Heine's communications to the Augsburg "Allgemeine Zeitung" with great interest. A witty observation on the pianist Kalkbrenner particularly amused him; he even reprinted it in the *feuilleton* of the *Zeitschrift* for April 13, 1843:

The Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung* recently published an article on "The Musical Season in Paris," containing numerous clever *mots*. *Inter alia* it remarked, concerning a well-known piano-virtuoso, that he still has the same "mummified smile" as ten or twenty years ago.

Schumann had previously applied to Heller to make sure that the anonymously published article was really by Heine. To his query Heller replied:

The Corresp. in the A. A. Z. is presumably by Heine; this is the more probable because, when writing about German artists in Paris, he never mentions me. Besides, it is his style; but as he does not know so much about music, he read up about it beforehand—maybe my own letter in your Z.; which he is fond of reading, I mean your Zt.

While Schumann, in the spring of 1840, was occupied with the composition of his first Heine Lieder, he wrote about them to Heller, who answered on May 16:

Do send the Lieder, for me and Heine, to whom I will hand them with sundry observations.

It is likely that Schumann himself had already contemplated sending a copy of his first songs to the poet of his "Liederkreis." He took advantage of Friedrich List's visit to Leipzig to entrust him with the gift and a "friendly letter" to Paris on May the 23d, as is shown by the facsimile of a page from Schumann's unpublished "Letter-Book."

The letter itself can also be given here in its entirety; for this I have to thank the good offices of the foremost Heine expert, Privy Councillor Elster of Marburg, who recently discovered Schumann's letter to Heine among the poet's literary remains.

(Address) HERRN HEINRICH HEINE,
Wohlgeboren,
in
Paris.

With a set of songs.
By the kindness of
Herr Consul List.

Leipzig, May 23, 1840.

This letter marks the consummation of a longfelt aspiration of mine, to be permitted to enter into somewhat closer relations with you; for it is hardly to be expected that you will remember a visit in Munich many years since, when I was still an immature youth. I hope my music to your Lieder will please you. If my powers were commensurate with the fervent love with which I wrote, you might be assured of good results. Perhaps my friend Stephan Heller will provide an opportunity for you to obtain a hearing of the songs.

A word from your hand, acknowledging the receipt of the above, would give me the greatest pleasure.

Your devoted

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

Schumann waited patiently for an answer, but having heard nothing up to the beginning of July, he applied to Heller with the request:

Please remind Heine of me. ("Letter-Book," July 6, 1840.)

Notwithstanding, the poet never penned a line to Schumann. This appears the more singular, because Heine complains in the "Lutetia" (March 3, 1843) that, "of the many hundred settings of his Lieder that had appeared in Germany, not a single complimentary copy had been sent him," and, as late as 1851, thanked the dilettante Vesque von Puttlingen with extraordinary warmth for some songs he had sent him.

Heller, who never spoke very amiably of Heine, on July the 30th wrote laconically to Schumann:

Have not yet been able to get sight of your Lieder, and just as little of Heine, who roves around on inaccessible paths and is altogether an unpleasantly enigmatical person, to whom his writings are far preferable.

In mid-August of 1840 Schumann again had news of Heine from his friend August Gathy:

My first hasty greeting from French soil, dear Schumann! . . . The first acquaintance I met here was H. Heine, of whom the story goes (as you know) that he received a hundred thousand francs from Thiers to color his articles for the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung* to suit the views of the Government. I was glad to see him again. Now he is off to take the baths at Granville.

Schumann gradually gave up the hope of renewing his personal relations with the poet; at all events, he took no further steps in that direction.

Although the composer was thus obliged to dispense with the most grateful recompense for his songs, the thanks of the poet, he was nevertheless rejoiced by the warm praise of prominent musicians. Of interest is a remark of Hector Berlioz's, printed Dec. 19, 1840, in the "*Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*." Berlioz closes his review of music in Paris with the words:

While writing this I have before me R. Schumann's *Lieder* to poems by H. Heine—Heine, whose prose sparkles and smites one like a lightning-flash, like an electric battery, and whose poems are for the Germans what Béranger's are for us. I shall seize some future opportunity to write at leisure about R. Schumann, with several of whose works I am already familiar, all of which have impressed me profoundly. It is greatly to be desired that these *Lieder* may find a translator who will preserve as far as may be the spirit of the poetry, as Émile Deschamps has done for Schubert's songs.

It seems singular that Schumann, after 1842, apparently occupied himself no further with Heine. His last Heine composition, the "*Tragödie*," was written as early as November, 1841. In his letters, too, he avoids with evident intention any mention whatsoever of the poet. The impulse to this remarkable change of heart may have been given by Heine's attacks on Mendelssohn (beginning in April, 1842), by which Schumann felt himself personally affronted. Withal, he gradually lost the earlier psychic affinity with the poet; his path led him ever further away from Heine.

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Franz Liszt, in 1855, wrote as follows concerning Robert Schumann and his relation to poetical literature:

For centuries music and literature were separated from each other as by a wall, and those who dwelt on either side seemed to know one another only by name. When they happened to come into contact, it was merely after the fashion of Pyramus and Thisbe . . . Schumann was a native of both regions, and opened a breach for the indwellers thereof. . . . He, as a man, felt the impulsion to unite the worlds of letters and music; as a musician, the urgency of bringing the destinies of music, poetry and literature into ever closer connection.

We have followed this dramatic episode to its almost tragic conclusion in the matter of Schumann's relations with Heine.

Instigated by Liszt's words, I undertook to investigate the problem of "Schumann and his song-poets," and arrived at the surprising result that Schumann was either personally acquainted or had carried on a correspondence with no fewer than twenty-five of his poets. Among them all, however, Heine was probably the object of his greatest love and admiration. As we have seen, Schumann by no means "just happened upon Heine," as may still occasionally be read, but knew his Heine better and more thoroughly than many of his own biographers. It was through this profound absorption in the poet that he always succeeded in hitting the right tone in all the songs he selected with such admirable taste for musical setting. In them, of a truth, is dissolved "the charm of spellbound song," and precisely with reference to his Heine Lieder could Schumann sing of himself

Ich senkt' auch meine Liebe
Und meinen Schmerz hinein.

(With them my love I blended
And all my woe, as well.)

(*Translated by Theodore Baker.*)

VIEWS AND REVIEWS

By CARL ENGEL

WE should derive great comfort from the knowledge that one half of mankind is always anxious to improve the other. Of course, if I set the ratio at half and half, it is just a figure of speech. In reality the proportions are far from equal. It is a fairly small minority that decides what is good for the rest of us, and promptly goes about prescribing standards and reforms to a majority which, happily, seems the weaker in resistance the larger it is in numbers. Thus it becomes possible for a wise and kindly few to lead the errant multitudes and heap upon them untold blessings.

The only little flaw that keeps so admirable an arrangement from being altogether successful, is due to that negligible quantity—to which perhaps you, Dear Reader, and certainly I belong—that handful of persons who are beyond good and evil, and incidentally beyond hope; who, conscious of their human frailty, suspect that they are neither entirely right nor entirely wrong, and are content to let it go at that. We shall never qualify as reformers, I fear. And what is worse, we shall never be reformed. If none the less we assume the functions of the critic, or appear in the guise of the preacher, we have no other excuse than that to the perverseness of our nature even the lost labor of love is not without charm.

No doubt, it is the height of futility to oppose with feeble breath the swelling wind of a reformatory "movement." Any reform will gather the strength and velocity of a hurricane so soon as it picks from the ground an answer to the little question: *cui bonum?* In plainer words, to render it effective there must be something "in it" for somebody. Luther's reformation might have died the death of the evening breeze, had his ideas not suited the political aspirations of certain monarchs of his time, and advanced the amatory proclivities of certain others. In those days the crowned gentlemen represented Big Business. What was to their advantage, eventually "benefited" the man in the street. And it is the latter, principally, who is the worthy object of reform. Nothing has changed.

The man in the street has always held to his pot and his song. Reformers having taken from him the one, they could do no less

than give him an extra fill of the other. Moreover, it is alleged that the song of the man in the street, in times past, has contributed not a little to the ingredients whence the musical concoctions of the high-brow derived a racy and peculiar savor, however much it may have ultimately been refined. So it was a case of just restitution. Which should not be interpreted as meaning that restitution was synonymous with retrogression. The reformer looks forward, and likes to believe that he also looks upward. Not only in countries where the solacing or cheering cup has been suppressed, but in lands where dignitaries of the church still remain unmolested in their conscience by cutting coupons from bonds of breweries and distilleries, it was decided that the man in the street, along with his spouse and progeny, did not pay enough attention to music, at least not to the right kind of music. What ailed mankind was an appalling lack of "musical appreciation."

Remedies were sought at once. Musical appreciationists sprang up everywhere. Soon they were thicker than berries on the bush. "Musical appreciation" became a watchword, a battle-cry. Schoolroom and nursery resounded with it; placid matrons caught the fever of it; communities thrilled to it; the whole world began to be under its spell. Commercial towers of strength were quick to realize how much stronger it would make them. Languishing industries and professions would be revived through it. Bands, orchestras, opera companies, publishers, teachers, leaning on a precarious footing, suddenly were on a stabler ground. Here was a new field promising a rich harvest. People did not know what music was. They must be told. People had ears. But did they hear? Music had never been appreciated by as many listeners, or as intensely, not to say intelligently, as it would be appreciated when the appreciationists got through. And then there were the children, literally millions of them. They had to be attended to. Teach them to know the Bridal Chorus in "Lohengrin" from the Dead March in "Saul," to comprehend the "structure" of either, and their tender minds would instantly become hardened against the corrupting influences of such things as jazz. Teach them above all things to appreciate the perennial purity and beauty of an unadulterated folk-song. What happiness would not inundate our sorely tried planet.

A "movement" was born the like of which this Earth could not remember. Success was instantaneous. It was hailed as the dawn of a newly gilt age.

Only you perhaps, Dear Reader, and I—belonging to a handful of inveterate skeptics, lost beyond good and evil, not trusting overmuch in appearances—could not help thinking of what our great Philosopher and Poet said: "If in the market place some novelty has been successful, ask yourself quickly: what is the Error to which it owes success?"

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For my own part, the question was answered when I finished reading a recently published book by a certain American college professor. Perhaps the answer was clearly formulated after the first twenty or thirty pages. But being in one of my heroic moods, I read the book from cover to cover. This only served to dissipate all doubt. And do not think me peevish or revengeful, if I make that book the text of my quarterly sermon. If the sermon is not to your liking, you are excused.

For good and sufficient reasons I shall divulge neither the title of the book nor the name of him who wrote it. I am sorry that I can not advertise the book, even by disagreeing with some of the views exposed in it. But I have not the slightest desire to engage in a controversy. The Author—whom I shall capitalize—is a most esteemed and able gentleman. He can write delightfully. In fact, he can present an argument with dangerous persuasiveness. But the tendencies of his book—which I leave others to capitalize—go against my grain; and yet, the subject itself is one that I am thoroughly in sympathy with. This is precisely why I am taking the trouble to discuss the book.

The book tries to circumscribe the place which music should hold in the curriculum of the American university. At present this place is vague, it is disputed. It should be defined. And once properly defined, it should be kept inviolate, safe from encroachment, and capable of extension.

What seems rather astonishing to anyone, even slightly familiar with the place which music holds in the curriculum of European universities, is the Author's approach of his subject. He seems to feel the need of apologizing for the suggestion that music should be admitted to academic parity with other arts and sciences. Here we come to the first stumbling-block.

Why should the academic concerns with music, in our country, be so different from those in Europe, where these same problems were solved some time ago, and where music courses are held in practically every university of standing? The answer is: we

ourselves are responsible for those differences, so long as we follow the road which our Author would map out for us. The American college and the European university, so far as music is concerned, think in almost opposite terms. In Europe we see an endeavor to treat music as a science, embracing many scientific subdivisions. What a university should teach the student of music has been set forth in "The Method of Musical History" (1919) by Prof. Dr. Guido Adler of Vienna, dean of European musicologists. Our Author needed only to consult Prof. Adler's work. But that would have availed him little. For here we should take cognizance of the singular fact, that our Author is not really talking about the study of music as a science and an art, but as an *agrément de la vie*. He does not mean to insinuate that the American college should teach music as it teaches law or medicine. Instead, our Author bluntly puts the kernel of the matter in these words: "Until a profitable course of study is provided for the non-performing, non-professional music student, the college fails of its major opportunity in the subject. Such a course may as well be called 'The Appreciation of Music' as anything else."

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The cat is out of the bag, "*des Pudels Kern*" is revealed in all its satanic subtlety. The "movement" is threatening to envelope the last stronghold. Imagine a university devising courses in law for non-practising, non-professional students of law! or holding a clinic for non-practising, non-professional physicians!! You can not blame college presidents for losing patience with their musical faculties, or for looking upon them with an air of slight disdain, if "Musical appreciation" is to be the sum and substance of the proposed academic training in music.

Our Author knows this. He goes so far as to admit that the word "appreciation" is "in bad repute." It smacks of the superficial. It covers no province of established boundaries. There is an overlapping of the college and conservatory. This ambiguous, unprofessional and unscientific position, more than anything else, has set college heads against courses in music. But college heads surely know that music, together with arithmetic, geometry and astronomy, formed part of the ancient *quadrivium academicum*.

It all hinges on what you mean by the study of music. If our Author neglected to look beyond the yards, quadrangles, and greens of our home institutions, permit me to tell you what was meant by the study of music at the Universities of Vienna and

Berlin, for instance, during the summer semester, 1925. These were the teachers, and these their weekly courses:

VIENNA

Prof. Dr. Guido Adler

Exercises in the Musicological Institute (2½ hrs.).—Analysis and definition of works of art (2½ hrs.).

Prof. Dr. Robert Lach

Genius and degeneration in music (2 hrs.).—The comic elements in music and in the comedy (1 hr.).—The psychology of the basic phenomena in musical æsthetics (2 hrs.).

Prof. Dr. Max Dietz

Nature and historical development of the symphony, up to its classic perfection (2 hrs.).

Prof. Dr. Wilhelm Fischer

The oratorios of Händel (4 hrs.).—Mensural notation of the 15th and 16th centuries (4 hrs.).

Dr. Egon Wellesz

Problems of contemporary music (1 hr.).

Dr. Alfred Orel

The post-classic symphony (2 hrs.).—Palestrina and Orlando di Lasso (1 hr.).

Dr. Robert Haas

The beginnings of opera (2 hrs.).—Claudio Monteverdi (2 hrs.).

BERLIN

Prof. Dr. Hermann Abert

The history of piano music (4 hrs.).—Musicological Seminary: The theorists of the 17th century (2 hrs.).—Musicological Proseminary: Piano music (2 hrs.).—*Collegium musicum* (2 hrs.).

[N.B.—This last course consists in actual performances of music, chiefly of works discussed, or of older chamber music.]

Prof. Dr. Max Friedlaender

The romantic composers, Part III: Schumann and Chopin (1 hr.).—Choral exercises, with colloquium on the history of the German "lied" (2 hrs.).

[N.B.—Some fifteen years ago, Dr. Friedlaender lectured at Harvard as the exchange professor from Germany.]

Prof. Dr. Oskar Fleischer

The music of the middle ages (2 hrs.).—The foundations of comparative musicology (1 hr.).—Exercises in the rudiments of musicology (1½ hrs.).

Prof. Dr. Johannes Wolf

The history of German music during the 16th and 17th centuries (2 hrs.).—Evangelical church music from Bach to our time (1 hr.).—Musicological exercises (1½ hrs.).

Prof. Dr. Curt Sachs

The history of musical instruments as a basis of musicology (2 hrs.).

—Exercises in the history of musical instruments (2 hrs.).

Prof. Dr. Georg Schünemann

Problems of musical pedagogy (2 hrs.).—Exercises in musical pedagogy (2 hrs.).

Prof. Dr. Erich M. von Hornbostel

The psychology of aural phenomena (1 hr.).—Exercises in comparative musicology (1 hr.).

Prof. Dr. K. L. Schaefer

Psycho-physiology of the ear and the voice (1 hr.).—Practical demonstrations in musical acoustics (1 hr.).

Prof. Johannes Biehle

Liturgy and church music (2 hrs.).—Bells and their use in church (2 hrs.).—Choral and solo exercises in liturgical music (4 hrs.).

Dr. Fritz Blume

The principal problems of "lied" composition in the 19th century: From Schubert to Hugo Wolf (2 hrs.).—Exercises in the principles of the modern German "lied" (2 hrs.).

What American college or university can boast of a similar list of teachers or courses in music? Where are our dissertations, for the obtaining of an academic degree, which offer a contribution to the history or science of music? Such degrees are held by an astonishingly large number of practical, professional musicians in Europe. Nor does the teaching of musical history in a European university (Vienna) prevent the teacher (Dr. Egon Wellesz) from being a thoroughly competent and an aggressively modern composer. His course during the summer semester 1925 was on "The problems of contemporary music." This university can not be accused of neglecting the questions of the day, in favor of a dusty past—say "the age of Palestrina and beyond," as our Author casually puts it, brushing aside one of the greatest periods in the development of music as one "which, for several reasons, interests the modern professional student *only slightly*." This is truly amazing. And there is Mr. Ernest Bloch, not exactly an antiquated composer, who insists on bringing up his professional students on the two-part and three-part counterpoint of Orlando di Lasso!

Our Author, with a shrug of the shoulders, will say that there is no time in the curriculum of American colleges for both Palestrina and foot-ball. (Let him ask Dr. Davison at Harvard.) Besides, the college is not there to train professional musicians. That is our Author's main contention. Because of the lack of time, he wants to give *multum in parvo*. Because the college can not, and should not, compete with the conservatory, the so-called

"professional" musician is excluded from consideration in the laying out of academic music courses. The Author claims that "we [i.e., he and his fellow appreciationists] are in the way of producing a special type: the college-bred musician." In how far is he superior to the conservatory-bred musician? The latter often does play or sing quite acceptably, has learned a more or less honest trade, which enables him to earn a more or less honest penny. The college-bred musician, in so far as he is a musician at all, will have to learn his trade at the selfsame conservatory; or else all he will be capable of doing when he is through with his studies, will be to take up the banner of the appreciationist. But even that is considered, by some, as a profession. And our Author is decidedly against professionalism. It must be kept out of college. What creeps in, instead, is profusionism—a nibbling at a lavish lot of things, with nowhere a bite that nourishes and sustains.

Our Author, I am certain, would indignantly reject this imputation. He would tell you, his chief aim is to bring about a meeting between "music and the educated man," that pillar of society, who pretends to a provoking familiarity on rather short acquaintance, and deems it his sacred right to pronounce himself gravely on a hundred questions of which he does not understand the first elements.

If I interpret our Author correctly, the gist of the case is this: let the Lord in Heaven attend to the composer of genius; let the conservatory produce the virtuoso; the American college will take care of the indispensable *tertium quid*, that great *sine qua non*—the Master Listener. Such a distribution of specialized labor is certainly in accordance with the best principles of modern business. It guarantees efficiency. Also it opens the door, during the pleasant summer months—in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco—to Master Courses in Listening (at so much per course, prepaid, rain or shine).

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Let us look at the thing seriously. The main purpose, then, of a music chair in the American college is to teach "musical appreciation," is to form appreciative listeners. The student should learn to "understand music." There are to be courses "largely designed upon the theory that every intelligent and interested person may, under guidance, come to understand music without concerning himself specifically with technic." So our Author. This definition is precise only in its negative part:

the listener to a piece of music need not bother with the technic that entered into the making of it, or into the playing of it. There is nothing left but *das Ding an sich* in all its formidable simplicity. Let us grapple with it here and now.

The listener will learn to differentiate. First between tones, intervals, motival elements, melodic phrases; then between chords, harmonies, contrapuntal devices, forms, types, styles, instrumental colors, racial or personal characteristics, and so on. After this little lesson has been learned, there remains the essential question: will the pupil know a good piece of music from a bad one? This question our Author touches upon with such surpassing lightness, at the same time flooding it with such a stream of light, that I must quote him: "First, we should have as many tunes in our heads as they will hold. *Quite early we should come to recognize good from bad.* For tunes are the primal stuff of music." But whence the recognition—"darüber schweigt des Sängers Mund." And what is the causative connection between a head bursting with the primal stuff of music and the ability to tell a good tune from a bad one? Is all the "primal stuff" *eo ipso* good stuff? Does it act like a serum against the virus of "trash"? Confusion worse confounded. What the appreciationist really teaches, are more or less loosely coördinated bits of technical information, dished up with a garnishing of anecdotal lore. Yet he would have us believe that we must not concern ourselves with technic when it comes to appreciation, that is, evaluation of a work of art.

Of course, a man may learn to tell a Rubens from a Renoir without knowing anything about painting; just as a man, without being a dairy expert, may tell a Limburger from a Camembert, provided he has no cold. But can anyone "understand" what makes the difference between the two painters, and what is the bond of mastership that unites them, without having some knowledge of the technic of painting peculiar to each? Without this knowledge, there is still the danger that, after having learned to tell a Rubens from a Renoir, the follower of a non-technical, non-professional course in "the appreciation of painting" will go into the nearest picture shop and buy a chromo reproduction of a Landseer or a Bouguereau. Similarly, the "appreciation" of the difference between a passacaglia of Handel's and a minuet by Mozart does not necessarily and of itself exclude a predilection for the valse of Mme. Chaminade. And yet it will have exactly this purgative effect, if the "understanding" is based on æsthetic principles, or on taste. Probably the safest way to define taste in art is to admit that it is an appreciation—or comparison—of

values which are determined by the technical perfection in the handling of an artistic medium. Beyond that, agreement is impossible. Beyond that, chaos.

Art is a satisfaction. And in music that satisfaction is largely produced by the skilful blending of two very simple elements. I hold that in musical composition there are these two, and only these two, fundamental ways of gratifying the knowing or appreciative listener, of giving him that indescribable joy which accompanies an æsthetic experience: one way is to do the expected—and the other is to do the unexpected. The secret of genius is to know when to do the one and when to do the other. Our ear knows only these two states: equilibrium, and the disturbance of it; repetition of a pattern, and deviation from it; a promise fulfilled, and a prospect bettered. Unless it is bettered, there is no art.

This is the very simple recipe for writing masterworks. It may serve equally as a touchstone for the recognition of them.

Then, it would seem, an appreciative listener should learn or be taught first what to expect, according to canons of art, conventions of style, requirements of structure, traits of lineage, characteristics of personality. Whereupon he should be initiated in the departures from the norm. These can be of the most elementary sort, and again of the most transcendental. Music, being an art that lies wholly within time, must constantly and every instant play upon our memory of what has gone before and our anticipation of what is likely to come. If it is an art of moving forms, these motions must vary in their familiarity and strangeness, in order to produce the effects of suspense and surprise, harmoniously alternating, which we associate—for physiological as well as psychological reasons—with a condition known to us as satisfaction. There are degrees of satisfaction, to be sure. But we are here concerned only with the highest: the apprehending of that phenomenon which we call a work of art.

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Our Author would teach us discrimination by recommending that we cram our heads full of tunes, good, bad, and insipid. The object is to fill us with "the primal stuff of music." When we have once grasped that, the rest is as easy as turning pancakes.

With the laudable intention of beginning at the very beginning of this primal stuff, the author pays the customary homage to folk-songs. He qualifies them as "richly valuable historical documents" and regards them as "a vast treasury of childlike

song." It is this kind of statement, in which the book abounds, that undermines one's faith in the Author's soberer reflections. Of course, it does not astonish that he proposes to commence his academic course with kindergarten material. But it is a little discouraging to read again that the folk-song has furnished "in germ, every important element of the developed products of musical genius and skill." Again the old and fond belief that the art of music owes everything to some super-inspiration which becomes manifest only in the impersonal and collective "folk"—or the herd, if you like.

I prefer to quote for your benefit the sacrilegious remarks which that exquisite artist and charming gentleman, M. Louis Fleury, made the other day, when he lectured before the students of the "École Normale de Musique" in Paris. Said M. Fleury:

I never have believed, I do not now believe, I never shall believe, in folk-song as an emanation of the people itself. I do not believe in songs composed by the laborer or the blacksmith; I have never heard a peasant or a house-painter (the premier whistler of the world) improvise a tune. But when it comes to deforming the rhythm of a well-known song, until it becomes something new—of that I believe them easily capable. In my opinion, what we consider as folk-songs, are successful songs, composed centuries ago by professional musicians of talent, songs which—turned and twisted out of sonorous but maladroit throats—have been sufficiently disfigured to take on a new originality.

To which courageous profession of disbelief nothing can be added except a devout "Amen," and the reminder that the racial temper, rather than racial throat, sounds the distinctive note which stamps any song, converted into a folk-tune, with its "new originality." That originality is far from always "childlike," as our Author would have us think. On the contrary, oftener than not it is complex and sophisticated. To be impressed with the truth of this, you have to go but the first few steps in the discovery of folk-tunes, be they Slavic or Iberian, not to mention the Orient.

On almost every page of the book one comes upon some glib assertion with which the Author sweeps off the boards anything that does not quite fit into his scheme of "musical appreciation." To set Bach apart upon a pedestal of German austerity, Couperin and Rameau must lend their contrast as makers of what the Author calls "flippant, empty, graceful, decorous music"! Apparently Bach never copied out pieces of Couperin, nor did he show any interest in Vivaldi. He was Teuton to the core and hated "Welschen Tand."

Bach, of course, furnishes the excuse for lugging in that arch bugbear, the fugue. (How wonderful it is to be able to "appreciate" a fugue.) Mr. Percy A. Scholes, who is one of the ablest lecturers and most captivating appreciationists, introduces the ticklish topic in this way: "Now put all thoughts of enjoyment quite aside and prepare for five minutes of *work*! Those of you who do not know how to listen to the Fugue are going to learn, and as a result of this five minutes' work, you will have a lifetime of increased enjoyment." How true, and how alluring!

But to return to our Author: he maintains that "the fugue is rather the end than the beginning of a scheme of study adapted to American conditions, yet the fugue is the center of Bach's style, and no one can know Bach without knowing the fugue." That "adapted to American conditions" is a gem! Our American appreciators must never be frightened, not even by "the center of Bach's style." Therefore the Author quickly tries to recover what ground he may have lost with his disciples by confiding to them that—probably somewhere on the periphery of Bach's style—"tuneful and rhythmically engaging" dances may be found. They are clearly inferior, however, to the centri-fugal Bach. Their "style seems thin!" And then comes the crowning jewel: "But, in the dances, Bach is discovered as a maker of good melodies—an important discovery for the student to make at the outset."

It is a distinctly painful duty to go on quoting things of this sort. But it is a duty, nevertheless. This, coming from a professor in an American college; this, purporting to be the kind of teaching that is to make "intelligent listeners" out of college students! What must men like Guido Adler, Johannes Wolf, Hermann Abert, Adolf Sandberger, Peter Wagner, Julien Tiersot, Henry Prunières, André Pirro, Georges de Saint-Foix, Edward Dent, Barclay Squire, Fuller-Maitland, Sir William H. Hadow—what must they think of our colleges, if that book should fall into their hands?

Our Author tries to give too much in too short a space of time. A bird's-eye view is an excellent way of getting a general idea of the terrain. But it must not deliberately distort proportions. "Handel is not so difficult to understand as Bach, nor is it so important that he be understood." (I fear the linotype would jam if it had to put all the exclamation marks which rightfully belong at the end of that sentence.) "Since it is Handel of the oratorios that has survived, the minimum of essential study of Handel may be reduced to little more than some parts of the *Messiah*!" Let us submit this golden opinion to Dr. Hugo Leichtentritt.

Here is another choice morsel: "Schumann, like Schubert, Chopin, and Beethoven, has contributed much to our common fund of familiar music. The 'Träumerei' is almost universally familiar, as was 'The Two Grenadiers' until the recent war put an end to the glory of Kaisers." Shades of the Corsican!

As was to be expected, the Author does not let the opportunity pass to inform us that he is one of those who deplores "the essential tawdriness of much of Liszt's work." The Author probably does not mean what he says; he probably revels in "Les Préludes" and the Rhapsodies. But he has somewhere read that Liszt should be sniffed at, and he thinks it *bon ton* to sniff. It has become a fashion to run down Liszt, to sneer at the composer of the "Années de Pèlerinage," of the "Faust Symphony," of the "Graner Fest-Messe." It merely proves the essential tawdriness of the sneerers' mentalities.

Perhaps I have given you enough samples from this extraordinary book to make you realize why the reading of it was rather melancholy. Our universities are models of scientific institutions. They carry on research which is unlocking new chambers of the universe. American scientists are winning world-renown. And yet, when it comes to the place that music is to occupy in our academic life, the most our Author would ask is room enough for that new foible, "musical appreciation."

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I do not mean to discredit the efforts of perfectly sincere and well-intentioned people. Anything is welcome that will make the most music-loving nation in the world more musical, that will teach the largest consumers of music to be a little more delicate about their fare. Some of these efforts are on a gigantic scale. What the schools of the land are doing in music, and even for music, is remarkable. Read the Bulletins of the Kansas State Teachers' College of Emporia. The magnitude of the "movement" and the force behind it leave nothing to be desired. Their direction? Well, that is another matter. The Emporia Bulletin, announcing the 1925 "All-Kansas Music Competition," opens significantly with these words: "The contest idea in music is rapidly gaining ground." It is a huge success. And Nietzsche would not have to look far for the Error that is at the bottom of it. The idea is successful because it brings out the instincts of rivalry and conquest. There is enough of heated struggle in life without deliberately and unnecessarily fanning the spark in childhood.

If education—the most peaceful affair of man, reputed to be the best guaranty of civilized and stable conditions on our spinning globe;—if the dissemination of knowledge can be brought about only by competitive methods, then our whole educational system is based on a fatal error, then our would-be improvers and reformers are our worst enemies. In any prize contest there must needs be a winner, or a small number of winners, and a great many losers. Jealousy is born, strife is bred. The seed is laid for that rivalry from which springs war. There are things worth fighting for. But among them, I should think, one would hardly count the strange array of pieces—choruses, solos, orchestral arrangements—for which those Kansas school children entered the lists. And their case is by no means unique.

There is a place for the teaching of musical appreciation, and a wide place. The schools must have a share in it, wisely apportioned. That the American universities should foster that brand of popular instruction is to be questioned—not even our colleges for young women. What a university can do in the way of teaching the history and science of music has been amply demonstrated in Europe. We need but emulate the example. In Europe, the pursuit of musicology, in its present form and method, is barely a hundred years old. We are not too late to catch up. But we must not waste time by pretending that “if the college undertakes to give any instruction in music, that instruction culminates in the concert-room where music worthy of study is to be heard by students prepared to hear it.” That instruction begins in the cradle. It never ends this side of the seraphic choir rehearsal.

Having given vent to my feelings on the subject of “musical appreciation,” all I can hope for is that I shall not fall into the hands of an avenging appreciationist. He might ply me with a set of “analytical and historical questions” which would make my head swim, questions which I could not answer to save my wicked soul. It would serve me right if I should miserably fail, if the test would show that, as a listener, I am unintelligent and unappreciative. Perhaps I am. Measured by the enthusiasm of fellow listeners, my own sentiments often strike me as being more nearly akin to a total absence of any appreciation for music. But that is between ourselves.

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